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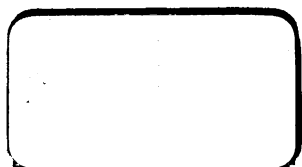
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ONE HUNDRED
ORIGINAL TALES
FOR
CHILDREN,

▲
CLASS BOOK TO TEACH THE ART OF READING

IN LESS TIME AND WITH GREATER EASE THAN THE USUAL METHODS AND
TO CULTIVATE AT AN EARLIER PERIOD THE IMAGINATIVE AND
REASONING FACULTIES OF YOUTH.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
REMARKS ON THE TREATMENT, TRAINING AND CAPACITIES
OF LEARNERS.

Illustrated with Wood Engravings.

~~~~~  
BY JOSEPH HINE.  
~~~~~

I HAVE WRITTEN THIS BOOK FOR CHILDREN.

—
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints for contemplation,
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

GAY.

—
London :

SOUTER AND LAW, SCHOOL LIBRARY, 131, FLEET STREET.

—
1846.

Price Four Shillings Bound.

976.



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DEDICATION.

TO SCHOOLMASTERS, SCHOOLMISTRESSES
AND ALL TEACHERS OF CHILDREN.

‘The child is father of the man.’—*Wordsworth*.

Honourable and important as the office of an instructor at all times is, when honestly discharged ;—it is never more so than when drawing the outlines of intellect in early childhood :—teaching little children to read their native language ; which, when conducted with judgment, includes just thinking and accurate reasoning.

I take the liberty of presenting for your consideration, and if you think it deserving, for your protection and service, my little book of childish tales ; with some hopes of its proving advantageous in these your first labours of tuition :—often, I fear, feebly acknowledged and inadequately remunerated.

An exquisite delight and a high reward, however, await the effective instructor ; in the innocence, the progress and even in the gratitude of these hopeful little ones ; the unspoiled

men and women of the future generation. Every gift, under right appliances, produces two-fold pleasure; first and chief to the giver, secondly to the receiver.

To produce in children, habits of observation ; to excite in them a spirit of enquiry and a thirst for knowledge;—to satisfy these feelings ; teaching at the same time, a love of obedience, industry, order, truth and goodness ; are labours and pleasures peculiarly devolving upon the FIRST INSTRUCTORS OF CHILDHOOD.

Young parents and teachers, besides what they may discover of utility or instruction in the *introductory hints*, may pick up a useful idea for their own conduct, here and there, among the TALES themselves, in some of which, I had not alone in view the pleasure and benefit of the juveniles.

Wishing you every possible success in your arduous and beneficent labours,

I am,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
JOSEPH HINE.

HINTS TO

Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses.

INTRODUCTION.

THE inherent beauty of knowledge and the ardent love of information, planted by Providence in the youthful mind, are often insufficient to conquer an indifference and a disgust to books and reading, which have been acquired by slow, dull, and painful methods of learning to read; from ill adapted books:—reading; the first, most difficult, and most important chapter in the book education of children. I have no doubt but the intellectual and moral characters of a man, and consequently his success in life, are determined by the manner in which he was taught to read.

There are, in society, three pretty general complaints.—Teachers complain of a want of books adapted to this first chapter:—Parents complain, that their children “never take up a book:”—and children complain, that they have no book to take up, which they can read and understand! This last complaint is the most serious of all; because the most true; and because it is the ground of the other two; as well as of all the evils of our systems of instruction. A child of three or four or five years of age, is as disposed, on proper occasions, to take up a book to read, as he is on others, to take up a toy to play. Why does he not then? Simply, because he can find no suitable book to take up. He has toys that please, food that he relishes, companions that he loves; and he has a taste and play in his mind, as well as in his body, which his nature impels him to indulge, and which, under favorable circumstances, he would indulge. Children, in order to profit from a book, must have one that will keep them reading, what is easy and amusing; they will need no driving to a book of this description.

Almost all books, for little children, are too short. The little tales in “Mavor’s Spelling Book” and “Mrs. Barbauld’s Lessons,” are, some of them, well adapted and delightful; but others of them contain false principles, and are, in the aggregate, nothing adequate to satisfy the inquisitive and voracious appetites of children. They are too short, too few, too soon read

through; and too dull, many of them, to be voluntarily perused. Those that are good, are barely sufficient to give the hungry and thirsty minds of little scholars, a taste only, but do not satisfy them. They are too much like Dr. Slop's wig; which, when set on fire, "was burnt out before it was well kindled." "Mrs. Trimmer's Spelling Book" contains a few pleasant morsels, in this way: "Dr. Watts's little Moral and Divine Songs" are praiseworthy, in this way also; but the whole of these united, are yet but morsels, and totally insufficient to satisfy the wants of a child in the first stage of reading and enquiry.

My inability to procure a book suitable to the above purpose, in my long occupation as a Teacher, induced me to endeavour to supply the want complained of; for which purpose I have written the ONE HUNDRED ORIGINAL TALES. These Tales, as the reader will see, form a volume of three hundred pages. The stories are all such as can be comprehended by the generality of children, of three or four years and upwards; either when read by the children themselves, or when *properly* read to them, by a parent or a teacher. I lay some stress on the word *properly*. Drawling, indifference, and insipidity of manner, only send children to sleep; earnestness, energy, and vivacity, keep them awake, fix their attention, and produce lasting effects. In either case, it is presumed, that not only every tale, but every line will be understood by, and give pleasure to, the young scholar. Pleasure being the test of all useful instruction.

It is a very nice and intricate point, to conduct a narrative for children. The reason that books and teachers produce so little effect upon them is, for want of a clear and simple style in their language: we must sacrifice fine writing upon the altar of utility. Rapid narration is unfit for children and weak people; slow, circumstantial, plain and quiet narrations only, are adapted to them. Plain speaking is necessary for children, and the best for all instruction. Big words and little ideas are like little boys upon high stilts. Much must not be told in a small compass, in few words, nor in a short time. This is a pervading fault in tuition. Neither can young scholars make anything of perplexed, involved narratives: right onward in plain speech suits them best. A professor of any art or science sees all the bearings and connexions of an idea, and concludes that a child can see them likewise, and admit them all at once. Masters are so grave and so formal, and so wise, that they cannot afford to become childish and intelligible. Not the least of the difficulties of a teacher of children is, that he must, at the same moment, be a philosopher and a child. Teachers, never forget that you were once children. Insinuate rather than predominate. The love of a child is soon gained and easily retained.

To acquire this new and important power, the art of reading, it is of great moment that the minds of children should be in a state of ease and cheerfulness; without pain and

without fear. Fear is a great obstacle to advancement in learning anything: no one, weak or strong, can effect anything considerable under the influence of fear. A skilful master will sink his consequence, gravity, and power, under an aspect of ease and cheerfulness.

Every practical schoolmaster complains, that he cannot procure a suitable first book for little children; to read after the alphabet has been learned. There are many under this name, but of unfit nature. A child ought to be amused, but not through the medium of vice, folly, and unhealthy excitement. A child, it is true, is a perfect philosopher in this,—everything is a wonder and of importance to him: he regards every object as deserving his attentive observation: all is new to him! He can extract a moral and amusement out of a leaf, a tree, a mouse-trap, or a steam-engine! Some of the big philosophers may be inclined to dispute, in here and there a tale, the quality of my wit, the extent of my knowledge, the depth of my learning, or the accuracy and universality of my science; but, I give them this caution, that, in all such cases, I shall appeal from the decisions of the big philosophers, to the little ones: and abide by *their* judgment.

All my experience leads me to conclude, that a volume, such as I here present, was not only much wanted, but that it would meet an extensive circulation. The first book, should be such a book as would give a child a love for reading, and be able to satisfy that love, when created. The object of my book is to effect this two-fold object; to inspire a love of reading, and to produce a *reading habit* in little scholars, of very tender age and in those of slender acquirements, of all ages.

Experience has convinced me, that children want a first book, which contains a vast number of detached stories; not a connected narrative, like "Robinson Crusoe" nor "Sandford and Merton." These two very admirable books, are too advanced, too literate, for my purpose: they are for children who can read well; mine is to learn from; such tales as they can easily understand; with which they can sympathize, and which, they would eagerly peruse, or *try to peruse, after having heard them read or talked about, and their curiosity towards them excited thereby.* Stories which would contain most of the useful monosyllables, and many longer words of the English language; yet each and all representing simple arrangements of ideas and actions and connexions:—a book which would teach them to read, spell, and think; and create that necessary love of books and reading, the want of which is so much and so justly complained of.

I have a wish, however, to produce a wider and deeper effect, than an earlier and shorter method of teaching children to read and spell, and the earlier expansion and cultivation of their imaginative and reasoning powers:—an exercise of their feelings, affections, and sympathies:—a more humane treatment of the inferior animals, as well as a better appreciation of their

capabilities; and a more tolerant humanity towards all classes of society, and towards all the nations of the earth.

I have avoided, in my Tales, as much as I could, all high flown language, all "hard words" and darkly elliptical expressions, and obscure technicalities; all inversions and rounded periods. A plentiful variety has been one aim, a principal aim, in the composition of these stories; by which means, the tastes of all may be met; not only as far as diversity is in question, but satisfied as far as sufficiency is demanded. And after all, the best instructor that a learner can have, is a book which he can understand, and by which he will be interested.

Children's minds, like their bodies, may be stunted and starved, by an unvaried diet, or a scanty supply. My prime intention, in these tales, I cannot too often repeat, was, to be copious, various, and childish; upon these grounds I build my claim to utility, in that delicate but important business, the training of children in their book learning. It may be said, that, in my book, I have heavily taxed the powers of little readers, as well as those of their friends, the brute creation: my excuse, or rather my reason is, I have a high opinion of the capabilities of each. And the critics know very well that, as we lose or weaken one faculty, we acquire or strengthen another; they will see, that I have strictly prohibited all talk in my poor brutes; but, as a compensation, I have permitted them to feel, think, and act, as much as they please; and I am of opinion, from all I see and hear, that they are satisfied and improved by the new arrangement. I have not the honor of possessing such dogs, horses, lions and eagles as Æsop and Phædrus: theirs were all Grecians and Romans, and could speak Greek and Latin very fluently. Mine cannot; but they atone for their silence and want of learning, by extra thinking, natural reflections, and useful actions.

After the most impartial consideration which I have been able to bestow upon the subject, I consider that fables, as they are usually written, are unfit for children. Talking animals do not exactly please their innocent and truth-loving minds. A child does not put a full faith in what he does not believe to be true. And I have a hundred times heard children question, when they have been engaged in the perusal of fables; "Sir, is this true? Did birds, beasts, and fishes ever talk?" It is a dangerous thing, in the estimation of a *child*, to destroy the infallibility of a book. Let us reflect upon this. In fact, I am of opinion that, the tales which I have given, are equally attractive, equally amusing and more instructive, than if I had permitted my dogs, horses, owls and cats, sharks and tigers, to speak all the languages in the known world. Children, I think, may be interested and instructed, in a more profitable manner, than by ghosts, fairies, enchantments, and talking animals;—by the beneficial, the probable, the natural, and the true. There is no subject that requires more grave consi-

deration, nor in which blunders produce more fatal consequences, than in the education of a child.

I cordially concur,¹ therefore, with Rousseau, in his opinion of fables, that they are capable of instructing men and women, but ill adapted to children. In respect to children's books, I have often bitterly complained, besides, of their bad morality, of the difficult, encumbered, indirect, overlaid, pompous, inverted, hard-worded style, running through them. This acts as a barrier to the progress of a learner. As well may an infant in fetters attempt to leap over the two pillars of Hercules at one leap, as to fight through such sentences as the following, which abound in a book popular enough, that professes to be, what I wish the "One Hundred Tales" to be—a Sequel to the Alphabet and the Spelling Books.

OF THE TIGER.—"As the lion approximates to some amiable qualities of the dog, so the tiger copies all the noxious propensities of the cat, to which it bears a strong resemblance in external figure, notwithstanding the disproportion in point of size."

THE DOG.—"Of all the animals susceptible of domestication, the dog indisputably claims the pre-eminence, being at once the most intelligent and the most friendly to man of all quadrupeds. Independently of the beauty of his form, his vivacity, force, docility, and swiftness, he is possessed of all those complacent and sociable qualities which are most likely to conciliate the affection of man."

What can a child make of this?

The books which are usually given to children, to teach them to read, are only fit for people who are already educated. Even that very superior book, "Sandford and Merton," is no exception to this objection. Young children require, as above, very particular and minute, not tedious, narrations; to enable them to comprehend a train of ideas and a series of actions. I have taken great pains to adapt each sentence to the simple and limited understandings of mere children: and I am inclined to believe that, from my long habitudes of conversing with, and of communicating instruction to them, I shall seldom be found dull or unintelligible, to the youngest or weakest listener.

These tales will be understood by children who have never learned to read nearly, or entirely; as well as by those who have: (they will thus be stimulated to make the acquisition; when they discover what pleasure it is to those who have made it), because the language is mostly colloquial, and such as unreading children speak and hear constantly used, without any reference to books and reading. I could not withhold these Tales, the result of the labours and reflection of a long course of practical tuition, from the parents, teachers, and children of the present generation; because, I feel a full confidence that their introduction into families and schools, will considerably abridge the time in learning to read and spell; render more light the labours of the instructor: add to the pleasure of the little pupil, and prove some benefit to all parties. No acquisition of a child is more graceful than good reading: nothing gives a

good parent more pleasure than to hear his children read with a feeling and a sense of what they do read. In these cases children feel high gratification in being listened to.

It is not unlikely but some of my jokes and puerilities may, during the lessons, entice some of our overwise and too grave teachers into the snare of a smile; or allure them, unawares, into those sympathies with their children, which are the very life, soul, and body of efficient teaching. Gentlemen and ladies, keep a guard upon your gravities—you are forewarned! These teachers will perceive, that, my giants and dwarfs are very genteel and respectable people; they neither hang up ladies by the hair of their heads, in human cages; nor preside over enchanted castles, as their forefathers were wont. Neither is my English, I confess, quite as pure and as elegant as the English of Oxford and Cambridge. Mine is nursery English!

I have produced a book of Nursery Tales, without ghosts, without fairies, without enchantments, without witches, and without giants with three heads; my animals are all on the silent system:—and more than all, the book is totally independent of the German mythology, or any of their silly nonsensical and violent personifications. I have taxed Nature and Art both pretty heavily, but scarcely I think beyond their capabilities.

I deem one great source of the numerous mistakes that are daily made in the education of children and youth, to be, in the notion, that their minds are as stable, strong and comprehensive as those of their parents and teachers. That children are weak and scanty minded, is a maxim, that should always be present to the minds of their seniors.

Austerity is another extinguisher of juvenile exertion. An austere teacher will tell you, that he cannot govern his scholars under a pleasant aspect, familiarity, and a cheerful bearing,—“This man is not his craft’s master.” A pupil and his instructor should co-operate with each other in the same mood and tense; and not be the one a slave-driver and the other a slave.

It is a common practice with even well-meaning, good-natured pedants, to give, at the end of a tedious lesson, a long, dry lecture, to their standing classes, in abstruse, technical, and obscure language, which, if understood, would be worthless. *Standing long*, in the same place, is always painful and improper for children. All lessons, lectures and teachings, should be short, energetic, and cheerful,—the teacher as well as the pupils *STANDING*: they sit enough at other times, in which case a proper, firm standing should be inculcated or kindly enforced,—habit will render this easy and useful. It helps the development of the mental and bodily faculties, and tends materially to strengthen both; a single pupil in a family should always while reading stand erectly.

Men have motives of exertion, and why should we expect children to act without? Children, no less than their seniors, require an impulse to, and a reward for labor. And perhaps

there is no cheaper, easier, and more powerful stimulant and reward than APPROBATION or PRAISE. This, when bestowed with due skill, is all but omnipotent. A dog is not more attached to his benefactor, nor better rewarded by a kind word, a kind look, and a friendly pat upon his head, than is a child, by the same sort of treatment from his benefactor, a wise parent or teacher. I condemn the vulgar opinion, that praise produces conceit.— When deserved, it is as legitimate an obligation as any money transaction in the world.

It is a too prevalent practice, either totally to withhold, or to be stingy in conferring this most powerful of all rewards, commendation. And this is another of our cardinal errors in education. I have as a half century teacher, plentifully bestowed it, and I never found it productive of bad consequences. The approbation of those older, wiser, and better than ourselves; what higher reward can there be, even to those of mature age? How then can we be so short-sighted, so negligent and so unjust, as to withhold it from the open and ingenuous minds of our children and pupils? The common objection to its bestowal, as above stated, is, that it renders youth vain, conceited, and idle. I once more, deny all this, very modestly to be sure, and say, the youth of good behaviour, like the man of honest character, has felt the magical pleasure of well-earned approbation; lives upon it, and therefore, pursues that conduct which he knows deserves and will bring it. I have often trembled to see an innocent, weak child, sustaining the double weight of a cold, gloomy irascible pedant; and as cold, gloomy and forbidding a lesson. All the little efforts of a child should be encouraged by cheerful approbation, and judicious praise. Praise, the father of true ambition, the food of excellence, the nurse of virtuous conduct.

There are the germs of every thing great and noble in children, "would men observingly distil them out." They are not stocks and stones, still they are, by a false training, made such. Nor are they, without such training, knaves and fools. In every company where children are, they should be made principals and not nonentities: important, not insignificant. We should then never hear, the now too frequent complaint from parents, of a want of love and respect in their offspring. I never knew a child, that did not love, respect, and reverence a parent or teacher, who deserved love, respect and veneration. This has no exception: it is as indisputable as the far-famed Pathagorean Proposition in Geometry, for the discovery of which, in gratitude to the gods, the discoverer sacrificed a hundred oxen.

I am in favor of, an advocate for, even the very early training of children in BOOK LEARNING: but a decided enemy to that sort of training which produces or *permits* in any stage of childhood or youth, a BOOK-WORM. All tendencies to this fatal habit should be carefully and firmly opposed. All men should act more than reflect. We must take care and not render children too sentient. A gloomy parent, master, or governess spoils the healthful vivacity which ought to be found in every child. In my

estimation, the more early and more easily the art of reading is gained, the less liable will the young pupil be to become a book-worm. Let a child be taught this first and most difficult chapter, the art of reading,—“playing as was the ancient manner”—and, as there is a oneness in all knowledge, all science, and all art; let this playing system of teaching the first chapter, be continued to the last.



THE USE OF THE BOOK IN READING, SPELLING AND DICTATION.

The One Hundred Tales, it is presumed, will make a valuable class book for the younger pupils in a family or school. Thus, where a class is called up to read, each pupil with his book in his hand, the entire class takes its position in the order of ability, as during the preceding lesson. I would advise that they stand on the *small* arc of a *large* circle, facing the teacher in the centre, who faces the class. The pupils at some little distance from each other, so as not to press, jostle, nor disturb each other. Nothing can be worse than two or three to be poking their heads over one book,—each pupil, therefore, as well as the *teacher*, has his own separate book. The lesson to be read being known, the teacher pronounces, in a firm, distinct, and cheerful tone, “Commence the lesson, Master —,” naming the boy; each, of course, attentive to his own book. When Master — has read his *sentence*, or part of a sentence more or less, the teacher calls smartly, “*Next*.” The next takes up the tale where the first left it, till he hears “*next*” from the teacher. The third takes it up till “*next*” stops him. The law of continuation being now manifest, as long as the teacher sees reason, till it has gone round and round and round, if requisite. All this being done in a spirited and energetic manner, the teacher in his turn reading with the class, or as often as he sees reason, to give tone and vigour to the whole. The teacher, or master, never losing sight of my favourite maxim,—a wakeful general never had sleepy soldiers. Begin with a different pupil each lesson, and not with the head always, as is the case in some schools. It is best not to allow the pupils to interrupt each other, by way of correction, or “taking each other up” during the lesson. This practice causes disputes, confusion, and loss of time. The boy or girl who reads the best, in the estimation of the master, takes the head of the class; the next best the second place, and so of the rest. But if, during the lesson, any one below distinguishes himself for good reading, above those who are higher, “put him up” accordingly.

Spelling is best taught, in my opinion, from the reading lesson. Thus, caution your classes to read with care, in reference to the spelling, as well as to the meaning of words. When the reading is finished let the pupils *close their books*. The teacher

then selects, from his own, the hardest word in the lesson just read, and says, Master — will spell *gunpowder*, speaking “trippingly in the tongue.” Master — speaks “gunpowder” *before* he spells it, and not *after*; then spelling—g-u-n-p-o-w-d-e-r,—not in the old drawl, g-u-n gun, p-o-w pow, d-e-r der, gunpowder. This is a sinful waste of time. In this manner the teacher proceeds through the class and the lesson, taking as many words as he deems requisite, omitting the easy words, which he knows they can spell. If a pupil misses his word, put him down a boy; but do not let the missed word be a ground of contention and confusion, as is too often the case, when the scholars are allowed to “take each other up.” In this mode of reading and spelling, the teacher makes such remarks and asks such questions as he thinks requisite, on the meanings of words, sentences, grammar, geography, or whatever arises. This mode of spelling gives a habit of reading attentively to the orthography.

Long experience has pointed out two errors that are made in teaching orthography and reading; the one in printing words of more than one syllable in separate syllables, or bit by bit printing; and the other is in attempting to learn to spell from *a spelling book*. In the syllabical mode of reading, for instance, the word executioner, they print ex-e-cu-ti-on-er. Now, a child being told the word, undivided, sees, and learns, and retains it, sooner and better than in the bit-by-bit system; for in point of fact, when he learns words in this absurd way, when he sees the same words in other places, undivided, he does not recognize them, but has to learn them *over again*. It is idle to say, that, seeing the words syllabically, he pronounces them better, and spells them more readily. The contrary is the fact; a child learns, or ought to learn, his pronunciation by ear from the teacher; and spelling, from the reading by his eye, by careful observation. The only use of spelling is to write by—right on.

The spelling books, besides being liable to the above objections, are greatly defective in numbers of words, more especially in relation to double or single consonants in particular terminations, and in other particulars. A child should be early taught the use of a small dictionary, a great help, as well as a pleasure. But attention in the reading lessons is of the first consequence. These are the reasons why I have made no syllabic divisions throughout my book; nor, what I think another mistake, printed a parcel of the longest words at the head of each story. It is more conducive to the scholar's improvement, to cause him while reading, to remark, as above specified, all the hard words.

It is an excellent plan, for each scholar to have a dictionary at his seat, to give him the significations of any words which he at any time may require.

I have found it useful occasionally to *take away* a book or a set of books, for a few weeks perhaps, from the pupils. When restored, they re-peruse them with additional pleasure,

It is not intended that the teacher should remain a fixture at the centre of his circle, during the entire lesson; he must be every where, and keep all alive and attentive by his vigilance, strictness, and good humour; and never dismiss his class, without telling them his opinion of their *conduct* and *performance*. It is clear, their energy, activity, and conduct in after life, will arise from their early habits at school.

DICTATION is a very useful exercise in the formation of a pupil, but it should not be too frequent; once or twice a week, or so. Any paragraph, sentence, passage, or tale, may be selected for this purpose, taking care that the little pupils should *not have their eyes upon their books while writing*.

In order to create a taste for reading, let the teacher take a book of voyages, travels, history, or poetry, and read to his pupils a few pages; then put the book down, and give the listeners an opportunity to "take it up:" he will never find a lack of inclination to do so. That system of tuition cannot be perfect that does not procure fit books for every stage of instruction, and prescribe fit times to peruse them.

Our "systems," I fear, have too much to do with the head and too little with the heart. The cultivation of the affections is sacrificed upon the altar of science. Poetry, eloquence and literature have little or no share in the formation of our modern great men. A complete education consists in a full development of all our faculties, mental and corporal, and not, as is the modern practice, in the partial cultivation, by a crazy and a lumbrous machinery, of one or two. The higher or highest powers of the mind are seldom attempted or touched; generally, I imagine, because it is the popular opinion that they are incapable of cultivation; as if a poet, an orator, or a philosopher could not be *made* as well as a carpenter, a fiddler, a physician, or a horse jockey. Both ancients and moderns have insisted and preached largely upon "*precept and example*." These, however, are clearly of no use without "*PRACTICE*." The three united will never fail to make an able and a good man. Precept to know, example to show, and practice to go.

JOSEPH HINE.

DEEWENT HOUSE, EFFRA ROAD,
BRIXTON, SURREY;
March 1, 1846.

ONE HUNDRED ORIGINAL

NURSERY TALES.



There was a dog that was very fond of going to school, to see the boys learn and to hear them read and spell. He lived in the West of England, in a sea-port town. Sometimes he used to go down to the sea side to see the ships and the sailors : but he liked to go to school best. His name was Bob. In summer time, when the boys

were in school, the master used to open the door of the school-room and let it stand open for a long time ; because it was so hot in the school when the door was shut. Then Bob could stand outside of the door and look into the school, to see what all the scholars were doing. Sometimes he went into the school and crept under one of the desks, and lay still and quiet, till all the lessons were said ; after that he slipped out again ; so that the master could not see him nor know that he had been in the school-room all the time !

Bob was very much afraid of the master's cane when he was caning the boys. One day he had been beating some of the boys, and one of them cried out so loudly that Bob began to bark in the school ! When the dog began to bark, the master left off beating the boy, and ran up to beat Bob, but Bob ran out of the school as fast as he could, but as he was running out, he gave Bob a smart cut just upon the top of his tail.

Bob had a pair of long ears and a long tail. He had long hair on his body, but his legs were very short. When the roads were full of mud and water, he used to have his legs and belly sadly daubed with dirt ; and his tail and ears sometimes got into the mud also. His tail was longer than his legs, and his ears were nearly as long as his tail. Both his tail and ears, if he did not mind and hold them up, were sure to get spoiled and wet with mud and water.

Bob was a very pretty animal when the weather was fine and he kept himself dry and clean and smart. And if his legs had not been crooked he would have, I think, been prettier. But they were crooked, and stuck out so much on each side that a black cat could have run

between them without touching them. But if his legs were so much crooked, he was very good tempered indeed. I heard a gentleman say that knew him very well, that he was the best tempered dog in all England. He was never cross nor surly, nor bit people for nothing, as some ill tempered dogs will do.

When he was very much pleased with playing with the boys he used to bark and jump about, and jump up to the boys, to help them to make a deal of fun in the play-ground. Whatever they did Bob took notice of them how they did it; his nose was very black and very cold. When he was at home he lived with a lady called Mrs. Smith, who was very kind to him, but he did not like to live in such a quiet family, so he went every day to see the boys at school.

Bob could perform a good many clever tricks; he could run upon three legs, and hold one leg up without letting it touch the ground. He could catch a piece of bread in his mouth, if it was thrown up a good height in the air. If Bob was very hungry he could catch it quite safe. Sometimes he would leap up after it. He used to look at the boy that was going to throw up anything, and then hold up his head and see where the bread was; and when it began to come down, Bob used to put his head right under it and open his mouth, and it fell smack into his mouth!

The boys also taught Bob to sit and stand up upon his two hind legs, and to move his two fore feet about quite nice. At last they taught him to beg, with a hat; in this manner. They made him sit up and hold out his two legs right before him, and made him sit very still and quiet, and mind what he was going to do. When

he was quite still, the boys got a hat and put it upon his legs as they were held straight out. Then the boys put pieces of bread or meat into the hat, and when there were a good many pieces in the hat, they made Bob drop the hat upon the ground and let him begin to eat the meat and the bread and the rest of the things that were in the hat before he let it fall! Bob liked to do this when he was hungry. He then did it very well. At first he could hardly hold the hat; but there was a nice place for the hat between the crooked parts of Bob's legs, so that at last he did it with much ease, and was glad when he saw the boys getting a hat to make him hold it.—Bob could do several other tricks besides these, but the cleverest trick that Bob ever performed, was the one I am now going to tell you.

One day, I was looking out of a window into the school play-ground: there was no one in the play-ground, nor anywhere near. The window I was looking out of was in the upper part of the house. After some time, Bob came into the play-ground and began to look all about him very attentively; when he had done this for some time, on every side, and could not see anybody, he went close up to the wall and began to scratch a hole with his two fore feet as fast as possible; but he stopped a little while sometimes, to see if any one was looking at him; he could not see any one because he did not look high enough; if he had looked high enough he would have seen me, but he never thought of looking up, he was so busy. When Bob had made his hole deep enough and wide enough, he walked off very quietly round the end of the house; so I thought I would watch him to see what he would do next. In a little time I

saw the dog return with something in his mouth, which he took to the hole he had just made in the play-ground: but before he put it into the hole he looked all round to see if any body saw him. I saw him all the time, but he did not see me, because he did not look up. The thing that he had in his mouth was a great bone with some meat upon it. Bob then thrust the bone into the hole with his feet and his nose; and after that he began to cover it with what he had scraped out as fast as he could. When he had put as much earth on with his feet as he wished, he smelt at it to see if it was all right, and then scraped a little dirt over the top of it, looked at it quite pleased, and then went home to Mrs. Smith's house.

When I had seen Bob do all this, I was very much pleased with him. I should be glad to know why Bob hid the bone in the hole; and where he got it? Perhaps he found the bone, perhaps he had stolen it, or perhaps somebody had given it to him.

2.—HORSES THAT HAVE THEIR TAILS CUT OFF.

I should not like to be a horse with my tail cut off, because then the flies and bees and wasps and insects and other things would get upon my back, and creep all over me and sting me and make holes in my skin and do what they liked with me, and not let me stand quiet in the stable, or in the field, or any where else. They would suck my blood out of the little holes that they would make with the sharp things that they have in their mouths to make holes with.

When a horse has a good long tail with plenty of nice hair in it to reach down to the ground, he can whip it over his back like nothing any time when the insects and things touch him—then they fly away and leave the horse quiet and do not trouble him any more that day. Then the flies leave the horse with a long tail, and go to see if they can find a horse with a short tail ; and if they find one, they dart upon him and begin to tease and plague him ; and when the poor horse tries to beat them off with his tail, he cannot reach them because it is so short, it only reaches six inches up his back ;—and hardly reaches his sides at all. Then the flies and gnats and all things of that sort creep further up upon his back and all over his sides and belly and neck and ears and head ; and when the weather is very hot they bite him so much, that he rolls upon the grass to try to kill them. Then the poor horse wishes that his master had not cut his tail so short that he cannot reach the things that are biting him all over.



3.—KITES.

When I was a boy I was very fond of a kite ; it used to look so nice when it was up a good way in the air. It could not fly without a string, and if the string was short the kite could not fly high : but if it had a long string it could fly high if the string was strong enough. If it was not strong enough it would break and then the boy would lose his kite. A small kite will fly very well with a small string, but a large kite requires a thick string, and it must be strong as well as thick, or else it will not hold the kite up properly. Then if a kite has not a tail it cannot fly ; it comes down again in a minute, and if you put it up again, it will soon come down again. So you had better put a tail to it at once. The tail must not be too long nor too short, nor too light nor too heavy. If the tail be too light, the kite will come down again directly, and perhaps pitch into a hedge or into a river, and then it will be torn all to pieces or get spoiled with

the water.—If the tail be too heavy the kite will not go up at all!

When I first saw a kite flying, I did not know what it was; I thought it was alive; because it kept moving backwards and forwards in the air; and I could not see the string that held it up. It moved backwards and forwards, like a fish that has a long tail, in the water. So I went into the field where the boys were; then I saw that a kite was not alive, when the boy that was flying it, pulled it down by the string to make the tail a bit heavier, to make it fly better. This was the first kite I had ever seen in all my life time: it was made of two bits of sticks and some paper pasted on them: but the boys would not let me go near it, because I was a little boy, and they did not know where I lived or what my name was: so he put the kite up again, and it went up better than it went up before, because it had a heavier tail and the wind was blowing stronger. Then I found it out that a kite with a proper tail and plenty of string could not fly without the wind, for it is the wind that blows against the paper that makes it fly. I thought it was very curious that a kite could not fly without the wind, for a bird can fly anywhere without any wind at all and stop up as long as he likes. I was delighted when I found this out.

The next day I went to the same field again to see if there were any kites up, and I saw five or six flying all at once, one of them was very large; indeed, almost as big as an eagle: it had two wings, one on each side. I could see them as the wind made them move. The other kites were not so large as this, because the boys that had them were not so big and clever as

the boy that had the large one. A little boy cannot hold a large kite, because when the wind blows hard, it pulls the string so tight that it would pull the little boy away if he did not let the string go out of his hand. Then the kite would be lost if there was not a big boy there to catch hold of the string when the little boy could not hold it any longer.

There was a boy with a kite, a pretty large one ; so I went up to him, because I knew his name ; and he knew where I lived. I asked him to let me touch the string ! He was a very good natured boy —so he let me touch it. It was very tight, almost as tight as a fiddle-string. The boy then said, if I would hold it fast, I might take hold of the string myself ! So I took hold of the short stick that the string was tied to, and held it with both hands as tight as I could ! I never was so much pleased in all my life time before, to think that I could fly a proper kite myself, without any one to help me to hold it. The kite pulled at the string, like as if a boy were pulling at the other end of it ! It was quite nice and felt so pleasant when the wind gave a puff ; pulling my arms backwards and forwards. Some time after that, the wind got stronger and my arms began to ache, till at last the kind boy was forced to take hold of the string himself to prevent the wind from blowing the kite away ; and if the wind had blown it away, the kite would have been lost, as many kites are when the boys do not mind what they are about when they are flying them. I am now going to tell you a curious story of a boy and a kite, I think you will like to hear it, for I know clever boys like curious stories, so you must be very attentive to this story.

4.—THE BOY THAT LOST HIS KITE.

There are some kites that are alive ; they are birds ; but the kites that I have been speaking of are not birds ; they are things that people make, of sticks and wood and paper and cloth and paste and twine. Some kites have pictures upon them and some have not pictures on them. Some have wings and some have not. I should like to know who made the first kite that ever was seen. I wonder whether he was a man or a boy that made the first kite. I am sure he was very clever, that is, if he made one that would fly the first time he put it up. I think he was a boy that made the first kite, because a man would not have time ; he would be busy doing something else and would never think of making a kite, so I think he was a boy that made the first. And besides, all the best kites that ever I saw were made by boys.

There was once a boy called Sam ; he was a very good boy, and always told the truth and did all the things that he was told to do. And when he was told not to do anything that was wrong he did not do it. And besides, he was very kind to everybody ; and he always tried to please his parents, and all his friends, and all the people that knew him.

In a little while Sam was sent to a school where there were a great many boys ! Some were big ones and some less than he was ; but he looked at them all to see what they were all doing, and they all looked at him, as soon as they had time. And when school was over they went up to him and asked him what his name

was. When he had been in this school two years he got to be very clever, he learned a great many things, because he was so good and attentive and careful, and did not talk or play in the school as some boys do, he waited till the school was over and then went into the play-ground to play and to talk. The master was very fond of him and said to him one day, that in less than two years he would be the cleverest boy in all the school. The schoolmaster told this to Sam's father and mother they were so pleased that they gave Sam a good many things, books and tools and playthings and a capital knife with two blades in it! His father also gave him a little box to put his tools in. He had a saw and an axe and two hammers, and a pair of pincers, and three files and a screw driver, and several gimlets, and a mallet and three planes and two chisels, and many other tools, such as the proper carpenters use when they are at their work. Sam had so many tools that his box was nearly filled with them.

His father gave him some wood to make things of; some board to make boxes of, and some nails and some glue to make the boards stick together. After some time he could make several things—he made a small wheelbarrow and mended a large wheelbarrow that was broken, and made a box to put his rabbits into and put a lock and key to it, so that people could not steal his rabbits when he went to school again. At last he thought he would try to make a kite.

Before Sam could make a kite it was proper to get the stuff to make it of. He got some flour and water and made some paste of them, he mixed some flour and some water together and boiled them till they were quite

sticky, like glue. Then he got some sheets of very strong thick paper and pasted them together, because he wanted to make a large kite. Next he went into the wood to look for two proper sticks to make a stander and a bender of. He soon found proper sticks for a large kite, and took them home and set to work the same night. Sam tied them fast together, the bender to the stander; and bent it like a bow: then he tied a piece of twine to the ends of the bender to make it stop in the right shape, and after he had put the strong twine to it, to paste the paper to, he went to bed!

Next morning he got up very soon and worked so hard, that before breakfast time, the kite was finished; then he put it into a room to dry, because it is not proper to use a kite before it is perfectly dry. After breakfast he made the tail ready for the next day. This was a fine kite you will say, it was five feet high and three feet broad! and the tail was twelve yards long! It was a fine kite!

Next day there was a good wind for flying kites; so Sam went into a large field to see if his would fly. At first it went up very well, but it soon came down again, the tail was not heavy enough! Then he got a large handful of grass and tied it to the tail and put his kite up once more; it went up beautifully this time, so he kept letting out more string as fast as he could, and the kite flew up into the sky just like a bird; at last he let out all the string that he had and the kite still kept up; it was as high as a cloud. It pulled very hard at the string; and which ever way Sam walked the kite went along with him and did not come down. It flew so well and went up so high that Sam forgot to go to

his dinner, and did not feel hungry all the day; till at last it was almost night, therefore he pulled the kite down and wound up all his string upon a short stick and took his kite home.

The next day he went again to fly his kite and it flew higher this time than at first, because he had bought some more string and tied it to the other; this let it go up higher as I told you before. The day after that he went again, till one day he lost his kite and string both together. And I am going to inform you how it was done.

One day Sam took his kite to show it to some boys; they wanted to see how it was made, and how much string he had, and how big the kite was before it went up; how long the tail was, and how the wings were put on. When he had shown them all these things and explained them to the boys and told them how he had made it, he put up his kite again. It went up very quickly, because there was plenty of wind and he knew how to let the string out properly; so that it might rise as high as the clouds. The boys were very much delighted to see Sam's kite go up so fast and fly so well as it did,

When the kite had been flying about two hours, the wind began to blow harder and harder. It blew so hard at last that they thought it would blow the kite all to pieces or perhaps break the string. But it was made of strong paper and the string was strong also; and the pieces were properly tied together. Then Sam tied the end of the string round a little boy, to see if he was strong enough to hold it. As soon as it was tied to him the wind gave a good puff and the kite would

have pulled the little fellow into the hedge just where there was a deep pond at the other side. So the boy was afraid he should be pulled up into the clouds. Then the little boy untied the string from his body and before Sam could catch hold of it, the string slipped out of his hand and the kite and the string both blew away. The kite went onward and drew the string along with it. As the string was dragging along, at last it caught fast by a piece of iron on the top of a very high building! then the kite flew up again higher than ever! But nobody could get it down from the building. Sam and the boys looked at it a long time. When it was quite dark they went home very sorrowful, and left the kite flying all night. Sam was never so sorry in all his life time before; he could not sleep for crying. When it was light in the morning he went to the field to see if his kite was flying; but it was gone! There was a storm that had blown it away in the night time, over a mountain, into the sea, or into France, or into Lapland! and he never heard any more of his kite from that day to this! What a noble kite it was and what a pity that it should have been lost.

5.—TO CATCH BIRDS WITH SALT.

It is very strange to think how many trades there are in the world. If there was only one trade in all the world, there would be nobody to make all the other things that people would want. But there are more trades than one, more than twenty; yes more than a hundred trades in all. Some boys like to be one trade and some another.

There was once a little boy that said he should like to learn to catch birds. He said he would like to learn the trade of a bird-catcher, better than any other trade. His uncle asked him what he would do with the birds; he said he would put the birds into cages, and then he would let them sing all day, and the night too if they liked it better. So he cried to be a bird-catcher. Then his uncle sent him to a proper bird-catcher, to learn to catch birds. The next day after that, his master gave him some salt to go into the fields to catch birds with! The boy put the salt into his pocket, and went out of the house, but he came back directly to ask his master how he was to catch birds with salt? The master told him he had nothing to do but to take some salt between his finger and his thumb, and when he saw a bird to go quietly up to it, and whip a bit of salt upon its tail, and then he would catch the bird!

So the boy set off quite pleased, to go and catch birds. When he got into the field, the first thing he saw was a crow; so he got some salt ready to put upon its tail, but just at that instant the crow saw what the boy was about, so he was afraid of having some salt

clapped upon his tail and being caught by it; then the crow flew away. The next bird that he saw was a thrush. When the thrush saw the boy going up to him to put some salt upon his tail to catch him with, he flew into the hedge, and the boy never saw him afterwards! Next the boy could not see any more birds in that field, it was so very large, he thought they did not like to stop in such a large field. Then he went into another field, where he saw several birds; he got a bit of salt to clap upon their tails, but just as he was going up to them, the birds all flew away together, because they did not like to have salt put upon their tails. Then the little bird-catcher looked into the grass, and as soon as he looked he saw a bird in the grass hopping from one place to another. Then the bird stopped, and the little boy whipped out a bit of salt, and went softly up to the bird, and stuck it upon the tail of the bird, so the bird stopped in a minute, and the little bird-catcher took it up in his hand as quickly as he could! He was surprised to see such a bird; it had no feathers; it could not fly at all; then the boy saw it was not a proper bird, it was only a frog and would not do at all. He then threw it down into the grass, and began to cry and sob at a great rate. Then he got quite hungry, and cried more and more. After that he lost himself, and could not find his way home to his master's house. His master thought the little bird-catcher was lost or had fallen down a coal-pit, and could not get out again. But his uncle went to look for him, and at last he found him in a ditch, almost dead! So he asked his uncle to take him back again, for he did not like to be a bird-catcher any longer.



6.—THE LITTLE BOY THAT WANTED TO BE A
CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

There was a little boy who had nothing to do every day but to play; his father was so poor that he could not send him to school to learn things, that is, to read and spell, and write and cipher, so he was obliged to keep him at home. This poor boy lived with his father in London, where the houses have chimneys, to let the smoke go up from the fire that burns in the grate sometimes in cold weather to make the people warm. When the fire has been burning a long time, and when a good deal of smoke goes up the chimney, some of it sticks to the inside, and makes the hole less and less every day, till at last there is not room enough for all the smoke to go up out of the top of the chimney; so it comes down again into the room and flies all about

and gets into the people's eyes and noses and mouths, and makes their eyes sore and smart a great deal. Then the people put the fire out and send for the chimney sweeper to look at it and to brush all the soot out of the chimney, so that the smoke may go up better than it did before.

This boy, that wanted to be a chimney sweeper, was called James, but when he played with the other boys almost every day near his father's house, there was a little chimney sweeper that used to call him "Jem," and they often played together in the yard. The little chimney sweeper could play at marbles and spin a top and play at ball, or any thing else, better than any of the boys that lived there. So his master bought him a nice little brush, to carry under his arm, to sweep chimneys with, and to beat the dogs with when they came to bark at him. He had also a good cap to wear, with a nice brass plate in the front of it, with his name engraved on it, and where he lived; so that people, when they wanted the smoke to go up their chimneys, could go to fetch him to go up and brush the soot out, and when he had done it well the people often gave him a penny, or perhaps a large slice of bread and butter for nothing! to do what he pleased with. He sometimes gave Jem a marble or a bit of his bread and butter, that had some soot on it, but Jem did not care for the soot, because he was hungry: so he soon eat it all, and said it was very nice indeed—it tasted so very nice—then Jem gave the chimney sweeper two marbles and a bit of chalk for nothing: and the next day he gave Jem some more black bread and butter and a halfpenny; and Jem then said to him, Let me try on

your cap to see if it will fit me ; so he lent him his cap to put on ; then he asked him for his brush ;—and the rest of the boys said that Jem was big enough for a chimney sweeper, if he only had a black face ! So all the boys were quite glad because Jem had the chimney sweeper's brush in his hand and his cap on his head ; and they all danced and shouted a long time because it was such fun for them. After that Jem went home and got his supper and went to bed ; but he could not fall asleep for thinking about the chimney sweeper and his bread and butter, and his cap with the brass plate in front, and his brush, and about the money and the things that the people gave the chimney sweeper, when he went to their houses, to clean the soot out of their chimneys. Jem kept thinking and thinking about these things so long, that at last he thought he should very much like to be a chimney sweeper himself, after that he fell asleep.

Now, as soon as Jem fell asleep, he began to dream : he never had such a nice dream in all his life time before ? and what do you think his dream was about ?—he dreamed that he had got a cap and a brush, and was going up a chimney to sweep it ! he dreamed he was getting higher and higher every minute, till he could see the sky, out of the top ; this made him so glad that he was going to give a good shout, to let the people know when he was at the top ; but just as he was beginning to shout he awoke ! and was quite sorry that he was in bed, and that he was not up the chimney. So he felt on his head for a cap, and groped about in the bed for a brush ; but he could not find either ; then he began to cry for sorrow because he was in bed. He

cried so much that his father and mother asked him in the morning what he had been crying for ? and he told them he had been crying because he was not a chimney sweeper.

7.—THE LITTLE BOY THAT WANTED TO BE A CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

After breakfast Jem's father and mother went to their work ; and as soon as they were gone, Jem went up stairs into a room that had a chimney in it : he went to the chimney to see if it wanted sweeping, and if it had a good deal of soot in it. Then he said to himself, I will try to get up into the chimney, to see how I like it ; and my father and mother are at work and will not see what I am about. So he tried to get up as well as he could ; but, just as his head was going up, (for he put his head up first), a good deal of the soot and dirt began to come down upon his head, upon his clothes, and to get into his neck ; he thought that he should spoil his clothes and his shirt, and then his mother would find it out where he had been. So he came down as fast as he could, and took all his clothes and his shirt off, and got a stick, and tied a bit of rag to it for a brush, and once more made an attempt to get up into the chimney, naked as he was. He tried many times to climb the chimney, but always, when he got a little way up, he slipped down again as bad as ever ; he could not make his feet stick to the bricks in the same manner that a proper chimney sweeper can. So he tried many

and many times, and yet he never could get to the top : but he knocked all the skin off his knees and his elbows, and hurt one of his shoulders very badly ; and at last he could not tell where he was ; he could not see anything, for he had got so much soot and lime and stuff in his eyes and mouth, that he was obliged to keep them shut. After a little time, he crawled out of the chimney into the room, and began to weep aloud, because he was so much hurt, and had so much nasty stuff in his mouth, and, most of all, because he could not get up to the top as he wanted. He crawled about the room for a little while, and made a great noise with crying ; and then got up and went to the window to see if he could see any light in it : and just as he was looking out of the window, some people that lived near there, saw Jem, and they all began to stare at him, and to talk about his being naked, and his crying in that pitiful state.

At first they could not tell who had done it. Some of the people said, he had been kept in that state, without food, for many days and nights ; and some of them said he had been very much beaten also, so that he was all black and blue with beating. One man said, his father had done it, and had kept him locked up in that room, and beat him every day cruelly ! Then there was a great mob of people about the house, who all shouted out that his father had done it, and the mob said that he ought to be taken to prison for using his boy so cruelly.

When Jem's father came home from his work, two men, with short thick sticks, went up to him, and took him away, to a place where there were half a dozen

good looking, fat men, sitting upon a bench in a large room, ready to send any body to prison that did any thing wrong or improper. After a little time, when the people that went to see were all quiet; one of the cleverest of the fat men on the bench, said to Jem's father, Why have you been using your little boy so ill? All the people say that you have kept him naked, and locked him up in a room without food, and beaten him till he is as black as a chimney sweeper! The poor man said that he had not used the boy ill at all: he said he had not beaten him, nor locked him up in a room without food.

Then many of the mob called out and said, he had used his little boy very ill indeed; for several people had heard his boy cry out when he was in the room, by himself. Jem's father said he had done no such thing, and that people told lies about him. But the men, sitting upon the bench, in the room, said, we must send you to prison, for what you have done to your boy. So the poor man did not know what to do; for the two men with thick short sticks, that brought him, were taking him out to prison; to lock him up in a dark place called a cell. As he was going out, one of the best, and cleverest of the men on the bench, said, call him back. So they called him back. He said to the poor man, where is your boy? let him be brought to us, that we may see him and ask him about it. In a short time the boy came, and they asked him if his father had ill-used him as the people had said. Jem said no, nobody had used him ill! Then his clothes were taken off, and the people saw his knees, and elbows, and his shoulders, all very sorc. Who did all

this, said the cleverest of the fat men to Jem? I did it myself, this morning, said Jem. How can that be, said the man on the bench? Why, I was learning to be a chimney sweeper, Sir, said Jem; but I had not a proper cap and a brush; and so I slipped down the chimney, always, when I had got a little way up; and I knocked the skin off these places that are sore; but I did not cry for that, Sir, I only cried because I was so vexed, that I could not get up to the top and sweep the chimney properly! Then all the people were glad that the man did not go to prison, and the men upon the bench put their hands into their pockets and gave the poor man and Jem as much money as would buy a cap and a brush, and said they had no doubt but that Jem, if he were a good boy, would one day rise to the top of his profession. But one of the biggest of the men on the bench said, I should not like to go up the chimney, and hurt myself so: Jem said, you could not get up the chimney, Sir, it is not big enough for you! Then all the people began to laugh, and Jem and his father went home very comfortably together.

And this is all I can tell you at present about the boy that cried to be a chimney sweeper.



8.—THE BAD BOY AND THE GOAT.

There was a gentleman who was very kind to all sorts of animals ; so one day he bought a goat ; it was a Billy goat. The Billy goat was not very large when he bought him. He had two little horns growing out of his head, at first they were so short that you could hardly see them, but you could feel them very well, if you put your hand upon his head, just where the horns came out ; they were quite hard and rather sharp.

When they brought the Billy goat to the gentleman's house he told them to put him into a small field, where there was plenty of good food for him to eat. So the goat got bigger and bigger and stronger and stronger, and his horns grew longer and longer every day.

The gentleman kept a boy, about twelve years of age, who used to clean his boots and shoes and knives and

forks and windows and garden walks and all things that he could clean. When the gentleman went away from his house for two or three hours, the boy used to go into the field where the goat was feeding. One day the boy got a sharp stick out of the hedge, full of thorns; he went to the poor Billy goat and began to strike him over the back and the neck and the head and the face; and some of the sharp thorns made his nose bleed and almost scratched one of his eyes out! The goat was very quiet but he did not like to be so ill used by the bad boy, so he set off to run away from the boy. Then the boy ran after him and gave him a kick in the ribs; after that the boy went into the house to help the cook.

The next day, when the gentleman went out, the boy went into the field again, and began to tease and beat and ill use the poor goat, worse than he did before; he kicked him several times over his legs and sides and belly: the goat was so much hurt that he was going to run away as before; but just at that minute the boy jumped upon the back of the goat and took hold of his two horns, one in each hand. The goat thought he was going to break his back or to kill him! Then the boy slipped off the goat's back upon the ground and the goat fell upon him and nearly broke one of his legs; after that the goat ran off, and the boy, after a little time, got up and went into the kitchen to help the cook and finish the rest of his work.

The next morning, as soon as the gentleman got up, he went into the field to look at his goat, to see how it was getting on. It was a fine morning, the sun was shining very nicely upon the grass in the field and upon

the hedges and upon the trees and upon the goat too. The gentleman was quite pleased with everything that he saw. He thought his Billy goat was a very fine one, he had grown a good deal and become large and stout, and his horns were long and strong, and sharp too. Then he went out of the field.

Two or three days after that, when the gentleman went from home, the bad boy got a rope or a cord, about ten or twelve yards long and went into the field ; the boy had a whip also in the other hand. He was going to fix the cord to the horns of the poor goat, to get upon his back and ride him like a donkey or a horse ! when he got hold of his horns the goat did not like that, so he pulled his head away and set off and ran into one corner of the field and got close up to some trees, as he was running the boy gave him two or three sharp cuts with his whip, one of them over his nose, and this put poor Billy into a great passion. The boy went up to the goat with his whip and was going to whip him again, but just at that moment, Billy raised himself up upon his two hind legs, so that when he stood up in this way he was as tall as a man ! Billy then came right down with his head foremost and gave the boy such a hard blow upon one side of his head that it knocked the other side of his head against the tree, with such a bang that the tree shook a great deal, and the boy fell flat upon the ground screaming as loud as he could, he screamed so loudly that the people in the house heard him ; they ran into the field to see what was the matter with the boy. The cook was the first that got up to the boy ; she found him lying upon the ground with his mouth wide open ; the cook was going

to laugh, but she saw his face black, bruised, and bloody. Billy had bumped him so hard with his sharp horns against the hard tree that the boy was almost killed. The gentleman went into the field, and a man in a blue coat with bright buttons and some leather upon his hat, told the gentleman how cruelly the boy had used poor Billy; the man in the blue coat with bright buttons and a piece of leather on his hat, said he had looked through the hedge and seen the boy do it; till at last Billy stood straight up and sent the boy bang against the tree! Every body was glad that Billy was so strong, and the gentleman said "my goat has served the rascal right, I shall horsewhip him when he gets well!"

The bad boy was ill a long time, some people said Billy had killed him; but this was not true, for at last he got quite well again. His master was so good as not to beat him, so the boy said to himself he would never be cruel to Billy nor anything else as long as he lived.

9.—THE STAG AND THE DONKEY.

The stag is an animal that can run very fast and leap a long way. But a donkey is an animal that cannot run very fast nor leap a great distance. There was once a stag in the same field with a donkey, they were very good friends and never fought with each other. The donkey never kicked the stag and the stag never poked his head at the donkey or hurt him with his horns.

Sometimes they were close together, and sometimes the stag would run to one end of the field and leave

the donkey by himself at the other end of the field. Sometimes they used to set off together to go from one end of the field to the other. If the stag ran as hard as he could he got to the other end of the field long before the donkey got there ! The donkey often used to look at the stag when he was running so fast and he thought he should like to run as fast as the stag ; but he could not do it so he gave it up. Then they went into another field larger than the field they were in at first. There was a wide deep ditch in this field, with banks on each side of the ditch ; the banks were higher than the rest of the field and the ditch was almost wide enough for a river.

One day the stag was in a very good humour for leaping and running, so he ran up to the ditch to see how broad it was, and whether he could venture to leap over it or not, he wanted to go to the other side of the field where he thought the grass was better than the grass where he was. Then he ran a little way back so that he might leap further by running to the bank ; so he ran up to it as he did before, but this time he made a good spring with all his four legs and leapt clean over the wide ditch and got to the other side quite easy, and neither fell into the ditch nor hurt himself in the least.

After the stag had leapt over the ditch he set off as hard as he could run to the other end of the field, while the donkey was looking at him all the time. Then the donkey thought he should like to leap over the ditch also, and go to the other end of the field where his friend the stag was. So he went up to the bank to look how wide it was to see if he could venture to leap over the ditch without falling into it. After this

he thought it was all right, then he went back a little way, so that he might spring over it better ; he run up to the bank and gave a good leap, but in leaping over it he leapt right into the middle only ! This was very bad for the poor donkey as you will soon find out, if you keep on reading this story to the end of it.

This ditch was not all water, there was much mud and dirt in it, so that the donkey sank right into the mud ; he went lower and lower every minute and thought he should go over head and ears in it and be suffocated at once. But it was not so bad with him as all that, for his feet at last felt the bottom and then he stopped sinking, because the bottom was hard. He was obliged to hold his head up as high as he could for fear the water, mud, and dirt should get into his mouth and nostrils and choak him. In this state the poor donkey tried to make a noise so that somebody might go and tell his master where he was and come and get him out of that place ; but he was so deep in the ditch that he could not make a noise loud enough to be heard by anybody.

The donkey remained in this situation till night and nobody came with a rope to help him out of such a dismal place, as he was forced to remain in. So he was forced to stand there all night ! The next morning the donkey's master sent a boy to fetch him home ; but when the boy got to the field he could not see the donkey anywhere in the field ; so the boy went home and told his master that the donkey was lost ; that he had looked for him everywhere and could not find him. Then the master and the boy both went to the field to look for him : they looked and looked all to no purpose ;

then they went into the other field to look for him but they could not find him there. Then they came back again; and as they were walking by the side of the ditch they saw something sticking up out of the ditch, and it moved; they saw it was alive, so they got a rope and put it round the head and pulled it out and found it was a donkey that belonged to them; but they never knew how he got into the ditch or how long he had been it.



10.—THE FOX AND THE FARMER.

A farmer is a man that has a farm; and a fox is an animal that is like a dog; but dogs are tame, and will let people go up to them and look at them, and pat them, and give them bits of bread and bones, and things of that sort. But foxes will not let people go up to them and give them anything to eat, nor let any one

touch them, nor come near them; they are wild, and run away as fast they can run: but they will not run away from anything that is less than they are, such as hens and cocks, and ducks and drakes, and geese and ganders. They will catch any of these animals if they can, and throw them upon their backs and take them right off into the wood, where they have a den with young foxes in it. The young ones soon begin to eat the duck or drake, or hen or cock, or goose or gander, that the old foxes take to them. I wonder whether a fox is strong enough to run off with a good large fat gander. If I were a gander of this sort, and had a pair of good strong wings and strong legs, and broad feet, and a hard beak, and plenty of feathers all over my body and wings, I would try to hinder a fox from running away with me. I would flap my wings in his face, and put the feathers into his eyes, so that he could not see where to take me; or if the fox had got hold of my neck, and had thrown me over his shoulder and his back, and had run off with me to his den, I would do my best to get away, and try to fly over the hedge into the next field, where he could not find me. Foxes live in the woods in the day time, and sleep in the day time; but in the night time they are awake, and come out of their dens to catch anything they can find; I think they are like cats, and can see in the night time, without lamps or candles. They go and steal the farmer's things; his cocks and hens, and ducks and drakes, and geese and ganders, and perhaps his turkeys also. When a fox has young ones, he has to steal more and more things for the young foxes to eat, or else they would die, and then there would be

none but the old ones, and they would soon die, and then there would be no foxes at all left to kill the farmers' fowls, geese, and turkeys.

When a fox goes into a farm-yard, at first he tries to get a good large goose, if the farmer be gone to bed; but if the farmer be not gone to bed, he will wait till he has gone to bed, and then he will go to his work and catch the best goose in the yard, and scamper right off with it to his hole in the wood. Then they begin and eat the whole of it for breakfast. The next night he goes for another, and then for another the next night, till he has taken them all. After that he goes for the ducks and drakes, and then for all the rest as wants them. The fox can tell which is the fattest goose or duck or hen, without any candle, by smelling at them, and sticking his nose right into their feathers. Sometimes he puts his foot upon a goose to make it lie still and quiet, and not to let it run away while he is smelling it. If the goose be a fat one, the fox whips it over his shoulder, and trots off with it to his young cubs in the wood, before the farmer or any of his men get up in the morning. A fox one night went to a farm-house and stole a goose; when the farmer got up in the morning, he was sorry that his best goose was gone, so he said he would set a trap and try to catch the fox the next time: this trap was very strong, and had many sharp teeth, like the teeth of a large saw. Next night the fox got into the yard again, and was going to carry off a gander upon his back: but just at that moment he caught his tail in the trap; it held him quite fast and tight, so he began to make a noise and scream very loudly, because the trap cut and pinched

his tail so much; then the gander got away from the fox, and the fox was held fast by the tail in the trap, as I told you before. The fox pulled as hard as he could to pull his tail out of the trap; but the harder he pulled the more he was hurt. Then he screamed louder than ever. At last the farmer heard him scream, and got up in a minute, and took a gun to shoot the fox: but the fox was so frightened that he should be shot, and pulled so hard, that the trap cut off about three quarters of his tail, but he did not mind that, he ran away without it, and left it sticking fast in the trap.

In the morning the young foxes were very sorry that they had nothing to eat for breakfast; they were also sorry to see their mother with her tail cut off and all over blood; they did not know who had done it. The old fox was very ill for many days and could not stir out of the den. In a while after they were all nearly dead for want of food; but the quarter of the tail that was left got well, and the young foxes got bigger, till at last the young foxes thought it was best to go and seek their own food. At first the old one went with them to show them the best places to go to, but she never took them to the place where the farmer was going to shoot her.



11.—A BATTLE BETWEEN A WOLF AND A SOLDIER.

If a little boy about five or six years of age should meet a hungry wolf, I wonder what he would do, and I wonder what the wolf would do? Perhaps at first the boy would think the wolf was a dog because some dogs are like wolves. Now, if the boy had never seen a wolf, he would not know what it was or whether it would hurt him or not. I think a wolf that was hungry, as soon as he saw a little boy would begin to look very savage at him, and then he would grin a good deal at the boy; and after that, he would growl very much and then he would wag his tail very fast, and then I dare say he would open his mouth very wide so that you might see every one of his long sharp teeth and perhaps you might see down into his throat!

A poor little boy, only five or six years of age, as soon as he saw the wolf grin, and as soon as he heard him growl, and when he saw his mouth open and all the sharp teeth on the top and the bottom of his mouth he would think that the wolf was going to run right at him to kill him directly ! Then perhaps he would turn round and begin to run away as fast as he could : but I am sure the wolf could run a good deal faster than the boy and therefore he would soon overtake the boy and catch hold of him with his teeth and kill him and tear him to pieces and eat him all up, then what could the little boy do ? Perhaps when his father and mother found that he did not come home again as he used to do before, they would ask somebody to go and look for him, or they would go themselves to look for him ; but they could not find him, of course, if the wolf had killed and eaten him. So in this manner I dare say his father and mother and his brothers and sisters and many other people would remain out all night and look all over the fields and woods and all the rest of the places which they could think of. Some of them would say, I think the poor little fellow has fallen into a pond and has been drowned : others would say I think he has fallen into a deep well and cannot get up again. And the rest of them would say we are sure the poor little boy has either been devoured by a wild beast, or else he has had the bad luck to fall down a coal pit.

Once upon a time, there was a soldier, that went out in the night time, to keep watch over the other soldiers while they were asleep in their beds. When soldiers go to bed to sleep there must always be some soldiers to go into the streets to keep watch : that is, they are

to take care that nobody comes and kills the soldiers that are in the inside of the houses asleep. And they must mind and see, that no other soldiers that belong to another king shall come and set fire to the houses and burn them all while they are asleep!

When a soldier is keeping watch he must be very attentive and mind what he is about; he always takes his gun with him and keeps fast hold of it, for fear some one should creep behind him and snatch his gun out of his hand and run away with it: then the soldier on the watch would have no gun to defend himself with; and most likely the person that snatched his gun out of his arms would turn about and shoot the soldier with his own gun, or stab him with the sharp thing that was on the end of it! Then I should be glad to know what would become of the poor soldiers that were asleep in their beds?

I make no doubt but the man, whoever he was, that should steal away a soldier's gun and shoot him with it, would go, after that, and tell the soldiers that belonged to another king, that he had taken the soldier's gun and killed him that was keeping watch! Then they would all go and set the houses on fire where the poor soldiers were asleep; and if any of them got up to run out of the barracks the others would shoot them as they were running away! And so there would be an end of them all at once!

Then we see, that the very best way for a soldier that is on watch is, to look sharp and keep fast hold of his firelock, and move about briskly backwards and forwards and let no one come near enough to him to snatch his firelock out of his hands. And besides this,

he must listen, now and then, to find out if any man or any other soldier, or any animal of any kind is coming near the place where he is keeping watch. And if he hears any noise of any sort near his post, he must stop in a minute and stand stock still, like Robinson Crusoe's boat; and get his firelock and shoot it, whatever it is! If he does this properly, he will save his own life and also save the lives of all the soldiers that he is guarding. So in the morning when daylight comes it will be all right; he will be alive and all his companions will be alive likewise. Then some of the other soldiers will go on guard the next night and take care of him and keep watch over him; because he took care of them when they were asleep the night before. So every thing will go on right as it should go on, and every body and every soldier will be safe enough!



12.—A BATTLE BETWEEN A WOLF AND A SOLDIER.



When the soldier that was taking care of the others, had been out on watch a long time; he became quite tired and wished it was morning; that daylight would come, so that he could go off guard and another soldier come on to take his place. At last it was very near morning, for he could see a little bit of light coming into the clouds. As he was looking at the light in the clouds, he thought he heard something moving, but there was not light enough upon the ground to let him see what it was. Then he stood looking towards the place where the noise came from, and in less than a

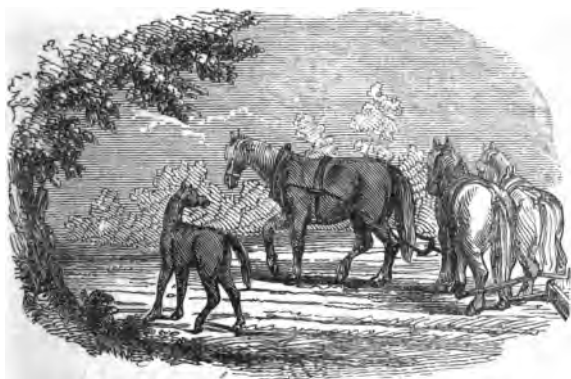
second a great black thing came running right up to him! It was a large hungry wolf that had come out of a wood to devour anything that he could get hold of.

The soldier had but just a moment of time to defend himself: so he thought the best thing he could do would be to shoot this large savage animal! But before he could get his gun up to his shoulder to shoot the wolf, the wolf flew right at the soldier and fixed his teeth in the soldier's leg and almost pulled him down to the ground. But the soldier did not mind that, he stuck fast hold of his firelock, and gave the wolf a good heavy kick, with his other foot, right under his jaw bone. So the wolf let go the soldier's leg and was going to seize the leg that he kicked the wolf with, but, just in a second of time the soldier took his musket and ran the sharp thing that was fixed on the end of it, right through one of the wolf's ears and almost into his head! Then the wolf grew quite vexed and savage and tried to tear the soldier to pieces! But the soldier stepped back two or three paces and pointed his gun at the wolf so straight forward, that he stabbed him in the breast.

As soon as the wolf felt the sharp iron run into his breast, he was so hurt that he began to grin and to howl, and to growl so terribly that he almost frightened the soldier, but he took good care to stick to his gun and mind what he was about. Then the wolf tried to rush upon the soldier, but he could not, because the soldier pushed him off with his gun. So at last the wolf drew back and turned himself about to run away and try to get back into the wood where he came from: but before he had run more than twenty yards, or so,

the soldier put his firelock up to his shoulder and shot the wolf dead at one shot ! So the dead wolf lay still and could not move a single limb.

When the soldiers heard the gun go off, they thought somebody had shot the guard, so they all got out of bed and ran out of the barracks, to see who had done it. And when they got to the guard, they saw his leg all covered with blood ! He could not walk, but he held himself up by his firelock. Then they looked a little way further, and they saw a large dead wolf, but none of them could tell how it got there. At last the soldier told them all about it : how he came, what he did, and how he shot him.



13.—THE MARE AND HER FOAL.

In Oxfordshire there was a farmer who had a good many fields and trees. He had many pigs and sheep

and lambs and cows and horses; he had a garden that his men used to dig for him: but they did not dig his fields, because his fields were too large and would take too much time to dig them. So he thought he would plough the fields instead; for that would do almost as well as digging. Then the farmer's men and the farmer got the plough and fastened two horses and a mare to it, and they pulled it to the field and began to plough it. A plough you know is a large thing almost like a wheel-barrow; the horses pull it from one end of the field to the other, and the farmer, or one of his men, holds it by two handles. There is a strong sharp piece of iron in the plough, that sticks into the ground and turns the ground up like digging it. Then the horses pull it back again to the other end of the field, and so on, backwards and forwards, till it is all ploughed. The mare was so fat and strong that she did almost as much work as the two horses, and the farmer was very glad and said she was an excellent mare, because she always pulled the plough so well.

One night the mare had a foal, which all the servants saw in the morning! The foal was a very nice one indeed, it had such a pretty little head and such nice ears and tail and body and legs: but it had no shoes on its feet at first, and its legs were not strong, but they got stronger and stronger every day: in a very short time the foal could walk nearly as fast as its mother. Now, you may think the foal and the mother liked one another very well.

At first the farmer did not take the mare to the field, but in a few days he took her and left the foal at home in the stable without its mother. Then the mother

began to think about her foal, and she forgot what she was doing in the field; so the man gave her a good blow with a piece of wood to make her go faster: and at night when she had done ploughing she went home and found the foal in the stable, where it had been waiting all day for its mother to come back and give it some milk for its supper.

The next morning they took the mother to work again; but she could not work as well as she did the day before! so the farmer took the large stick and gave her some good bangs with it; and made her go on faster; but she soon began to go slower again, because she wanted to go to the stable to give her young one some dinner, and could not get on at all. The cruel man then put a sharp thing into the end of the stick and pricked the poor animal many times with it, so that the blood came running down, and when night came she could hardly walk home to the stable to see the dear little foal that had been all day thinking of its mother. They were glad to see each other you may be sure, for that night, and made a great noise for joy; the people at first did not know what it was for.

Next morning again, the mare went to plough as before; but, after trying to drag the plough as well as she could, she was obliged to stand quite still, for she could not get on any farther; then they began to beat her more and more; the farmer and his man both beat her at the same time, and used her very cruelly, and made the blood flow down her body; and they struck her several times on the head, and eyes and nose, and whipped her a long time; she then tried to go on, but she had not strength, so she fell upon the

ground; and the farmer got into a passion, for he thought she was dead! They could not tell what to do, so they tried a long time to get her up again, but could not do it.

The farmer's man at last said, master, let me go and fetch the colt, then perhaps she will try to get up? The farmer said very well, perhaps she may get up then, so make haste, run and fetch her little colt as fast as you can: so Robert ran as fast as he could, and he could run very fast, for he had long legs and a good pair of shoes. In a very little time the farmer saw Robert and the colt coming towards them: the farmer said make haste she is not dead yet.

Robert had put a little halter on the foal, to lead it by, so when he came close to the mare that was lying on the ground almost dead; the foal knew its mother very well at first sight, and made such a noise, that the mother lifted up her head as well as she could, and opened her eyes at the same time, and saw that it was her own foal; and she tried to stand up on her legs, but she could not, because she was so weak: then the young one poked its nose at its mother, and began to suck, which made the old one to get stronger and stronger every minute; and Robert went and got some water and let her drink of it; till at last she got quite up and could stand very well: and they let her walk home to the stable with the foal, the next morning she was almost as well as ever!

The farmer, when he went to bed at night, began to consider about it; and thought, perhaps, the reason that the mare could not pull hard enough, was, because her little foal did not go with her, but was left behind;

so he thought she was thinking about it. Well, I will take them both to the field to-morrow morning, said the farmer, and see if that will do better. When he got up next morning, he went to see how they were getting on; he found them very comfortable, so he took them both to the field to plough; and he was very glad to see the mare work as well as ever.

When the mother went on, dragging the plough, the little horse walked close by her side; when one turned at the end of the field, the other turned at the same time; they touched each other as they walked along. Then the farmer was so glad that he had found it out, that he stopped the plough sometimes, when the weather was hot, to take a drink of beer out of his keg; and he let the foal take a drink of its mother's milk at the same time, because the weather was so hot. Besides, he said it was a good thing that he had brought them both; for the little one could learn to drag the plough by seeing how it was done by its mother. So the farmer was sorry for having beaten the poor mare so much, and said he would take care never to beat her again.

14.—THE NURSE MAID AND POOR LITTLE JANE.

It is a bad thing to be careless and not to take care what you are doing.—Sometimes people let a candle stand too near a bed, and then they go out of the room and leave the candle burning there. They shut the bed-room door very quickly: then it blows the bed-curtains against the candle; so the curtains very soon

get into a flame, and set the bed on fire! After that the rest of the things begin to burn; and in a short time the room is all in a blaze.

Sometimes the people of the house are so busy below, that when the bed-room is on fire, they do not know that it is on fire, till after it has been burning a long time: so it burns through the floor into the room below; then somebody is going by the house, in the street, and he looks up and sees the house on fire! So he runs and tells the people of the house, that the house is on fire! Then the people in the house began to smell the smoke; they then try to go up the stairs to put the fire out and prevent the house from being burnt down. But just as they are going up stairs, there is so much smoke and heat and fire that come right into their faces, that they cannot get a step farther! Then they try to save some of their things and some of their clothes: but it is so hot that they cannot get into any of the rooms, but are forced to run down the stairs again as fast as they can, and get into the street to save themselves from being burnt to death. When they get into the street they turn round to look at their own house all in a blaze! and all their things burning; all their beds and tables, and chairs and carpets, and all their clothes and the rest of their useful things. At last everything is consumed by the fire; and the walls of the house fall upon the ground, and there is an end of it all! Everything is destroyed, because the people were careless and left the candle burning too near the bed curtains, and shut the bed-room door a great deal too quickly.

There was once a lady who had a little girl, and she

was a very clever child, she was a very good child also, and that was better than being clever, her name was Jane: little Jane soon learnt to read and spell, and she was going to learn to write in a very few weeks! She was almost five years of age.

One night the servant-maid took the little girl and put her to bed, in a room almost at the top of the house. The servant was careless, and left the candle burning upon a table that was close to the little girl's bed. The servant then shut the door, just I as told you in the former part of this story, a good deal too quickly! After five or ten minutes, little Jane fell fast asleep. Just at that moment the candle had caught the bed curtains, and set them all in a smoke and a flame: but no one in the house knew anything about it. The smoke and the flame soon awoke little Jane, for the bed-clothes were all on fire; and she was very much burnt about her face and neck, and her hands and arms were badly scorched! Little Jane screamed out as loud as she could, several times! At last her mother thought she heard some one call out, "Oh, Mother, come and take me out of bed, for it is all on fire?" Her mother ran up stairs with the servant, and found the room all in a blaze! She ran up to the bed and snatched her dear little Jane up in her arms, and took her down stairs right away to a doctor, to see if he could cure her. The doctor did his best, but poor dear little Jane died the next day, because she was so much burnt! Now, you see, this clever good child lost her life, because the nurse-maid that put her to bed was careless, in setting the candle too near the bed and shutting the door too quickly.

Perhaps you may think that the house and all the things that were in it were burnt like the other house; no, they were not; I am quite sure that they would have been burnt, but some firemen came to the house with a fire-engine, with a good deal of water in it; and with this water they soon put out the fire; and saved the house and all the rest of the things; but poor dear clever little Jane was dead and could not see the fire put out, nor know how ill her dear mother was.

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15.—THE FIVE YOUNG BIRDS.

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All children are fond of birds; because they are such nice looking things. They have such bright eyes and nice heads; and their feathers are so smooth and glossy, and are of such pretty colours. They fly so well and so fast, and sing so sweetly in fine weather. Their nests are such curious things, and the eggs so very beautiful when they are in a nice nest.

Some boys are very fond of looking for birds' nests. They go into the fields and woods to look for them. Some birds build their nests in trees and some in the hedges; some in bushes, some on the ground, and some upon houses; and some in other places. Birds try to build their nests in such curious places, that nobody can find the nests when they go to look for them; then the birds lay their eggs in the nests and hatch them. After the old birds have been sitting upon the eggs a long time, the young birds come out quite safe; and remain in the nest till they get feathers

all over them ; and two good wings, and a tail, one tail is quite enough for each bird. When they have got all these full of feathers, the old birds teach them to fly; they show them how it is done. After that the young birds do the same, with their wings, that the old ones did. The next thing they do is to fly right off, and get away to some place without being caught by any bad boys.

I like to see a bird's nest when it is just made ; and then to go two or three days after that, and see some eggs in it : but I would not, as some boys do, pull the nest out of the place where it was, with the eggs in it, and then take the nest and the eggs away, and keep them, or lose them or break them. Some boys, when they see the nests in the bush or on the ground, are so cruel and bad, that they pull them right out and destroy them. They never think how much pains the poor old birds took to build the nests, and make them all so very soft and smooth in the inside, with hair, or cotton, or moss, or wool, or any soft stuff which they could find anywhere about there, to build them with.

Those boys are the worst, I think, that go to look for birds' nests, and after they have found some with young ones in them, to pull the nests out of the places where they were, with the poor little things, the young birds, in the inside of the nests, and then take them away home, and play with them and hurt them, and kill them; or give them to the cat or the dog to eat, as I have heard that some wicked boys do.

I think it is very cruel of boys to do this, I dare say the young birds do not know where they are going, at first, when the cruel boys pull them out; nor what

they will do to them afterwards. I dare say the old birds do not like to have their young ones taken away, and that they are very sorry when they are gone.

Sometimes, when the young birds that the boys take away in the nests, have a good many feathers on them, they do not die when the boys take them home. The boys get worms for the birds and feed them with the worms. The young birds are so hungry, that they eat or swallow the worms, and try to live as long as they can ; for every animal, whether large or small, whether a bird, a lion, or a man, likes to live a good while, and does not like to be killed or starved to death. A cruel boy one fine day, found a birds' nest with five young ones in it, he pulled it right out of the edge; he took it home and began to feed the young birds with little worms. At first all the little birds eat the worms, and the boy was quite glad to see them open their mouths for the worms. He could see the inside of their mouths and down their throats, because they opened their mouths so wide! He told another boy that he should soon have five fine birds that would be able to sing.

But, in a day or two, one of the young birds was taken ill, and could not eat any more worms! The next day after that, another was taken ill; and the next day to that, another was taken as ill as the rest, so now there were three of them that were ill! The poor creatures got worse and worse every hour; they could not open their mouths; neither could the poor sick birds open their eyes to look at anything; and before night they all died! The bad boy was so sorry that he had taken them away, that he cried, and said he would never take any more young birds away from their mothers.



Some boys and girls when they have been naughty, and done anything that is wicked or wrong, when they are told of it, they will not do so any more. These are better than those are, that, when they have done wicked and cruel things, and when they are told of what they have done, yet they do not leave off their bad tricks, but go and do bad things again! These are very wicked children indeed! I am sorry for them, because they must be punished, and no one will like them. I like boys and girls to do without punishment.

We know there were five young birds at first; and we also know, that three of them died; so there were only two left. These two lived pretty well, for some time, and the boy put them into a small cage. There was a little door to the cage, just big enough for a boy to put his hand into the cage when it was open. When the two birds were in the cage, the little door ought always to have been shut; but one night the boy left the door open; and in the morning as soon as it was light, one of the birds got out and flew upon a chair. There was a gray cat under the chair; she heard something upon the chair; so she put her foot up to feel what it was, and caught the poor little bird and killed and eat it! When the gray cat had eaten the bird, she looked up to the cage that had one bird in it. At last she got up to the cage and put her foot through the door-way and pulled out the last bird, and killed and eat it.

Now whether was it worse for the three that died or the two that were killed, by the gray cat.



16.—A DOG THAT HAD NEVER SEEN COCKS AND HENS.

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There was once a dog that had lived all his life-time in London. His name was Rasher. I have told you his name, because I thought you would like to know what he was called; because I like to know dogs' names, and horses' names; and the names of all things that have names. It is better to know what they are called, because if you want them for anything, they will soon come to you when you call them by their names.

Rasher had no master like the other dog that was called Turk. Turk had a master, who took him to a good many places, to see all sorts of things, all sorts of animals, and all sorts of people. But Rasher had a mistress. Rasher did not know where eggs came from; he had never seen a bird's nest, nor a hedge, nor a tree, nor a field, nor a hen—he did not know that hens laid eggs in a nest, made of hay, or straw, or grass!

He did not know what hens did for a living: he did not know a hen from a cock! He could not tell whether they would fly at him and scratch his eyes out and make his nose bleed, or pull his ears off, or whether they would be quiet and only look at him as he went along.

One day the lady that was Rasher's mistress, said to Rasher, that she would take a long walk with him into the country, and let him see the country, and a good many things in the country, that he would like to see, and that he had never seen yet. Rasher was above a year and a half old, and he had never, in all that time, taken a walk with his mistress, to see the country, where most of the other animals lived.

Then the lady called Mary, her servant; and said to her, Mary, I am going to take a walk into the country to-morrow, with my dear little Rasher, to show him all the places and the things that he has never seen! I think it is not right that a dog, like mine, should spend all his life in London, and not see the country: so, Mary, you must wash him well to-night, before he goes to bed; and be sure to comb his hair nicely and smoothly, and make him look clean and neat, and respectable.—And be sure that you do not wash him in cold water, let it be a little warm, but not so hot as to scald him to death; nor to scald the hair of his back, as they scald the pigs.

So Mary went and got a large tub and some water; she put the water into the tub; and she was just going to put Rasher into it, when her mistress came into the room, and told her to wait, till she had put her finger into the water to feel if it was just hot enough. She said it was pretty well.

Mary then put the dog into the water; and the water came up to the top of the tub, and some of it ran right over the top into Mary's shoes, and filled them full of water! She thought her feet were scalded; and poor Rasher thought he was going to be drowned! When his feet went down to the bottom of the tub, the water got all over his back and his tail and his head; and it ran into his ears and into his nose! He was obliged to hold his head up very high, so that the water might not stop in his nose, for if it did, he could not take his breath, and that would kill him very soon.

When Mary found it out, that there was too much water in the tub when the dog was put into it, she took some of it out as quickly as she could. After that, it was all right, so she washed and bathed Rasher properly, as she had been desired, and wiped him quite dry with two towels, and then combed and brushed, and made him quite neat and smart and respectable; and lastly she put him to bed!

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#### 17.—A DOG THAT HAD NEVER SEEN COCKS AND HENS.

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The next morning, after breakfast, the lady took Rasher to see the country. They walked along, a good way through the streets of London, till at last they came to a place where they saw some trees and a field! In the trees were some crows and other birds. Some were flying about, and some were only making a noise, some were building nests; and some were sitting quiet in their nests; and some were very busy laying eggs to hatch young crows. Rasher and his mistress looked

about at all these curious things, and were very glad and much pleased to see them all so comfortable. In the fields there were cows and horses and sheep and lambs, all quite busy eating the grass. Rasher stopped to look at them: at first he thought the sheep and lambs were dogs!

When they had seen all these things, and looked at them as long as they thought proper, the lady began to walk on farther, and Rasher went along with her. When they had walked about half a mile farther, they saw a house. At last they got up to it. Before the house there was a place with rails round it: within the rails were a good many animals walking about and eating anything which they could find to eat. These live things were different sorts of animals. Some of them were white and some black, some were brown and some nearly red. And besides that, some were very large with horns growing out of their heads. Some had no horns, but they had long ears and tails. There were many of the animals that were not very large. Rasher and his mistress stared at them very much; he had never seen such a place as that, and such wonderful things, in all his life time before. The place was called a farm-yard, and the live things were horses and cows, and pigs and donkeys, and geese and ducks and turkeys, and cocks and hens. This was the first time that Rasher had seen a farm-yard, and cocks and hens!

At first he was so surprised that he stood still, stock still, looking at them all; and was so much pleased, that he ran right up to the rails, as close as he could get. Then he saw a wider place in the fence, where a cow had broken one of the rails; so he put his nose

and head into this wider place to see them better, and to try if he could see how they smelt; but that was very unlucky for poor Rasher; for at that moment, just as he put his nose through, all the cocks and hens, and the geese and the ducks, and all the rest began to be afraid! They thought Rasher was a weasel or a fox going to smell them first and to kill them afterwards, when night came. So they made a great noise, because they were so much afraid. But Rasher did not, poor fellow, want to hurt them; he only wanted to see what they were all doing.

At last there was one of the cocks, with very sharp claws, and a great red thing upon his head, so he turned about and went right up to Rasher, without being afraid of him; and before Rasher could pull his head back, out of the hole, the cock flew bang at his face, and gave him such a scratch with his claws, and at the same time ran two long sharp things, that grew out of the sides of his legs, into the end of the poor dog's nose, so far and so fast, that the cock could hardly pull them out again!

Poor Rasher then began to scream and howl at such a terrible rate, as if he had been killed! The lady also was quite frightened, but she ran up to Rasher and pulled him away in a minute. If she had not done so, he would soon have been a dead dog; for there were two or three more of the cocks that were coming to help to kill him at once! Then the lady took poor Rasher up in her arms, and got into a coach with him, and rode home to London as quickly as the horses could gallop! Rasher was all over blood, and he made the lady's dress all over blood likewise. The servant came

and washed all the blood and dirt from the dog's nose. They sent for the doctor to help them to make it well. His nose was so sore that he could not smell anything with it for a long time. At last he got well, and could smell almost as well as ever; but he took good care never to poke his nose through a fence where there were cocks and hens.

I should like to know whose fault it was that Rasher got so ill used; whether it was the cow's fault in breaking the rails with his horns, or the lady's fault for letting him put his head through, or Rasher's own fault for putting it through?

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18.—THE TWO BOYS WITH SKIPPING CORDS.

I am very fond of seeing clever boys. But I do not like to see boys that are not clever. When I see a boy that is clever, I am glad, but I always want to know who taught him to be clever, and how it was done. When I see a boy that is not clever I am sorry for him,

because I do not like to see a dunce. I am not angry with him for being a dunce, but I always want to know the reason why he is a dunce; and whose fault it is that he is a dunce. I think all boys that are dunces might have been made clever if people would have taken pains to teach them properly. So I say it is not a dunce's fault that he is a dunce; but it is the fault of somebody else, who should have made the dunce a clever boy.

A skipping cord is a very nice thing to play with; when a boy or a girl can skip well. But no boy or girl can skip well at first. When a boy gets a cord to skip with, he takes hold of each end of it, and tries to leap over it, and then to put it over his head again and leap over it again; and then leap over it again in the same way as before. Then he stops awhile to rest himself, and while he is resting, he looks at the other boys that can skip very well and very fast, much better and much faster than he can. After that, he begins once more to do it himself, and he does it a little better this time; and a little longer without stopping: then he is pleased with himself, and likes skipping better and better. Then he stops to rest himself again, and to take notice of those boys that can skip very well. He takes notice that they sometimes leap over the rope a good many times, while they remain in the same place; and sometime they skip over it while they run along quite fast! Sometimes they skip forwards and sometimes backwards. Then the boy does the same, till it at last he can do it quite as well himself. I am now going to tell you a story about two boys that wanted to learn to skip with cords. Some boys and girls call them jumping ropes.



Two boys were each seven years of age, and each had a new skipping rope given to him, because he wanted to learn to skip. So they got up next morning very early and went out to try how they could skip. One of the boys was called Peter and the other Thomas. When they had been out some time, they were called in to get their breakfast, but they said they were not hungry at all. After breakfast they went out again till dinner time.

Peter got on pretty well, because he did it very slowly at first, and took care what he was about, and tried his very best all the time. But Thomas did not get on so well, because he did it too fast, and was not careful enough about it. Then they were called in to dinner. After dinner they went out again to skip. Peter tried more, and did it better and better every time, till at last he could skip over the rope fifteen times without stopping! In a little time after dinner, Thomas got vexed with himself, because he could not skip as well as Peter; so he sat down upon a seat and began to cry, and would not try any more? Now, what do you think of these two boys, Peter and Thomas? Tell me if you can, what was the reason Peter did it so well and that Thomas could hardly do it at all; and why he sat down and cried.

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19.—THE TWO BOYS WITH SKIPPING CORDS.

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While he was crying, his Papa came out of the house and saw the boys, Peter and Thomas. Thomas was crying and Peter was skipping with his rope, as

merry as a lark! The gentleman saw Thomas crying, and said to him, Thomas, why do you cry? Thomas said, because Peter can skip with his cord and I cannot skip with mine. Indeed, said his father; perhaps Peter's rope is better than yours, and that is the reason why he can use his rope and you cannot use yours: let me see the two ropes? So he took the two ropes and looked at them a little while, and then said, Why these two cords are exactly alike!—Yes, papa, we bought them at the same place; they cost sixpence a-piece. Then, said his father what is the reason that you can do it quite well and Thomas is so backward? Peter said, the reason was, that he took more pains than Thomas did at first, and did it slower, very slow indeed, at first. That is a good boy, said his father to Peter. That is the way to set about anything that you want to learn; to do it very slowly at first, and continue doing it very often, and always do your best; you can learn anything in this manner that you try to learn; and I am sure it is a very clever thing to skip well, and very useful too.

Then Thomas got up from his seat and wiped his eyes and face, and said to his father, father, I think I can do it better now. I will do my best next time, and do it very slowly, the same as my brother, if he will show me? Peter said he would in a minute! So Peter took his jumping rope, and began to jump very slowly, several times; Thomas took great notice of him to see how it was done; and then he did it very slowly also, several times. That is a good boy, Thomas, said his father. Then Peter did it again, still very slowly. Then Thomas did it after him very nicely. Why, said Peter,

that is almost as well as I did it—yes, said the gentleman, I think it is quite as well, Peter! Yes, papa, said Peter, but I can skip a good many more times and much quicker. And I shall do it much quicker to-morrow, and oftener if I do my best, said Thomas. So the next day Peter and Thomas went out to practise with their ropes. Thomas improved every time that he tried; and just when night came, every body said, Thomas was a very clever boy for skipping; and Peter said yes he is, I taught him yesterday how to do it; and I think he is quite as clever as I am! Their father was so well pleased with his two boys, that he took them into the house and read a very nice book to them.

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#### 20.—THE BOY AND THE WASP.

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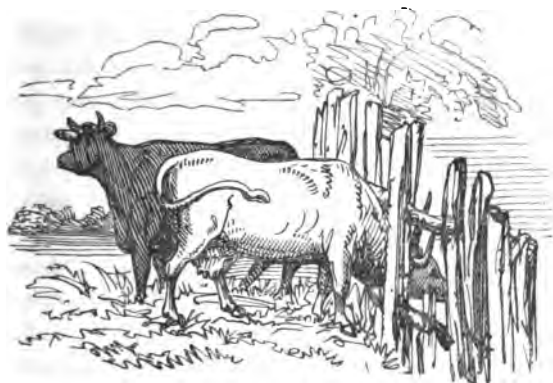
A little boy, one day, saw a cup standing on a table. So he went up to the table, and took hold of the cup, and began to drink something that was in the cup. As he was drinking, he felt something rather hard in his mouth; it was about as big as a pea. By and bye, the thing in his mouth began to move about of itself! It moved upon his tongue and began to creep down his throat! The boy then put his finger and thumb into his mouth, to try to catch it; but he could not catch it; because it had got into the middle of his throat! Then the little boy began to cough: he thought if he coughed the thing would creep back again and come out of his mouth without being pulled out. But it did not.

When the boy coughed, the wasp was frightened, and thrust his sting right into the boy's throat, and

hurt him so much that he thought he was killed ! Then he began to cry as hard as he could, and fell upon the floor, the same as people do when they are killed or shot. In a moment his mamma came running into the room, and when she saw her little boy upon the floor, kicking up his feet and his face as red as fire ! She did not know who had done it, nor what to do nor what to say : she made such a noise that at last they sent for a doctor ! When the doctor came, he soon found out that it was a wasp that had got into the little boy's throat, and stung him very severely.

But this doctor was a very clever doctor, so he soon took from his pocket a thing crooked at one end, and put it down his throat and pulled up the wasp !

When the doctor took the insect out of his throat, his throat was much hurt, and the boy was very ill ! All the people about there said a wasp had stung him to death ! This was not true. He was almost dead, but not quite. After being ill a long time, the doctor cured him so well, that he could walk about anywhere. And when the doctor went away, he told the people who lived in that house, that they should never leave cups on the table, to let children drink of them. And the doctor told the little boy, to be sure and take care, never to drink out of any thing without first looking to see if there was not a wasp in it, or an insect, or some other live thing, that perhaps, next time might sting him to death. The boy was so kind and polite, that he thanked the Doctor for pulling the wasp out of his throat, and for making him well again, and said he would in future look into the cup first.



**21.—THE COW WITH SHORT HORNS AND THE COW  
WITH LONG HORNS.**

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Two cows went into a field to eat grass. When they had eaten as much as they could, they wanted to eat something else, so they went up to a hedge, and began to eat the hedge. But there were sharp thorns in that hedge, which pricked their noses and made them bleed! Then they went away to another side of the field, where there were no thorns; so they could not make their noses bleed there, because there was only a wooden fence at that side of the field.

The cows could see through the wooden fence, because the paling was not close; and in a little while the cow with short curly horns, saw some hay upon the ground at the other side of the fence, and wanted to eat some of it; because she had got hungry again. So she tried to put her nose through between the pieces of the fence; but she could not, it was too broad and

thick, and would not go through. After that she put her head over the fence, but she could not reach the hay, her neck was too short to reach over the paling down to the ground on the other side; so she pulled her head up and began to try to put her nose through the bottom of the paling, as she had tried before, and she gave such a good smell and a hard push with her nose, that she broke off one of the pieces of wood; but even then the opening was still too small. She then gave another good push and a smell; and at last broke another bit of the fence; and then she could put her head through very well, so she began to eat the hay as fast as she could. She had never tasted such nice hay as that in all her life time; and while she was eating, the other cow with the long horns was looking at her all the time. There was a large heap of hay, and the cow with the long horns thought she should like to eat some of it as well as the other when the cow with the short horns had done.

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22.—THE COW WITH SHORT HORNS AND THE COW  
WITH LONG HORNS.

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When the short horned cow had eaten as much of the hay as she wanted, she pulled her head out of the hole in the fence; and as the long horned cow wanted to eat some of the hay also, she tried to poke her head through the paling; but her horns were so long and stuck out so much on each side of her head, that they would not go through. At last she gave her head a twist, and then her head and both her horns went right

through to the other side, where the hay was; so she began to eat it as hard as she could. At first, the cow did not think how she could get her head back again, because she was so busy eating. She eat a long time, till she was quite satisfied, and then she was pulling her head back, but she pulled it so quickly, that her horns went bang up against the fence, and she could not get them out at all, they stuck so fast and were so broad. She twisted her head, first to one side and then to the other, but all in vain. So the poor long horned cow thought she should be hung.

At last, she wished that she had a pair of short horns like the other cow; because then she could get her head out of the fence any time. She tried, and thought her head would come out at once. So she got quite frightened, and thought she should be hung before morning: then she fell upon the ground, and in a little time she fell asleep.

In the night time she awoke, and felt her neck very stiff and sore, and it hurt her so much, that she was forced to make a great noise; and bellow as loud as she could, to see if any of the people that lived about there would bring a saw, and saw a bit of each horn off, to get her head through once more. The people heard a great noise in the night time; but they did not know what it was for, nor who made it. Some thought it was a donkey; some thought it was a bull; some said it was like the roar of a lion; and some said it was an earthquake that had come into the field in the night time. But when it was morning, a man took a saw and sawed two bits of the horns off, and then they came out as well as possible.



### 23.—THE POOR GIRL THAT WAS CRYING.

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A poor girl, about twelve years of age, was standing at the door of a house crying. She had a milk can in her hand, and her hands looked very cold and red. A lady saw her and stopped to look at her. Then the lady was sorry to see the poor girl crying. So she went up to her and said, Poor girl, why do you cry, and why are your hands so red and cold? I am sorry to see you so uncomfortable.

The girl said, I cry because my mistress will beat me when I go home! I hope she will not beat you said the lady. Oh, yes, she will, said the poor girl, she beats me every Sunday morning, and sometimes oftener. The lady was quite surprised to hear that the girl's mistress beat her so often. Then the lady said, what does she beat you for? Oh, she beats me because I am an idle naughty girl. And why are you an idle naughty girl? Because I do not go home soon enough.



Then, said the lady, you ought to be punished if you do not go home when your mistress tells you. The poor girl then began to cry worse than before. Just then, a gentleman came up to the lady and the milk girl, and the lady told the gentleman all that the girl had told her; how she should be beaten and all that. Then the gentleman said to the poor girl, if your mistress beats you why do you not go home as fast as you can go? Why do you stand here so long? I am waiting till the servant comes out of the house to take the milk, Sir. Then, said the gentleman, why do you not ring the bell and make the servant come for the milk. I have rung the bell once, Sir. Well, said the gentleman, ring it again then. The poor girl said, I dare not ring it again, Sir, because if I do the servant will beat me, when she comes out for the milk. I have been waiting here a long time, as I do every Sunday morning, because the servant is so long in coming; and if I ring the bell twice, she beats me! Well, said the lady, I never heard such a thing as this in all my life time before. If you want to make haste home, and if you ring the bell twice, the servant beats you, and if you wait till the servants come, your mistress beats you for being so long! I am very sorry for you indeed, poor girl. At first I thought it was your own fault, and that you were an idle girl; but now I see it is the fault of the people where you take the milk! They ought to come for it as soon as ever you ring the bell or knock at the door; and then you can go to the next house and do the same, and the people ought to come out as quickly as the other people did, and all the servants ought to do the same, then you would get done soon,

and get home time enough, and so you would not be beaten.

At last the servant came out, and the gentleman knew her; her name was Kitty. The gentleman said to her, Kitty, I am sorry that this poor girl gets beaten for your keeping her so long before you come to her. Lord, Sir, said the servant, I did not know that, Sir. I am very sorry; but I will come as soon as ever the bell rings next time; she shall not be beaten for my fault any more. I did not think of it. Then the kind lady said to the gentleman; I know this poor girl's mistress, very well; I will tell her mistress not to beat her any more, when the servants and the people keep her so long before they come out.

At last the gentleman put his hand into his pocket and gave the poor girl a shilling to buy herself a pair of good warm gloves; and the lady then put her hand into her pocket and gave her sixpence. Then the poor girl took the corner of her apron and wiped her eyes and her face quite clean and dry, and left off crying; then she thanked the lady and gentleman, and set off home as fast as ever she could walk. I hope the poor milk girl will never be kept waiting again, at any of the houses where she takes her milk, and that all the servants who read this story will come out of their houses at once, when the bells ring for them: and that her mistress will never again beat her for other people's faults.



24.—THE FLOOD; OR, THE MAN THAT WAS CARRIED  
INTO THE SEA.

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When it rains very much, for several days together, there is a flood. A flood is a great deal of water more than will go into a river, and therefore it runs over the sides of the river into the fields and streets, and into the people's houses; if there be any houses near the river; and if it be a large flood, the water will get into the houses and drown the people that live in them, if they do not look sharp and run out of the houses and get up into a tree or upon a hill or a mountain; and remain there till it gives over raining, and till all the flood has gone away down the river with the rest of the water that was in the river before it began to rain.

But we ought to know that a good deal of the flood sinks into the ground and dries up, after the rain is

over; and more so, if the sun begins to shine very hot, as soon as it has ceased raining. I said, just now, that the people who live near the river, all go out of their houses for fear they should be destroyed by the flood. And the cats and the dogs go away also, for fear they should be drowned. For cats and dogs and sheep and cows and horses do not like to be drowned any more than the people themselves; for, as I told you in one of the other tales, animals like to live as long as they can. Ducks and drakes and geese and ganders do not care at all for a flood, because they are not afraid of being drowned. They can swim and float upon the water till the rain stops. Then, when the water dries up, they go down as the water sinks! and at last their feet touch the ground as before; and then the water all runs off, and they begin to walk about as they did before the flood came, till the people come back again to their houses, and give the ducks and geese some meat as they used to give them before it rained so much.

It would be a very good thing for the people that lived near a river, when there was going to be a flood, to build a good large boat and get into it. So then they would be safe enough in the large boat, and not lose their lives. They ought to remain in the boat till the flood had all gone off, and then get out of it and remain out, till there was another flood came, and then get into the boat again; and so on as regular as before.

In summer time, when the weather is very hot, it dries up nearly all the water that was in the river. Then we can see what a large hollow place the bottom of a river is; and how high the banks or sides of the

river are. If anybody should ask me, what has become of all the water that was in the river before it was nearly empty, I should say, that the cows and horses have drunk some of it, and some of it was dried up by the sun, and the rest of it had run into the sea, to help to fill up the sea.

It is very nice to see a river that is empty, when it begins to rain fast. The faster it rains, the faster the river fills up again; till at last it is quite full up to the top of the banks; and when the water rises up to the top, it soon runs over; that is, if it keeps raining. Then you can see a great many things sailing down the river into the sea; such things as small trees and large trees, and logs of wood and gates; and pieces of carts and ladders, and wheelbarrows; and sometimes sheep and pigs, and goats, and many other live things, that could not help being carried down by the waters of the river into the sea, or into another river! and then that river would carry them down into the sea at last!

One very hot day, there was a river that was almost dried up: there was scarcely any water left in it; you could see the ground at the bottom quite plain: Near this river there was a meadow full of long grass. After some days the men cut the grass with scythes, and afterwards made it into hay; and, in two or three days, they put the hay into large heaps; they called the heaps haystacks. When they had made all the haystacks they went home to get their suppers and go to bed, and to sleep till next morning. All the men did not go home; there was one man that did not go home with the rest. This man had a black bottle, full of some sort of nasty stuff, but he was so foolish as to drink some of this

nasty stuff, and then he went and sat down upon one of the haycocks, that was close to the river! when he had been sitting some little time, he took the black bottle and drank a good deal more of the nasty stuff that was in it, and then he got upon the top of the haycock once more, and lay down and fell fast asleep! The nasty stuff had made him very drowsy.

As soon as he fell asleep, it began to rain very fast indeed; and the night came on darker and darker every minute; and the darker it was, the heavier and faster it rained: so that by twelve o'clock at night, the river was quite full, as high as the top of the banks. After that the rain ceased for a little while, but it began to thunder and lightning; the thunder was very loud and the lightning was very bright. All this time, the man upon the haycock was fast asleep, and therefore did not hear the thunder nor see the lightning, nor feel the rain, because the nasty stuff that he had drank had made him sleep so soundly; and made him so very stupid and drowsy!

Then it began to rain heavier and faster than ever! so that in a few hours the flood came over the banks of the river into the hayfield, and took away some of the haycocks. At last the water came up to the haycock upon which the man was lying fast asleep; then the water flowed all round the haycock, and began to carry it away with the man upon it!

In a little time after that, it began to come light in the morning; and just then the sleepy man opened his eyes, and saw that the flood was taking him away! So he began to call out for the people to come and help him off the haycock, to hinder him from being drowned,

but the people had not got up; it was too early for them to come to their work then. So the flood took the haycock, with the man upon it, right down into the sea at once; and nobody ever heard another word of them from that day to this!

Now, whose fault was it, do you think, that the man was lost; was it his own fault, or was it the fault of the people who did not come to take him home?

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25.—THE BOY THAT TOLD A LIE AND CHEATED HIS BROTHER.

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It is a very bad thing to tell lies and to cheat people. Everybody should speak the truth, and then there would be no lies in the world. No one should take anything that does not belong to himself; because it is not right to take any things from other people. They want to keep them for themselves. We do not like to lose our own things, nor to have them stolen from us, nor taken away from us, without our leave. So if we do not like to have our own things taken away, as we would like them to do to us, we should always do the same to other people, and not take theirs. This would be all right and proper. Then people might go anywhere and not have their things stolen when they were away. So then, no one would be put into a prison and punished for stealing, and shut up in a dark cell that is very dismal and cold, and have chains put upon his legs, to prevent him from getting out of the prison and running away.

There was once a gentleman that had plenty of apple

trees in his garden; and a very large garden it was. Some people called it an orchard, because there were so many apple trees in it, and pear trees, and plum trees, and cherry trees, and wall fruit trees, nailed up against the wall; and a mulberry tree, larger, and had more leaves on it than any other tree in the orchard. Upon all these fruit trees there were a great many apples and pears, and green gages and egg plums, and several other sorts of fruits, quite good, when they were ripe enough. The gentleman that had the garden with all these trees and fruit upon them, often used to give some of the fruit to any one that had no fruit of his own. This was quite right; he had enough for himself and a good deal more than he wanted, which he gave away to anyone that came to see him, and to ask him how he was getting on with all his fruit trees and all their fruit! The gentleman was so kind that he did not mind now and then giving a few apples or pears, or any of his fruit, to any poor boys that he saw on the other side of the hedge looking at his fruit growing so nicely upon the trees!

There was one very large apple tree in the garden that grew very near the fence. You would have stared if you had but seen how many apples there were upon this tree; and how very large they were. Some of them had a bit of red on them. The gentleman used to put a long ladder up against this tree, and climb up the ladder, to get the apples, for the cook, to make puddings and pies of; or for anybody to eat; the apples were so good and so large, that they served either for eating, or baking, or boiling. He used to get a basket full at once.



26.—THE BOY THAT TOLD A LIE AND CHEATED HIS BROTHER.

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One day, just when he had filled his basket and was coming down the ladder, he saw two poor boys, they were brothers, standing in the field next to the orchard, almost close to the apple tree. The boys looked very much at the apples in the basket! So the gentleman thought he would give them each an apple, and I have just told you that they were large ones. He took two and gave them to the bigger boy, and said to him: one apple is for yourself and one for your brother. Thank you, Sir, said the boy to the gentleman. Then he gave one apple to his brother, who was standing close to him, thank you, Sir, said the other boy. Then the gentleman was going to take his basket to the house; so the bigger boy said, I have another brother, Sir! Oh, have you, said the gentleman, where is he? He is just behind that bush in that hedge, said the boy. Oh, very well, said the gentleman; then I will give you an apple for him also. So he gave him another apple to give to his brother behind the bush. Then the two boys went away, and the gentleman went into the house with his basket of apples; and in a few minutes he came out once more, to take a walk to look at the apples on the same large tree. When he got to it, he was looking about him; at last he heard some one crying! So he looked over the fence, into the field, where the two boys were at first; and he there saw a little boy crying! Why do you cry, little boy? said

the gentleman. I cry, because my brothers have apples and I have not! Why! I gave the big boy an apple for you; did he not give it to you? No, said the boy he did not give it to me, Sir! He has two apples and I have not one.

Just as he was saying this, the big boy came up to the gentleman crying very much! What is the matter with you? Why do you cry? said the gentleman to the big boy. Why, Sir, I cry because you gave me an apple for my little brother, and I did not give it to him as you told me! So the boy cried more and more! What did you do with the apple, said the gentleman, that I gave you to give to your little brother here?—I have it in my pocket, Sir, said the big boy. Then he took it out of his pocket and showed it to the gentleman. When the little boy saw his apple safe, he left off crying in a minute, and began to wipe the tears out of his eyes with his fingers! The kind gentleman then asked the big boy where the apple was that he had given to him? The big boy took it out of his pocket, and said, here it is, Sir! Why did not you eat your own apple? said the gentleman. Why, Sir, said the big boy, it was such a fine large one, and had a bit of such nice red on one side of it, that I did not like to eat it, so I thought I would save it for a long time, and eat my brother's apple instead. So I told my brother that there was no apple for him. So he began to cry, and at last came to you, Sir. But just as I was going to bite a piece of my brother's apple, I began to be sorry, because my mother and father said, I ought always to be kind to my little brother. So I am come to give him his own apple, and am quite sorry that I

was going to keep it for myself, and told him a lie about it. The gentleman said, it is a very bad thing to tell lies, and to keep apples or anything that belongs to other people. But, it is a good thing when a boy has done anything wrong, to do right again as soon as possible; and take good care never after that, to tell lies and keep anything that belongs to another person. So the boy that told the lie cried more and more for what he had done; and said, if the gentleman would forgive him this time, he would never do such a wicked thing again, as long as he lived; and he said he would give his little brother both the apples if the gentleman would forgive him!

Then the little brother began to cry worse than ever; for he said, he would not take both the apples, because his brother then would not have one. The gentleman said to the big boy, I am glad to hear you say you are sorry for what you have done. I will allow you to keep your own apple this time, and hope you will be a good boy always after this; and if you are, I will give you two apples a piece next year. And I will have you all three together, and give you the apples myself, for I think that will be the best way; two for you, and two for you, and two for you! That will be six apples in all. Three times two are six. Then the three brothers went home all together quite comfortable; and the little boy told his mother, that if they were good boys, a gentleman would, next year, give them six apples for three of them! that would be two apples a piece: three times two are six.



27.—TUP; OR, THE BLACK RAM.

In some parts of the world there are a great many sheep and rams; and the people that look after them and take care of them, are called shepherds. Sometimes, one of the sheep will try to get away from the rest of the sheep; so that it can do what it likes; and sometimes, two, or three, or four, of the sheep will try to run away; and sometimes more! But the man that looks after them, does not like to lose any of them, so when he sees them running away, he tries to fetch them back again, to make them go with the other sheep and rams. If he cannot run fast enough, he tells his dog to go and fetch them back; then the dog runs as hard as he can and soon makes them return to the other sheep: if they do not come back at first, when the dog goes to them, he begins to bark, but he does not attempt to bite any of them, they are very much afraid when the dog begins to bark; and the shepherd

tells the dog not to bite them, and the dog knows very well what the shepherd says about the sheep. But if the sheep will not come back when the dog has barked at them, then he bites them in the legs, and in the tails, till they go where the shepherd wishes them to go ; for the sheep do not like to be bitten in their legs and tails, because the dog's teeth are so long and so sharp, and it makes them feel so sore.

In the spring of the year, most part of the sheep have young ones, the young sheep are called lambs ; several of the old ones had two lambs a piece and a good many only one lamb each. When the sheep were having lambs, the farmer and the shepherds got up every morning very early, to go and see how they were all getting on ; to see how many more lambs they had every night. The dogs also went with them to see the lambs, and the men and the dogs were very glad to see so many sheep and lambs all comfortable, playing about in the sunshine every morning.

One morning, as the shepherd was walking and looking about the field, where the sheep were living, he spied something black in one corner of the field, upon the ground ! At first he did not pay much attention to it, because it did not move ; he thought it looked like a boy's hat, or like a dead crow ! But, just as he was going to turn round to go away, the black thing began to move about, so then he knew it was not a dead crow, because a dead crow cannot move about. After that he went boldly up to it, and was very much surprised to find that it was a black lamb, that had been born in the night ; for it was quite little and weak. The shepherd then took the black lamb up, and held it

in his arms, and the dog began to smell at it, and cocked up his ears and his tail, and looked very much surprised. The man and the dog went all over the field, to look for its mother, but they could not find her any where; none of the old sheep would own it, or have anything to do with it. So the farmer came up to look at it, and said, some thieves had perhaps stolen away its mother in the night: but he said, the shepherd should take it home, at breakfast time, and give it some nice warm milk, and see if it would try to live without its mother: so they all came out to see the little black Ram; the farmer's wife, and the children and the servants. In a little time the milk was ready, and they were all glad to see the poor thing take it very well. Then the lamb could stand upon its legs, and in a short time it could walk and run about any where, because it got stronger every day; every body was fond of the little black Ram, and when the shepherd came home every night, the lamb went to meet him, because he had been so kind to it at first. One morning, the lamb saw the shepherd going to the sheep; so it thought it would like to go with him to see how the rest of the sheep were getting on in the field where it was born. It walked beside the shepherd, all the way, like a little dog.

The lamb kept by the side of the shepherd all the day, and sometimes he eat a little bit of grass, for his teeth had grown a good deal. At night the lamb went home with the shepherd just like a dog by his side; and next morning he went to the field again, and this he did every day for a long time. Wherever the shepherd went the lamb went with him, and the shepherd's

dog, and the shepherd and the Ram, were all very good friends, and were very fond of one another. The shepherd and the farmer, and every body, were astonished to find that the black Ram would not go with the rest of the sheep, and stop with them, for there were several black ones in the flock. Then the man called the black Ram **TUP**, and Tup always went with the man and his dog, till at last the sheep thought Tup was a proper dog; but they never heard him bark. When any of the sheep attempted to run away, Tup ran to help the dog to fetch and drive them back; and if the dog was not there Tup could do it himself, which made the shepherd very proud of him. Tup used to try to bark like the dog, but he made a very poor hand of it indeed; he could bite better than he could bark; but one day he felt two little horns growing out of his head, the ends were very hard and sharp; they came out more and more every day, till at last every body could see them. Tup was quite proud of his two horns, and the next time he went to drive the sheep, he began to butt the sheep with his head, and to poke his horns at those sheep that were the last, if they did not go on fast enough: so all the sheep were more afraid of Tup than they were of the proper dog, that could bark properly; and they took care not to run away when Tup was there, because his horns were so very hard and sharp. At last, the shepherd was so pleased with his black Ram, that he bought him a fine collar, with a lock and a key to it, to lock it round his neck; and there was a little bell fastened to the collar, that used to ring when Tup walked along; and the shepherd got a man to put Tup's name upon the collar,

in large letters thus, TUP. The shepherd was so proud of him, that when he went into the streets of a town, Tup went with him and the dog; then all the people that lived there came out of their houses to look at Tup! and the dog, and the shepherd, all walking along together! A gentleman said, he had never seen such a dog as Tup in all his life-time before; and the shepherd told the gentleman, that Tup was the best sheep dog in England, for all the sheep were afraid of his horns.

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#### 28—THE BLIND BOY.

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There was once a poor boy that could see very well. His name was Frank, he had two very good eyes; and his father said he ought to be a printer, and make books for people to read and learn out of. This was a big boy; he was fifteen years of age. He had been at a school above five years, and could do many clever things. He was a good writer and could make good pens for the other scholars. Besides, he could spell very well; so the boy said to his father one day, that he thought he could spell well enough to be a printer. Then his father asked him to spell many hard words, and some easy ones, so Frank spelt them all quite fast and quite right: he did not miss one of them.

Then there was a printer heard him, and this printer could spell every word that anybody asked him to spell. So he asked Frank to spell some more hard words and the boy spelt them all but one: it was the word pony that he could not spell. Frank said p-o-n-e-y, and was



wrong. Then the printer said he was a clever boy and would do for a printer, he said he should like to have him; he would soon teach Frank to print all sorts of books. Then the printer went away.

The next day the boy wrote a letter to his uncle, who lived a long way off. The letter was written with a good pen, upon clean paper; and every word was spelt right: there was not one mistake in all the letter. He told his uncle that he was going to live with a printer; to learn to print books and newspapers, and all sorts of bills that people stick up against walls and doors and posts, and put into shop windows. His uncle was so pleased with this letter that he sent Frank half-a-crown and a new dictionary, with all the hard words in it. When the boy got the half-crown and the dictionary, he was so pleased, that he went and bought a great deal of gunpowder and took it home and opened the paper that had the gunpowder in it to see how much there was; and as he was looking at it he knocked the candle over upon it, so the gunpowder blew up and burnt all the skin off his face and both of his eyes out.

This, indeed, was a sad thing for poor Frank, and for his father and his mother, and all his friends! All boys should beware of playing with gunpowder, it is very wrong indeed to do so: people should never sell gunpowder to boys, it is as bad as selling poison. I hope all boys that read this sad story will play with something else; and never spend their money in gunpowder, because it is so very dangerous and kills so many people. When the eyes are blown out with gunpowder, nobody can put them in again properly; all the doctors in the world could not do it. The best way would be

for the King or the Queen to send a man to punish the people that sold gunpowder to children or boys; then they would not sell them any more next time.

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29.—THE LITTLE GARDENER AND THE CROWS.

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The little gardener that I am now speaking about was only six years of age; but he was very clever. When he was only three years old, he was fond of going into the garden, to see the big gardener work! He took great notice of every thing that the big gardener did; and how he did it. He was very glad to see how nicely the big gardener did every thing that he had to do in every part of the garden, how nice and clean it was. I have just told you that the little gardener, at six years of age, was very clever. I am going to tell you some of the things that he could do.

He could dig the earth with a little spade, very nicely: the blacksmith had made it for him and his

father paid the blacksmith for making it for him. I never saw a nicer little spade than it was. The blacksmith also made him a pretty little rake, to rake the earth with, to make it look smooth and proper ; and then he made him a hoe, to chop off the weeds with ; for if the weeds had not been chopped off, they would have spoiled all the plants, and the herbs, and the flowers, and all the things in the garden.

The little gardener's father was so pleased with him for being so good and so clever, that, at last, he sent for a carpenter ; and told the carpenter to make a wheel-barrow for the little gardener to put the earth into, so that he might wheel it to another part of the garden, where he might want some more earth. Then the little gardener was glad, and liked his father better and better every day, for being so kind to him as to give him a little wheel-barrow. The carpenter asked the gentleman how big it must be made. The gentleman said it must be just half as big as the other wheel-barrow, that the proper gardener had. The carpenter said very well sir, I will make it exactly as big as you tell me, just half the size of the large wheel-barrow.

The carpenter worked so hard, that he made the wheel-barrow in two days : it was a capital good one, as ever I saw in all my life time before ! The first day after he got his wheel-barrow, he could hardly sleep at night, when he went to bed, for thinking about it ; and the next morning he got out of bed, before five o'clock, and went to the window to see if it was light enough for him to go to work with his new barrow. As he was looking out of the window, he saw the sun rising ; that is, coming up from the other side of the world. Then

he dressed himself, and all the while he was dressing he kept thinking of his wheel-barrow ; how nice it would feel.

After that he went into the garden to see what he could do, and how his wheel-barrow would answer. He filled it full of earth first, and then he took it away to another place : then he went for some more ; and then he went again many times, till at last he was quite tired and hungry, so he went into the house to take breakfast. He was not long at his breakfast.

The little gardener could almost do every thing in the garden that he saw the proper gardener do : he could sow the seeds and rake the earth over them, and watch them come out of the ground and grow up ; and he could put small plants into the ground properly ; and drive away the birds for fear they should scratch the seeds up and eat them and spoil the rest. I wish every little boy had a spade and a rake, and a hoe and a wheel-barrow, he might then become as clever as the little gardener.

One day he saw the big gardener prune some shrubs, with a large sharp knife, so he thought it was very nice easy work ; he said he should like to do it. Then he asked the gardener to lend him his knife to try to prune some trees himself. To prune trees and shrubs, means to cut off some of the branches, if there be too many, and to cut those branches shorter that are too long :—then the shrubs and trees will grow better and look better than they looked before they were pruned. I have now explained to you what the word prune means, because I think it a very nice useful word.

The proper gardener then told the little gardener that he was not big enough to prune trees ; and, besides,

he said, he might perhaps cut himself, if he did not mind what he was about. Then the gardener went to take some greens to the cook, for dinner ; and left his sharp pruning knife lying in the garden ! The little gardener saw the knife in a minute, and ran to it and took it up, and went directly to a tree to prune it ! He took hold of one of the branches with one hand and began to cut it with the knife in the other hand : but instead of cutting off the branch he almost cut his finger off ! He felt something very sharp, running into his finger ; he thought it was a bit of the tree that pricked his finger : so he pulled his hand away to see what it was, and he saw his finger nearly cut off : at first it did not hurt him much, till he saw the blood run out of it. Then it began to hurt him more and more, and he thought he should bleed to death, like the poor horse that was found quite dead one morning in a field ; so he began to cry very loudly. He cried so loudly, that the gardener ran to him as fast as he could, to see what was the matter. The little gardener did not know what to do ; he thought he could not use his new wheel-barrow if his hand was cut off ! then he cried worse and worse, till the gardener took him to the house to his mamma, who was almost as clever as a doctor for curing sore fingers or anything of that sort.

She then looked at the cut finger for some time, so she went for a bottle that had a feather in it, a large stiff feather and some thin stuff in it like oil ; so she put some of the thin stuff upon the finger, where it was cut, which made the little gardener jump about and almost shake his hand off : then his mamma got a nice long piece of linen cloth, and folded it round his finger

rather tight, and then tied it on with a piece of thread, it was white thread : after that it did not hurt him so much. His mother said he must not always cry when he hurt himself, for that was very childish indeed : so he said the next time he cut one of his fingers off he would not cry. His mother then kissed him, and said, he must mind and be a good boy and not do improper things, and then his finger would soon be well again. She told the gardener that he ought to have taken better care of his knife, and not left it in the garden when he went to the cook. He said he would mind next time.

Now, as soon as the finger gets well, I shall tell you a story about the crows, which I think you will be glad to hear.



30.—THE LITTLE GARDENER AND THE CROWS.

I have been told that crows are very knowing birds, and very cunning and clever birds also. They can smell gunpowder a long way off, and can see a gun in

a man's hand a long way off. If crows smell gunpowder, and see a man with a gun in his hand, they think he is going to shoot them, so they begin to fly somewhere directly, to get a long way from the man with a gun, for fear they should be shot. Sometimes a crow flies so very high, that a man with a gun cannot shoot him: the ball cannot reach so high as he can fly. I believe, sometimes people go to shoot crows without any guns or any powder: they shoot them with bows and arrows, or with cross bows and bullets; so then the crows cannot smell any gunpowder, nor hear the noise of a gun, to frighten them away from that tree where they are.

Crows, as I said before, are very sharp knowing birds; they very often steal things out of fields and gardens, and sometimes out of houses! They will kill things that are less than they are; and if poor sheep or lambs or a goat be ill, in a field or on a common, or on a moor, crows will often fly down from the sky or from a tall tree upon them, and begin to peck their eyes out of their heads! and if boys or girls be asleep in the fields, and if the crows see them they fly down and begin to peck their eyes out.

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### 31.—THE LITTLE GARDENER AND THE CROWS.

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The little gardener's finger was very sore, for several days; it was so sore and hurt him so much that he said he would never attempt to prune trees again, till he was older, and then he would take more care and not cut his finger, instead of the branch of the tree or

shrub. But in a few more days it began to get well very fast, and one day he thought it was quite well, so he went into the garden to try his spade and his barrow once more ; but as he was digging, he broke the skin of his finger, where it had been cut, and it began to bleed, the same as when he cut it at first.

Then he was obliged to leave off digging, and go and have it dressed once more ; but he did not cry like a baby this time. However, his mother was angry with him, because she told him to wait till his finger got quite well, before he began to work. He asked his mother if he might go and look at the gardener working, till his finger got well ; she said he might go and see him work if he did not handle improper things with his sore hand. He promised his mother he would not do so any more till his finger was as well as the rest of his fingers.

The next morning, the proper gardener took his spade and began to dig a piece of ground to plant some potatoes in. He dug very hard all day, till almost the evening ;—then he had dug all the ground that he wanted. So he went for some potatoes, to plant them in the ground which he had just dug : but, before he planted them, he took his knife out of his pocket to cut the potatoes ; each potato cut two or three or four bits, just big enough for planting. He showed the little gardener how big they ought to be cut, and how they were to be cut. Then the little gardener was glad, and wanted the gardener to let him cut some of them. But the proper gardener said, it would be wrong to use his finger before it was well, he should wait till it got quite well.



After all the potatoes were prepared for planting, the gardener got a long string, with two sticks tied to it at the ends. This string was to stretch upon the ground to make holes by, with a thing called a dibber, and the holes were to put the bits of potatoes into, so that they might be covered up with the earth, and grow and make a great number of potatoes for the family to eat at dinner time.

As the gardener was making the holes, it was getting quite dark; so he told the little gardener to take the little basket and put some bits of the potatoes into it, and walk along after him, and as he made a hole to put a bit of potato into it; and into every hole that he made. The gardener made the holes very fast, and the little gardener dropped the bits in the holes very fast also, because it was almost stone dark. At last the holes were all made, and then it became quite dark, all at once. So they were obliged to leave off work and go to their supper. As they were going to supper the gardener said they would go to-morrow morning and rake the earth into the holes and cover them up. The little gardener was so pleased with planting the potatoes, that he thought he would get up before the other gardener the next morning, and go and cover up all the sets, and fill up all the holes that the big gardener had made; and rake all the ground nice and smooth and level. So the next morning he did get up, and got out of bed long before six o'clock, and dressed himself as quickly as he could, because he was in haste to go and begin his work in the garden, to finish planting the potatoes.

But, about half-past four o'clock; this was an hour

or more before the little gardener got up, there was a large flock of crows flying over the ground where the pieces of potatoes were planted : so these crows, must have got out of their nests very early that morning. One of the sharpest of the flock, looked down right into the garden, and saw the holes in the ground. Then he flew straight down to them. After that, all the others flew down likewise ; they watched the clever crow to see what he did next. The clever crow went to the first hole, and pulled out with his beak the piece of potato, to see what it was, and what he could do with it ! All the rest of the flock did the same at the other holes ; and in less than five minutes they had pulled out every set that had been planted ; they did not leave one of the sets in the ground. At last, they flew away with them altogether in their beaks, each crow took one set. I wish I had seen them do it.

Soon after that, the little gardener went into the garden with his rake upon his shoulder. So he went to the place, and began to rake and fill up the holes as fast as he could work. But he did not see that the sets were all gone. He did not know that the crows had moved off with the whole of them ! When he had made all nice and smooth and level, the proper gardener went to the place and was surprised to see how well the little gardener had done it. He did not think he could have done it so well and so soon with his little rake ; and I am sure the big gardener did not know that all the holes were emptied by the crows, because he was in bed and asleep when they did it.

In a few days after that there was plenty of rain, and

after the rain was over there was plenty of sunshine ; so the proper gardener said to the little gardener, that plenty of rain and plenty of sunshine were two very good things to make potatos grow quickly and come up out of the ground in a short time ! The little gardener went every day, two or three times, to see if they were come up, but he could not see any up at first. One day he saw something green growing, and he went and told the other gardener that the potatos were coming up very nicely indeed ! So the other gardener went to see them coming up. When he got there he said the little gardener was mistaken ; they were weeds that had come up, not potatos ! Then the big gardener said, in a few days the potatos will all be up I am sure ; but he was mistaken also ; they then waited several days more : but even then they did not come up. So the potatos never came up at all ! The proper gardener said, perhaps they will come up next year ! The little gardener said, perhaps they have grown downwards and will come up at the other side of the ground !

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32.—A BIRD IN A CAGE.

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I do not like to see a bird in a cage, because there is not room for it to fly about. If a bird in a cage begins to fly, he soon bumps his head against the top or the sides of the cage, and if he stretches his wings out, as far as he can stretch them, he hits them against the

sides and the wires of the cage ; and perhaps hurts his head very much, and his legs get tired and stiff with standing still so long in such a small place as a cage, where he has nothing to do all day but to look through between the wires of the cage into the room to see what all the people in the room are doing.

Besides, he is afraid of the cat when he sees her come into the room, and he does not like that and he would rather be in the fields. He thinks the cat will catch him and eat him directly, so he begins to tremble for fear, and thinks if he was out of the cage he could work for his own living, and look for worms or insects or seeds, or anything of that sort. And again, he thinks if a cat should come into the field where he was, he could fly up into a high tree, and wait there till the cat went away into the house : after the cat was gone into the house the bird could fly down again into the place where he was at first, and then he could do anything that he wished to do.

And again, I am sure a bird that is put into a cage cannot sing above half as fast and as loud and as well as if he were upon the top of a large house, or upon the branch of a fine large tall tree, or while he was flying up into the sky ! therefore, I think, it is very wrong to keep a harmless bird in a cage. And more than all, that there is no proper place to go to, to get proper stuff to build himself a proper nest with.

I wonder how the people that put birds into cages would like to be caught by some big men, by some giants, and then for the giants to take them, after they had caught them, and carry them and shut them up in a cage, only big enough to hold one man or a couple of

boys ! the man would not like the giant for treating him so ; and I am sure the boys would not like the giant : because there would not be room enough in the cage for the boys to spin a top, nor play at marbles, nor trundle a hoop, nor skip with a cord, nor play at leap frog, nor hop, skip, and jump ! and I know birds do not like to be confined in cages any more than boys or men like to be confined in them.



33.—THE GOAT THAT HAD HIS LIFE SAVED BY A SOLDIER.

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One night, while it was very dark, a poor goat fell asleep, upon a high hill ; after he had been eating and playing with the other goats, and resting himself all day. When it was almost morning, he began to fell rather

hungry; so he awoke and got up, and stood up upon his four feet and began to walk about a little; till at last he began to eat some grass.

Now, this goat was very nearly being killed; and I dare say he would have lost his life, if it had not been for a soldier that saved him from death. The goat was careless and did not mind what he was about, as he ought to have minded, when he was upon so high and so dangerous a place as that where he slept the night before he fell!

There was on one side of the hill, where the goat was eating grass, a deep steep place, close to the road, where people and horses walked; and the carts and wagons and coaches moved along. The road was about fifty feet below the top of the hill where the Billy-goat split; and the top of the hill was about fifty feet above the road, where the people walked below, so if poor careless Bill had fallen from the top to the bottom, at one fall, I think it is quite clear that he would have been killed outright!

Well, Billy, as I said before, began to eat grass in the morning before it was light; and he was eating and walking, walking and eating, till, not minding where he was, he slipped and fell head foremost over the edge of the rock! When he had fallen about ten feet or so, there was a piece of the rock that stuck out of the side of the large rock! Billy fell upon this piece that stood out, and fixed his four feet all close together upon it quite firmly or else he would have fallen to the bottom? So there he stood, trembling for fear that every minute he should be killed. He could not get up to the top of the rock, and he dared not leap down!

So he did not know how he should escape, or what would become of him!

In a while after, it was quite light enough to see where poor Billy was standing; and what a dangerous place it was! The bit of stone upon which he stood was hardly so big as a man's hat; and what was worse, it sloped downwards a little, almost like the slates on the top of a house; so that the poor animal was afraid of slipping off every moment, and was forced to cling to the rock as fast as he could with his four feet!

He was in this place, when the people in the morning began to go by, to go to their work. Some of them looked up and saw the goat, and then passed along, and did not care for poor Billy, whether he fell head foremost and killed himself, or not. Some of the people did not look up at all, so they did not see him, and therefore did not stop. Others looked up and saw him and stopped; and looked at him, for a few seconds, and then went on. Some said, I wonder how the poor goat will get down again? One man said, I wonder how he will get up again? Another man said, I wonder how long he has been there? And another man said, I wonder how long he can stand there without falling and killing himself. And one man said, I should not like to have been all night where that Billy-goat is. So they all went on, and poor Billy was quite sorrowful, because he thought no one would help him to get down or up; and his legs and feet were quite stiff and sore and tired.

At last, a good many people stopped, to look at the goat; there were several ladies and gentlemen, and boys and girls. They were all very kind people, and therefore were very sorry for the poor animal: but none of

them knew what to do for him, nor how to help him off the rock where he had been standing so long. So they all said, poor goat, poor creature, poor Billy, poor animal, poor thing! One man said, he thought the best way would be to go to the other side of the hill, and get a good long and strong rope, and pull Billy up to the top with it! A lady said, that would do very well, but how could they get the ropes fastened to the dear goat, to pull him up? Then all the people looked at the lady because she said that.

Then, there was a large crowd of people came to see what it was all about! At last there was a soldier came! So the soldier went among the crowd, and looked right up at Billy. The soldier looked very sharp and strong, and very clever too. Then all the people looked at the tall soldier; and then they looked at the goat, and then at the soldier again. Some of them thought he was come to shoot Billy; to put an end to him at once!

One man asked the soldier what he was going to do? But the soldier did not say a word to the man. But he gave his firelock to a boy to hold for him. Then he took his cross belts off, and put them upon the top of his musket; and then went away. So all the people about there, left off looking at the goat, and stared after the soldier and said, well I never—did you ever see—I wonder what the soldier will do next!

When the soldier was gone, all the people went up to the boy that was holding his gun and cross belts, to look at them, to see how bright and clean they were; and how large a ball would go into the barrel of the gun! Some were going to take hold of the gun, but



the boy would not let them do that'; he said, I shall not allow any body to touch the firelock while I have it! So, mind what you are at!

Just as he said this, a man called out, Oh, here comes the soldier again, with a long ladder upon his shoulder. So the soldier came up, and to be sure, he had upon his shoulder one of the finest and longest ladders that ever was seen in that part of the country! Then all the people were quite pleased and began to look at poor Billy once more; they began to find it out, now, what was going to be done. So there was a man in the crowd, he was a blacksmith by trade, who helped the soldier to rear the ladder up to the rock. It was quite long enough. And the soldier ran up the ladder as quickly as a mason, and seized fast hold of poor Billy's two front legs, in one of his hands; and in a minute brought Billy down, and put him upon the road, amongst all the crowd of people; safe and sound as ever he was in all his life time before!

The blacksmith said, as loud as he could,—three cheers for the soldier! So all the people gave three good cheers! Then another man, he was a stone mason, said, one cheer for Billy! So they gave a good long and loud cheer for Billy, which almost frightened him! Somebody then said, one cheer more for the blacksmith. So they gave a cheer for the blacksmith also.

Then all the people clapped their hands and made a great noise; because they were so glad to see Billy down upon the ground; and because the soldier was so strong as to take Billy in one hand and bring him down the ladder like nothing!

So the soldier took the ladder away and the boy gave

him his firelock and his cross belts : then he went away, but he did not speak a single word, from the first to the last, to any one. So all the people went away, and as they were going they said—Well, I never ! Well, did you ever !

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34.—A RIVER AND A BRIDGE.

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There was a little boy, about three years of age only ; but he was very fond of hearing people talk about curious things. Some gentlemen, one day, came to see his father ; they remained a long time, and kept talking all the time. Sometimes one of them talked and sometimes another.

One of the gentlemen began to talk about rivers and bridges. Joseph was the name of the little boy ; but he did not know what a river was, nor what a bridge was, nor what they were for. So, as soon as the gentlemen were gone away, Joseph asked his father to tell him what rivers and bridges were ?

His father said, because you are a good boy and want

to know a good many things, I will take you to see a river and a bridge and that will be the best way to explain them to you. Then the little boy thanked his father, and was very glad, because he always liked to see curious things and to know their names, and who made them, and what they were for. So his father said to him, when he went to bed, if it was a fine morning next day he would take him to see these two wonderful things, a river and a bridge.

When the little boy went to bed, he tried to fall asleep, but he could not for a long time, for thinking about going with his father in the morning. After the candle was put out he thought he could see some before he went to sleep ; but he could not tell what shapes they were of. He thought a bridge was like a tree, and a river was something like a crow, but was a good deal larger. At last he fell asleep, and in a short time he began to dream about them. He saw so many things in his dream that he could not tell the proper shape of any of them : and when he awoke in the morning he could not tell what he had been dreaming about.

As soon as he got out of bed, he went to look out of the window, to see if it was a fine morning ; and was glad to see that it was. Then he ran into his father's room, and told him that the sun was shining quite nice and warm ; and said to his father also, that, it was time to get their breakfast, and then set off to see the curious things.

After breakfast they set off, and when they had walked about two miles, they began to enter into a wider road. Now, Joseph, said his father, we shall

soon see a river, for there is one at the bottom of this hill that we are going down! So the little boy then began to walk very fast, and said, he was not tired at all; he went on before his father, and in a little time, he came running back and said, we must walk back again for there was a good deal of water at the bottom of the hill; and it was running all over the road; and we cannot get to the other side of the water, where I can see the road goes up the other hill at the other side of the water.

Then his father took hold of his hand and they both walked down the hill, and at last, when they got a little way further down the hill, they could hear the water make a noise and see it running very fast across the road! Joseph was afraid of it, at first, and did not like to go near it; but his father told him, it would not hurt him if he did not go into it; so he went close up to it. Then his father told him it was a river!

Little Joseph was very much pleased, and looked at it a long time. The water made such a fine noise in his ears: he first looked one way, and then the other way; to see where all the water came from, and the way that it went. At last, he saw something that went over the water, from one side of the river to the other side, it looked like a very large rock or a stone, with three very large holes through it, for the water to run through: each hole was shaped like a bow! So he asked his father what that very strange thing was, that the river went under? His father said it is a bridge and the holes are called arches. A bridge, said the boy; I am very glad I have seen a river and a bridge. I never saw two such wonderful things in all my lifetime before! I have

seen a river and a bridge with three arches. I never thought there had been such wonderful things in all the world!

His father said, he was right; it was a bridge with three arches. He said there were a good many bridges in all the world, some were large ones and some were small ones; some were made of stone, and some of iron; and some of wood, and some of ropes. Some bridges had one arch only; some two arches; some three, some four, some five, six, or seven; and some have more than twenty arches; when a river is broad the people were obliged to make a good many arches in it! Joseph was never so pleased in his life.

While they were talking, a gentleman came riding down the hill, and went quickly over the bridge; and Joseph was glad to see that the man and the horse got safe over without falling into the water.

Then the boy and his father ventured over the bridge also, to the other side of the river; and then they came back again: and he was going over the bridge once more, but his father said, they must go home to dinner, or else they would be too late. Joseph said he should like to stop all day, and keep going over the bridge, first to one side and then to the other.

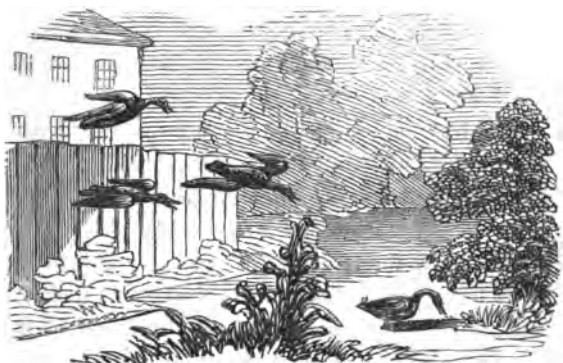
Just as they were going away there was a wagon coming down the hill, drawn by eight horses: the wagon was so high that he thought it would fall off the bridge into the water, when it got on to the top of the bridge; but it did not fall over; because there was a wall on each side of the bridge to stop horses and wagons, and coaches, and carts, and people, and all sorts of things from falling off the bridge into the river

When they were going home, Joseph asked his father who made the river? his father said, God made it. And who made the bridge, said Joseph? His father said the stone-masons! Joseph said the stone-masons must be very strong people, to make such a high bridge as that was, and such a great length.

Then he wanted to know, where the water came from that the river was made of? His father told him it came out of the ground. He said, how did it get into the ground? His father said it came down from the sky, out of the clouds; it was rain! But how did the rain get into the clouds said the boy, at first? His father said he would tell him that to morrow!

So as they were going along they talked about many other things, as a father and his son should do. He taught him how to spell river and bridge and water, and how to explain them. Joseph said he should like to be able to spell all the nice long words that he heard people speaking.

Where does all that water in the river go to said Joseph? It runs along till it runs into the sea, said his father? The sea! what sort of a place is that, said the little fellow? it is a large place full of water where the ships sail! What are ships, said Joseph? His father said he would take him some day to the sea where the ships were sailing, and then he would see and know all about it!—So he thanked his father for being so kind to him and for showing him so many strange things, and telling him what they were all for and who made them.



### 35.—THE DRAKE AND THE THREE DUCKS.

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There was a little boy that was very fond of having all sorts of nice and curious things. He had a little black dog, with a cold nose. He was so pleased with his dog, that he often put his arms about his neck and kissed him. He had many nice books, with pictures in them, and there was a deal of reading about the pictures. When this boy was very young, he learned his A B C, and in a short time he learned to read little words, and in a few days after that, he could read little stories, about dogs and horses, and cats and rabbits, and lions and tigers, and sheep and oxen, and geese and hens, and cocks, and many other animals. There were pictures of all these in a large book that his father had, and his father often used to read to the little boy about these animals, and let him see the pictures of them in his large book. The reading in the large book, told what colour all the animals were, and how long they

were from their noses to the ends of their tails, and from the end of one wing to the end of the other ; and many other curious things about all sorts of birds and beasts and fishes.

This little boy was so kind and good to everything, and paid so much attention to his learning, and improved so fast, that his father gave him as much money as would buy a drake and three ducks. So he went to a place where they sold ducks, and many sorts of fowls, so he bought three ducks and a drake, and took them home to his father's house, to keep them, and get them to lay eggs, and hatch a lot of young ones next year.

These ducks and drake, at first, when they were hatched, were very little ones ; but they lived upon a large wide common, that was very green, and where there was plenty of room for them to run about anywhere wherever they pleased ; and there was also a fine pond, with good water in it, where they went every morning to learn to swim and dive, and wash and bathe themselves.

All this was very good for the ducks, and they soon got bigger—almost as big as the old ones : all the people that lived about there were glad to see them get such large ones in so short a time as they had been on the common.

The little boy who bought them, when he took them home, had no grass for them to walk on, and no pond for them to swim in. He had only a small yard to put them into, on one side of which was a fence, with some holes through it. The ducks wanted to get out of the yard, and often looked through the holes, to the other side, where there was a very large garden and an orchard.



Then they thought they should very much like to get through the fence into the garden and orchard; but they could not get through, because they were too big to go through the holes: that is to say, the holes were too small for them.

After that, they tried to fly over the top of the fence, but it was too high; they flew with a bump against the top of the fence, and could not get over. At last they got quite vexed, because they could not fly over that day. The next morning they got up very early, and went to practise flying over the fence. The drake did it so well, that at last he flew right over: one thing was, he had a little crooked feather in his tail, and I think he was not quite so heavy that morning, as he was the day before.

Then the three ducks looked through the holes, and saw the drake in a capital large place by himself. Then they thought it would be best to try once more to fly over. So they spread out their wings, and leapt up as far as they could—the same as they saw the drake do; and all three flew over the top of the fence, down to the drake in the garden.

The drake and the ducks then began to look about them. They soon found plenty of food to eat, and plenty of insects to eat also. They went all over the beds of the garden, and spoiled a good many of them, with their broad heavy flat feet.

In a little time the gardener saw them; he drove them all away, and locked them up in a dark hole, because they had trampled upon, and spoiled his beds in the garden. The gardener kept them locked up in the black hole all day, and all the next night. He then

let them out, and took a broom, and beat them all the way round the garden and the orchard, and made them fly away somewhere; but they never came again to trample on the beds, or to spoil the garden.

I have been told since, that they tried to find their way back to the common where they lived at first; but they lost themselves, and were, I dare say, carried off by a fox, or something of that sort. People ought never to buy ducks and drakes and fowls, if they have not proper places for them to live in.

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36.—THE CUNNING HORSE THAT WAS CAUGHT AT
LAST.

A horse ought to work for his living, or else he ought to be punished. A horse that will not work is good for nothing! He ought to be caught and tied to a cart or to a plough, or put into a coach, and to be made to draw it. I do not say that a very little young horse should be made to work; because he is not strong enough for that; but I do say, that, when his legs get long, and his body strong, he ought to do something for his own living, every day except Sunday. I would let a horse rest himself every Sunday, because if he does all his work in six days there will be no work for the Sunday; so of course he ought to rest on the Sunday.

There was once a horse that did his work very well all the week, and when he had done on the Saturday night, they put him into a nice field, where there was plenty of good grass, and he might eat as much of the

grass as he could, so he remained in the field all Saturday night and all Sunday, and all Sunday night, till Monday morning. On Monday mornings a man used to go and fetch him to his work ; the man had a halter in his hand, which he used to put over the horse's head, then the man got upon the horse's back, and took the horse to his work ; the man did this every Monday morning, and he did this many times. After awhile the horse found it out. So he thought the next time the man came for him to go to work, he would not let the man catch him to put a halter upon his head ; so when he saw the man coming the next Monday morning, he trotted away to another part of the field. The man ran after him ; but when the man got nearly up to him, the horse trotted away again to another part of the field, and he did this several times, and the poor man was quite tired and could not catch the horse.

Then, two more men came to help the other man to catch the horse. At last they drove him up into a corner of the field, and got the rope over his head and caught him fast enough. They made him do all his work and beat him besides ; and the next time they took him to the field, they tied a thick rope to one of his legs, and put the rope round his neck, so tight they tied it that the horse could not hold his head up at all ; and the rope squeezed his neck so hard and so tight, that it hurt him a great deal. And the next time the man went to catch the horse, he caught him in a minute ; because the horse had a rope about his neck and one of his legs, and therefore he could not run away. I dare say this horse found it out, that he could

run or trot or gallop faster than the man could walk or run that went to catch him. And after he found this out, I dare say he made up his mind to play the man a trick, and not let him catch him the next time he came to take him to do his work. Perhaps the horse did not expect, when he ran away from one man, that three men would come next time and drive him right up into a corner of the field, and there whip the halter about his neck, and leap upon his back, and then gallop him straight off to his work ; and beat him with a whip all the way.

I think the three men took a long cart rope with them to the field ; and if they could not have caught the horse in the corner, they would have taken the rope and twisted it about his legs, as he was trotting across the field ; so his legs would have been held fast together by the rope, and he would have fallen head over heels into a ditch, where they could get hold of him quite easy.





37.—A BATTLE BETWEEN DICK AND TOM.

One day, a long time ago, a gentleman and his friend took a walk together before dinner time. In a little time they met a girl with a large wicker cage, and this cage had a bird in it ; but the gentleman did not know what it was ; he had never seen such a bird as that ; in fact, he did not know whether it was a bird or a beast.

The gentleman knew that a bird has wings and only two legs ; but that a beast, instead of wings, has four legs. A bird has wings and feathers ; but a beast has neither wings nor feathers, but has four legs instead !

This bird had a head like a cat's head ; and a pair of eyes like a cat's eyes : but you could not see his ears ; because his head was covered with very nice feathers, and the ears were in the inside of the feathers. At last they looked at his tail and his two legs ; then the gentleman found it out, that he was a sort of bird. So he asked the girl what sort of a bird he was ? The

girl said he is an owl. An owl, said the gentleman ; Why, I never saw an owl before this one, in all my life-time ! What are you going to do with the owl said the gentleman, and where did you get him ? My father caught him in a wood, in Cornwall, and has kept him a long time in this cage, which my father made for him, and I am now going to sell him.

How much money will you sell the owl for ? said the gentleman to the girl. My father said I must sell him for three shillings and sixpence. Well, I will give you three shillings and sixpence for the owl, because he is such a fine bird and has such a nice head, like a cat's head. So the gentleman gave her three shillings and sixpence.

Then he opened the little door of the cage, and put his hand in to take hold of the head of the owl ; but the owl did not like people, that he had never seen before, to take hold of his head ; so he stuck his beak into the back of the gentleman's hand and plucked off a piece of skin as big as a sixpence at once Oh, oh ! master owl, is that the fun you wish to be at, said the gentleman. I must take care of you, and mind what I am about.

Then the girl put her hand into the cage, but the owl did not strike her hand with his sharp hard beak ; he did not hurt her at all ; because the owl knew her very well ! So she took him out of the cage to give him to the gentleman ; but the gentleman was afraid that the owl would bite him ; so he would not take hold of him, but asked the girl what she would take for the cage ? She said, her father, when he caught another owl could make another cage for him, so the gentleman

might have this cage for one shilling and sixpence. So the gentleman gave her one shilling and sixpence more for the large cage, and was quite glad that he had bought a cage and an owl in it for five shillings only. Then he asked the girl to take the owl and the cage to his house, and he gave her sixpence for nothing! She was quite pleased, and ran as hard as she could to the gentleman's house, where she left them both and went home with the money to her father, in very good humour with herself all the way.

The gentleman who bought the owl, had three boys, who were all very glad that their father had been so kind as to buy them an owl! The cage was hung up in one corner of the kitchen; so the boys said the owl ought to have a name. The cat had a name, he was called Tom; so they said the owl ought to be called Dick. Their father said, Dick was a very proper name for an owl; because he had a head like a cat's head! So every body called the owl Dick, and the cat Tom. In two or three days Dick knew his own name, very well; he was glad to hear people say Dick—Dick—Dick. So when anyone called his name Dick, and gave him something to eat, he used to shake his head about very nicely, and wanted a bit more of it.

When the owl was first taken into the kitchen, the cat went to look at him. Tom did not know what an owl was, nor what he did for a living. The boys thought the cat would kill the owl if he could catch him; so they said it would be best if the door of the cage were always kept shut; so that Tom could not get in nor Dick get out. Tom often got upon the table and went up to the cage to see if he could not catch

and kill poor Dick ; but the door of the cage was always shut ; so of course, Dick was safe enough in the inside of the cage.

One day Dick and Tom had been looking at each other for more than five minutes ! At last, Tom put up his right paw to the door of the cage, and after two or three attempts he pushed the door right open !

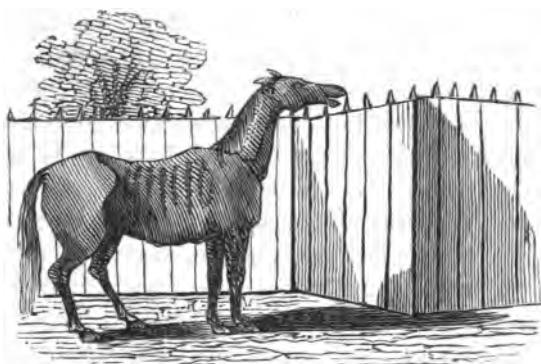
When Dick saw the cat poking his head through the door, he began to be afraid. So he began to make a noise with his beak, almost like the noise of a carpenter's hammer when he is driving a nail into a bit of wood ! The cat did not mind that, so he got right into the cage and just at that instant Dick gave Tom such a blow upon his head, with his sharp hard beak, and then such a scratch over his face with his claws, that the cat thought both of his eyes were scratched out ! So Tom gave a terrible growl and a loud hiss and then flew right at the owl, and began to scratch Dick's face, and pull his feathers off his head, and off his back also.

The servant in the kitchen was very much frightened, and thought that Tom would tear poor Dick all to pieces ; but it was not so bad with Dick as all that, for he got so vexed with Tom, that he shook his head about, and then gave a few raps with his beak, as he did before, and after that, he flew upon Tom's back and stuck his sharp claws into his hair, and gave Tom two or three heavy savage blows with his beak, right behind his ears !

Tom could not see the owl ; and he could not have touched him if he could have seen him, because the owl stuck fast with his claws upon Tom's back ! So the cat thought it was best to give it up and quit the cage,

or else be killed out-right. Then Tom turned his head to the door and rushed bolt out of the cage, and knocked poor Dick off his back, backwards into the cage. Tom then ran into the kitchen and got behind a large saucepan, to save his life. Dick got up in an instant and flew out of the cage after him, making a fearful noise with his beak all the time. At last Dick spied Tom behind the saucepan, under the dresser lying quite still; so he flew at poor Tom and fixed his claws right upon his back and began to thump him behind his ears, as he did before, when they were in the cage. Just then, the three boys came in, and went and caught up Dick, and took him and shut him up in his cage and kept him there safe and sound.

Poor Tom was not quite killed, but he was almost frightened to death. So after awhile, when the owl was shut up, Tom came out from behind the saucepan and went to the fire-side, where they gave him some milk. In a little time he began to wash the blood off his face and head, behind his ears, and to clean himself and put himself all to rights again. Well then, in a few days, the cat got quite cured of his wound; but he never tried to open the door of Dick's cage again from that day to this; for fear he should have once more to creep behind a saucepan under the dresser in the kitchen.



38.—POOR BOXER.

A poor horse, one day, was eating grass in the road, and had no place to go to at night ; so he was forced to lie down in a corner of the road, all night, upon the hard ground. The next morning he got up, and went to look for something to eat. In a short time, he saw a little bit of grass growing close by the road side—it was all over dust ; but the horse did not mind the dust, because he was so hungry ; he soon eat it up, and then went to another place to look for some more.

After awhile, night came again, and the horse was forced to sleep another night on the hard ground : nobody could tell whose horse he was, nor where he came from. The horse himself could not tell the place that he came from—he was quite lost. He could remember that he had a master before he was lost ; but he could not tell how he got lost. He looked at all the

people that came along the road, to see if any of them was his master ; but none of them knew him ; they did not so much as know what his name was ; indeed, they could not tell any thing at all about him. But the horse had a name before he was lost, and he knew his name very well ; so I will tell you his name at once—he was called Boxer.

Poor Boxer was so hungry in the night, that he wished the morning would come, so that there might be light enough for him to see if there was any thing to eat about there. Morning came at last, and it was light enough to see to walk along the road ; so Boxer went straight forward that time.

When he had walked a short distance, he was looking to the left hand side of the road ; so he spied a gate that was open ; it opened into a field. Boxer went into the field, which had plenty of good grass in it ; so he began to eat the grass in a minute, as fast as he could eat. He had not been eating long when a man came running up to him, with a long thick stick, and gave the horse three or four very hard thumps, and drove him out of the field into the road where he was before.

The man then shut the gate, and then began to beat and drive poor Boxer along. At last they came to a small house ; and a man came out of it, with a large whip and a chain, and a padlock in his hand. Then both of the men began to beat the poor horse harder and harder, and drove him to a place with a strong fence round it. It was about as large as a stable. They drove Boxer into this ugly place ; after they had beaten him and used him very ill, at last they locked the gate,

and left the poor animal to himself without a bit of any thing to eat, and not a friend to come near him.

Boxer did not know that he had done any thing wrong by being in the road, or going into the field to eat the grass : he could not help being lost ; it was not his fault ; he would much rather have gone home again to his master, if he could ; but as I told you before, he did not know how he was lost, nor which was the way home.

The place where he was confined, had nothing in the inside but dirt and stones. Boxer looked all round the place, and could not see so much as a blade of grass, nor a bit of hay to eat ; and he was very hungry at first when the two cruel men put him in.

He staid in this sad miserable place, three days and two nights ; and the night after, which was the third night ; just before it was dark, the poor creature put his head over the top of the fence to see what there was outside of the fence. He saw some grass growing upon the ground ; so he tried to reach it with his mouth, but he could not reach it. At last he pushed his neck down upon the top of the fence very hard, so hard, indeed, that there were some sharp things upon the top of the fence, that ran two or three inches into his throat, and made holes so that the blood came pouring out. Boxer lifted up his head as quickly as he could, but the blood ran out of the holes so fast, that in a little time he fell to the ground, and could not get up again ; he was so weak. He lost so much blood, that at last he could not move his head, his legs, nor his body : there was no one to help him up, or to give him any

thing, or to take care of him. So, I am very sorry to tell you, that the next morning at day-light, poor Boxer had expired, and was cold and dead!—Poor Boxer! Oh, what a wicked thing it is, to be cruel to poor dumb things; and what very bad men those were who beat and treated Boxer so shamefully, and locked him up in such an ugly filthy place.

39.—NUNCKS.

I have heard of some people in the world that do not like to work for themselves, but wish other people to work for them, while they are doing nothing but playing and idling away their time. This is quite wrong. They ought to do better than this. If people will not work, they ought not to have any money given to them, nor any food to eat, nor any clothes to wear.

There are some boys and girls that do not like to go to school, to learn to read and write and spell; and make pens and mend bad pens, and find places upon a map of the world or a map of England; and to learn to be good and to improve themselves in several other things.

I once knew a boy who went to school, but when he was in school he would not mind his book at all. He used to sit in the school and play with his thumbs and fingers, or with any thing else that he could get to play with. This idle boy's name was Nuncks.

At last Nuncks became so great a dunce, some of the clever boys said he was quite a blockhead.

Then all the school, the big boys as well as the little

boys, laughed at him, and called him a great dunce, and would not let him play with them any longer !

Then Nuncks did not like to be laughed at and be called a blockhead, and kept in the school, while the others were very merry in the play ground, teaching Bob to stand upon two legs and to hold a hat, while the boys put things into it; so Nuncks began to cry, and went and told the master that they called him a dunce and all sorts of blockheads, and would not let him play with them, and see Bob hold the hat, and perform in the play ground !

So the master said to Nuncks, Nuncks, I think the best thing for you to do would be to try to learn as fast as you can, and then you will soon get to be a clever boy; and then the boys will leave off calling you a dunce any more. Nuncks said to the master, Sir, do you think the big boys will play with me, if I learn my lessons well? Yes, Nuncks, I am sure they will, said the master. So Nuncks learned his lessons quite well, and the next day all the scholars said, we will now let Nuncks play with us, because he has left off being a dunce, and has got clever all at once. Then Nuncks went to the master, and said, Sir, I would much rather learn all my lessons and be clever, and play with the big boys, and see Bob perform with a hat and catch the meat, than play with my fingers in the school and be laughed at and called a dunce. The master said, Nuncks, you are quite right.



40.—THE DOG THAT WAS PUT INTO A COFFIN.

There are many animals that have a great deal of sense, and know very well what they are about; and what they have to do; and how to do it. Men and women and boys and girls, are animals, but these animals, that I am now speaking about, are not men and women and boys and girls; but all the rest of the live creatures that live upon the land, and in the ocean, and in the air also. Every living thing that crawls, or walks or flies or swims, is an animal!

Some people think that elephants have the most sense; and some think that dogs have the most sense; and some think horses know things better than any other class of animals; and some think crows are the most knowing creatures of all! But, for my part, I should say, dogs have as much sense at least, or more, than any of the rest in all the world; in the sea, or in the air

or on the land. I like a dog because he is so good natured and kind, and can run so fast, and smell so well, and catch things so soon.

A gentleman once had a very fine dog, that was very fond of leaping into a river, or into a pond, or into the sea; or indeed, into any water that he could find! the gentleman called his dog Neptune, because he was so fond of being in water, either fresh water or salt water. Neptune was a fine large good tempered dog, and did his best to please his master.

One day the wind blew the gentleman's hat off his head into the sea; and it would have been totally lost, but for his dog! As soon as Neptune saw the hat blown off, he had sense enough to see that it was blown into the ocean. So he plunged into the water, and began to swim right towards the hat; and in five or six minutes, he caught the hat in his mouth; and turned about and brought it back to his master. Now, I do not think that a crow, or an elephant, or a horse could have done this.

One day after that, his master dropped his cane into the river: and the stream was taking it into the sea, the same as the man upon the haycock. The dog saw that it was going to be lost, so he dashed into the river and caught the cane as before, and soon brought it to land.

Neptune's kind master often used to throw sticks and bits of wood, and other things into a river or pond or into the sea: and then say to the dog, fetch it! So he would dash into the water and bring the stick, or wood or whatever it was, to the shore, in his mouth!

Sometimes the gentleman had a great deal of fun with Neptune! He used to get a stone, and spit upon it, and

throw it into the river and say, fetch it, Neptune ! Then Neptune took a good dive to the bottom, and brought up the stone that had been thrown into the river.

One day Neptune made a mistake, and did not get the right stone in his mouth ! So his master said this is the wrong stone ; Go ! fetch it. So Neptune dived to the bottom once more ; and after groping about a long time, he found the same stone that his master had thrown in ; and brought it safely to land ; so the dog was very much pleased with himself, and his master was very much pleased with him also.

Neptune had been diving one day for a stone ; and there were some little boys looking at him ; to see how well he did it. One of the little boys was so much pleased, and went so near the edge of the water, that, as he was lifting up his hands, he slipped, feet foremost into the river ! This was a sad affair. Neptune, however, saw him fall into the water ; so he made haste and brought the stone to his master, who said, to the dog, Neptune ! fetch him ! Neptune once more plunged into the deep stream, and swam to the little boy ! and just at that moment as he was going to sink and to be drowned, he caught the poor little fellow by his pin-cloth and tugged him safely ashore. Then all the people shouted for joy, and gave Neptune a good hearty cheer for saving the little boy's life !

Well, but I am sorry to say that, in a few days after this, poor Neptune caught a very bad cold ; and got worse and worse every day ! all his limbs became stiff ; and his neck was swelled a great deal ; and his throat so sore, that he could neither walk, nor eat, nor sleep, nor open his poor mouth ; so the next day he died.

So every body was sorry that poor Neptune was dead, because they were so fond of him for saving the boy's life. Then his master had a coffin made for his dead dog, and put him into it, and said, he would bury Neptune in the river! and tie a big stone to make the coffin sink to the bottom! They asked the gentleman why he buried him in the river! he said because the dog was so fond of water!

Then the gentleman was so sorry for poor Neptune, that he sent for a poet to write some poetry to put upon the coffin! When the poet came, the gentleman said to him, can you write an epitaph for my dog? yes, said the poet, I can, if you will be so good as to tell me what sort of a dog he was? The gentleman told the poet that Neptune was fonder of being in the water than on land; and said also, that he was an honest, and kind hearted, and faithful dog as ever lived; and would not hurt anybody if he did not meddle with him. Then the poet said, that will do, I can write you a good epitaph for your dead dog, such as you want. The gentleman then said to the poet, what do you charge for writing your poetry? My charge is sixpence a line, said the poet! Oh, very well sir, said the gentleman. So he went home, to write the epitaph to be put upon Neptune's coffin.

The next day the poet came and read the lines to the gentleman, who was much pleased with them, and said they would do very well! There were four lines at sixpence a line: that would make two shillings! So the gentleman was so much pleased with the poet, that he gave him half-a-crown,—that was two shillings for the poetry and sixpence for nothing for himself.

Lines on the Death of Poor Neptune.

In the river, poor Neptune lies, close to the strand :
Because he lov'd water much better than land !
Poor dog ! he was faithful and honest and true :—
And in all things, kind reader, a copy for you !

The next day, after these lines were painted upon the coffin, they tied a heavy stone to it, and took it to the river, and put it into the water ; and the coffin and the stone and poor Nep., all sank to the bottom together ! and there was an end of him, as all the people about there thought.

Now, my dear readers, I am going to tell you a strange thing. I dare say you never heard of such a strange thing in all your lives before ! The coffin lay upon the ground, at the bottom of the river all day ; and when night came there was so much water running, that it moved the coffin about ! and at last, the stone that held it down slipt out, and then the coffin with the dog in it came up to the top of the water ; and the stream carried it downwards, towards the sea !

It floated on the top of the water, all that night till next morning ; it had sailed a great many miles from the place where it was put into the river at first. It had almost got into the sea ; and was floating past a ship. The captain of the ship was taking a walk upon deck ; so he looked down into the water, and saw the coffin passing by the ship ; but he did not know exactly what it was at first : he thought it was only a sort of a box. The captain then said to some of the sailors, put out the boat, and take up that box, that is floating past the ship.

Then, the sailors, who were all very sharp fellows, put out the boat, and in a minute or two, brought the coffin on board the ship, to the captain ! The captain looked, and the sailors all stared, when they saw that it was a coffin with some poetry painted upon the lid. Then, one of the seamen got a hammer and a chisel, and opened the coffin, and, strange to tell, they found a live dog in it !

Indeed Neptune was alive, I assure you ! The people who thought he was dead at first, had all been mistaken. Neptune, to be sure, was so very ill and stiff, that the people thought he was quite dead ; but they put him into the coffin too soon. If they had waited a day or two longer, perhaps they would have seen him breathe and move his legs a little ! Perhaps it was the water that got into the coffin, after it was thrown into the river, that revived him, and made him keep alive !

However that might have been, Neptune was alive when they opened and took him out of the coffin, so the Captain was extremely kind to him. He gave him something to eat that was very nice and good for a sick dog, and so, in the course of a few days, Nep. walked about the ship to look at all the things ; and liked to be on ship-board very well. The sailors all called him NEP. for shortness !

The next day the ship set sail, with a fair wind, for the West Indies, and Nep. went along with them, and the Captain told the sailors to take care of the coffin, he said it would do for poor Nep. the next time that he died,



41.—THE ROOKERY; OR, THE TWO LAZY ROOKS
THAT STOLE STICKS.

I should not like to be a rook for fear that the wind would blow me out of my nest in the night time when I was asleep; then I should perhaps fall into a river and be drowned, or upon a stone and so get killed. I should, perhaps, as I was falling through the tree, strike against one of the branches and by that means get awake, and then begin to fly somewhere, so that I might not fall into the river or the pond or upon the hard stones head foremost. If the wind was very strong it might blow me and the nest out of the tree altogether. But I believe rooks make their nests stick so fast among the branches that the wind can never blow the nests out of them. I should like to know whether the rooks can see things in the night time. I have been told that cats can see in the night time. I do not think that rooks can, because they always remain quiet in their nests till morning.

One very fine day in spring, as soon as it was light, a large parcel of rooks flew into some high trees that grew near a gentleman's house in Yorkshire. The house was old, but it was very strong and large, with trees nearly all round it, and a fine river ran not far from the house. The gentleman that lived in the house was very fond of rooks and all sorts of birds. He was kind to animals of all sorts, and was very kind to any people that called to see how he was getting on with his dogs and his horses, and his cows and his sheep, and his hay and his corn, and all the things that he had. There was nobody lived near his house. When the rooks looked about them a little while they thought those trees would do very well to build their nests in, for it was spring time and they wanted some nests to lay their eggs in, in order that they might have some young rooks to fly about with them in the fields, and help to make a great noise, for all rooks are fond of a noise when a good many of them are together in fine weather.

Then the first thing that they did was to go together by two and two to choose a nice place for a nest—such a place in the tree where the branches opened out a little where they could fasten in the sticks of the nest, that the nest might not fall out of the tree when it was finished and had eggs in it. They soon found proper places in the different trees, so the next thing was to go and get some sticks to go on with making their nests as hard as they could; so they all flew away as fast as possible; some went one way and some another, and some another. The gentleman was standing at his door watching them all the while, and was delighted to see them all set off together—he could not tell what

they were all going to do. In a short time one of them came back with a long stick in his beak! and then another with another long stick in his beak; these two were the cleverest of all the rooks—they could fly faster and find things sooner than any of the rest. They fastened the two sticks between the branches quite fast, and flew off for some more; as they were flying they met a good many of the others with sticks in their beaks, but some of them were hardly long enough to fasten between the branches. The gentleman was quite delighted at last to see them all at work in making their nests; they were so busy that they had not time to make a noise;—he saw two of them that were so fat and so lazy coming back to the trees without any sticks in their mouths.

These two lazy thieves pitched upon the tree and sat there till all the other rooks went for more sticks, then the lazy thieves thought as nobody saw them that they could pull a couple of sticks out of the nests of the others for themselves; so they pulled them out in a minute before the rest came back. The next time they pulled out some more, and the next time again, and so on, every time the others went for more sticks and more stuff, they staid in the tree and stole what the others had brought, so that they had a nest without going out for any stuff to build it with.

One day the two hard working clever rooks were looking about, and saw that the idle ones had got a nest almost finished. At first they could not find it out, but at last they began to think all was not right: so they thought they would try to catch them at it. So they flew away when the others flew away, but they

only went a little way that time and turned back in a minute—flew to the trees and there they caught the two idle rascals hard at work pulling sticks out of the other nests to put into their own. Then every thing was found out. When all the rest came they saw what had been done by the two robbers. The whole of them flew round to see what sticks had been taken from their nests, and as rooks are very knowing birds, they soon found their own sticks in the robbers' nest, and made a very loud noise and began to pull their own sticks out of the nest. Just as they were doing this a lady came out to see what the noise was all about; she was surprised to see them pull the nest all to pieces in a minute and take the sticks to their own nests, and then come back to beat the two rooks. They all flew at them at once, and beat them out of the tree, and made them scream at a great rate, and pulled nearly all their feathers out of their wings and legs and necks, and made their heads bleed and sore, and at last drove them quite off out of the trees, the most frightful creatures you ever saw.

Then the two miserable things flew away, but they could hardly see anything, and they did not know what to do, nor what place to go to; they had no nest to get into at night, and no friends amongst the rooks to ask them to stop with them all night:—so they had just strength enough to fly into an old tree, that stood by itself, at some distance from the other trees; it had hardly any branches or leaves on it; it was quite old and some parts of it were dead and rotten. Then the two miserable rooks began to think about things: about what they had done, and why all the rest had beaten

them so much, and driven them away. They knew very well that they had done wrong in stealing the sticks out of the nests of the other rooks : so they wished they had not stolen them—they wished they had not been idle, and that they had gone into the woods to find sticks for themselves ; then they might have had a good nest, and have been with all the rest of the rooks in the rookery. After this it began to grow dark and dismal ; for there was none of the nice noise of the other rooks, which they all made together just before they got into their nests every night. Then it got darker and darker every minute, and they were forced to stand on their legs all night, upon an old rotten branch, without a bit of nest to creep into. In the night they felt so stiff and cold and sore, they could hardly move their legs, or open their beaks, and their wings were just as bad ;—one of them had almost pitched forward, and fallen head foremost ; if he had, he would have been killed, for he could not fly at all, his wings were so stiff and sore.

In the morning, just as it was getting light, every thing was quite silent and dismal, as before ; because there was no noise from the other rooks ; they were so far off they could not hear the pleasant noise that the other rooks made ; so they were very sorrowful, and wished they would take them back again at the rookery, and they would never be idle and steal any more, but would work as hard as they could. While they were thinking about all these things they heard a rushing in the air, over the tree in which they were sitting ; it made them afraid ; so they looked up, and saw a very large fierce bird, flying through the air, almost touching

the top of the tree ; they never were so much afraid in all their life time before. The large bird had got another bird about as big as a rook, in its claws, and was going to kill it. The rooks in the rookery saw the large savage bird, but they were not afraid *because there were so many of them together, they did not care for it.* They stood upon the tree alone, all that day and all the next night ; but next morning, their wings were not quite so stiff or sore ; so they thought they would just go and take a look at the rest, to see if they would beat them any more, as they did at first.

When they got back to the rookery, they did not go quite up to the trees, for fear they should get beaten again ; they saw all the trees looking so nice and green, and the nests looking so comfortable, and the rooks all so merry and busy making such a pleasant noise. They saw the tree that their own nest was in ; but the nest was all pulled to pieces. At last the two clever rooks saw them and flew towards them ; at which they were afraid and were going to fly off to their old tree ; but they did not want to hurt them any more. Then the two clever rooks looked at them kindly, and flew into the rookery. And the other two rooks that had been idle, flew into the rookery also, and pitched upon their old tree once more. At last they all came about them to look at them. The clever rooks began to help them to build a nest ;—then the rest began to help, and in a little time the nest was finished. The idle rooks worked as hard as any of the others, and were more comfortable than ever they had been before—and were never idle and stole any more sticks.



42.—THE OFFICER WHO CAUGHT A SHARK.

A soldier is a man that fights, and kills and wounds as many people as he can ; and a sailor is a man that fights, and kills and wounds as many people as he can. But then, a soldier fights on land ; and a sailor fights on water, in a ship.

I think it is a very bad trade, to be either a soldier or a sailor : because he has to kill so many people ; or perhaps, to be killed himself by another soldier or sailor, that belongs to another king ; or perhaps to have both his legs shot off, at one shot. This is, indeed, very cruel sad work ; and it would be far better if the two kings that send their soldiers to kill each other, would make friends, and stop their soldiers from fighting each other, and tell them to go and do something else, and to work at some other trade.

I am glad to inform you, that all sailors do not fight.

Some of them go into ships not to shoot and kill people, but only to live in the ships, and work in them ; they pull the ropes and turn things round, and move them about ; till at last the ships begin to sail away to another country.

When a soldier has been a long time away from his own land, he asks the King to let him come home to his own native place, to see his father and his mother, and his brothers and sisters, and his uncles and aunts, and all his cousins and all the rest of his friends, that were not dead, when he was away. Then the King gives him liberty to go home, and the rest of the soldiers that want to go home to see their friends. So they all go together to a sea-port town, where there is a ship and some sailors, waiting to take them home to their native lands once more.

So then, all the soldiers go into the ship. Then the sailors pull the ropes, and turn the things round ; and pull up the anchor, and hoist the sails up, and away the ship goes, sailing into the main ocean, which is the proper place to go home to their friends.

In two or three days the ship has sailed many miles, and got quite out of sight of land ; so there is nothing to be seen but the sky above the ship, and the water all round her. The sailors do not mind this at all ; because they have plenty of work to do, and are not afraid of a storm ; but the soldiers do not like it, because they have nothing to do. The sailors will not let soldiers help them to work the ship, because soldiers cannot do it rightly ; they would soon make the ship sink, or else make her sail the wrong way, or go to a wrong place, instead of the right place. So at last they do not

know what to do with themselves, nor how to pass away their time till they get to their friends.

One day, as some soldiers in a ship, were sailing from another country called the East Indies, to England, they looked over the stern of the ship into the sea, and saw a large savage fish, swimming after the ship, as hard as he could, to see if any of the people in the ship should chance to fall over-board into the sea, so that he could catch him, and eat him up at one mouthful. This large savage fish was a shark, with such a wide mouth, and such a terrible set of teeth, as to frighten any one to look at. The mouth of a shark is large enough to swallow a man ! And I believe, that if a shark had four legs, and could go upon the land, he would be able to beat a lion or a tiger any day ; because he would get the lion's head into his huge mouth, and snap it off at once ; then the lion or tiger, when his head was in the shark's mouth, would not know what to do, so he would be obliged to give it up.

There was an officer amongst the soldiers, who had nothing at all to do ; so he kept looking over the stern of the ship into the sea, at the shark ! Then the officer said to himself, I should like to catch that shark ! and pull him into the ship, and I will catch him ! So he went to the captain of the ship, and said to him, captain, could you lend me a large hook ? The captain said, yes, I can : so the captain lent the officer a large hook ! It was as large and as crooked as a sickle ! Then the officer said to the captain, thank you captain. Now, said the officer, I want a good strong cord or rope ; so the captain was so kind as to give him a rope, that was just right. Then the officer tied the rope fast to the hook ;

very fast ; and afterwards got a large piece of salt beef, and stuck it also very fast upon the hook, and then went to the stern of the ship. He kept fast hold of one end of the cord, and threw the other end of it, that had the hook and the meat fastened to it, over the rail of the ship into the sea, right before the shark's nose ! At first the shark thought it was a man, or a boy, or a soldier, that had fallen overboard : so the shark was prepared to devour him ! But a shark is a very cunning fish, and soon found out his mistake !

So the shark began to smell the salt beef and to touch it with his nose ! As he was in fear there was something in the inside of the beef, that would catch him ! When the officer saw the shark smelling at his piece of beef, he said to himself, now, I think, I shall soon catch you, mister shark, if you do not take care what you are about !

Then the officer gave a good twitch at the rope, and pulled the salt beef a yard or two from the shark's nose, so the shark thought he was going to lose the beef altogether ; and at that instant, he darted after the beef, and opened his huge mouth, and snapped up the beef and the hook and swallowed them both, and a part of the rope, all at the same time !

As soon as the shark had swallowed the bait, he found it out that he was caught ; so he began to try to get away, and pulled as hard as he could. The officer kept fast hold of the other end of the rope ; and when he felt that the shark was pulling to get away at one end, he pulled at the other : the officer was a very strong man, and did his best to hold the shark ; but the shark was stronger than he was ; so the shark was just going either to draw the officer out of the ship into the sea, or

to twitch the rope out of his hands ! But one of the sailors saw what was going to be done ; so he ran and laid fast hold of the rope just as the officer was giving it up ! Both of them together were too strong for the shark, so they held tight and fast. Then all the people in the ship both soldiers and sailors, cried out as loud as they could several times ; they have caught a shark ! they have caught a shark !! they have caught a shark !!!

The next thing to be done, after this monster was caught, was to get him in the ship, and kill him ! So, five or six people, strong men, some soldiers and some sailors, went and laid hold of the rope and helped the officer to hoist the shark up into the ship, which they did with much ease, in a few minutes ! Those people who had never seen a shark in a ship, were surprised to see his head and mouth, and teeth, all so large, and fierce, and frightful ! and then his body and tail also ; he was nearly as long as a ship ! Some of the soldiers thought he would spring at the officer, and seize him and kill him ; but the officer took care and held fast to the cord and kept his head fast.

Then the shark was so much hurt and vexed, that he began to beat his tail about, and knocked down several things, with his big heavy tail, such as chairs and tables, and seats, that were upon the ship's deck, and hit one of the soldiers a blow on his leg. At last, there was a little sailor boy that stood behind a cask, looking at the shark ! Then the shark gave a good swing with his tail, and knocked the cask over, and then gave the boy such a severe blow on the chest and face that it knocked him heels over head upon the deck, and had nearly tumbled him into the sea.

Then all the people thought the shark would kill somebody, and get away into the sea again ! But before he could do that, three stout sailors ran boldly up to him ; and one of them seized firmly hold of his tail and held it fast, while the other two went to his head, with two large handspikes, and gave the shark so many heavy and severe blows, that in a few seconds he lay dead and stiff upon the ship's deck, before all the crew !



43.—THE TIGER THAT KILLED A HORSE.

It is a very good thing that there are no tigers in England. I will now tell you why it is better to have no tigers, than to have them. It is, because tigers are such strong, and large and savage, and cruel and blood-thirsty animals. They would kill all the other animals that live in England, in a very short time.

Perhaps, in less than a year, they would have destroyed all our horses and cows, and sheep, and all the bulls, and all sorts of cattle; and pigs and goats, and dogs and rabbits, and hares; and all kinds of fowls, such as cocks and hens, and ducks and geese and turkeys; and cats also! Then, the houses would all be full of mice and rats.

I dare say tigers would not kill mice, because, mice would be so small, and would run so fast, that the tigers could not see the mice as they were running away; because a tiger is so large, and would all the time be looking a long way off, to see if he could not spy some other animal that was a great deal larger than a mouse or a rat: so then, he would run and catch that, and by that means all the mice would escape, and the houses would be full of mice and rats.

Besides, tigers are very fond of killing and eating people, whenever they can catch them. They do not care for people calling out, murder! or anything of that sort, they will kill them all the same for that; and again, if a boy or girl, or even five or six boys or girls were to go into a field, to play at trap bat and ball; or to gather flowers; or to go into a wood or copse, to look for bird's nests, and to see the tall trees; and hear the cuckoo shout, and the owl hoot, and the magpie chatter, and all the other birds sing; a tiger, or perhaps two or three tigers, would start up and spring upon them, and tear them all to pieces, limb from limb, and suck their blood. Tigers are very fond of sucking people's blood! And then the poor children would all be killed, and would never go home to see their fathers and mothers any more, and their fathers and mothers

would wonder why their children did not come home at the proper time, as they used to do before.

At last, perhaps, they would begin to think what had happened to their poor little boys and girls ; so then it would all be found out. But they would not dare to go into the wood or forest to look for them, because they would be fearful that the tigers would serve them all in the same way that they had served their children. So you will now think that it would be a bad thing if we had tigers in England, and that it is a very good thing that we have no tigers to kill us all.

There is a place, a long way off, called India, some people say it ought to be called the East Indies, and not India. But I have now told you both names, India and the East Indies ; two names for one place ; so that when you hear people reading or talking about India, you may know that it means a large country a long way off ; farther than the Cape of Good Hope ; and when you hear any one reading or speaking about the East Indies it means the same as India.

When you can read these HUNDRED NEW TALES quite well, if you will call at my house, I will show you a map of the whole world, and all the countries in the world ; and then you will see the East Indies in this map ; and that is the place where all the large Bengal tigers come from.

I have told you before something about tigers, how savage and wild and terrible and bloodthirsty they are. They are each fifteen feet long, when their tails are stretched out behind them ; and they are so strong, that they can, with one blow, knock down an ox or a cow or a horse, and take it up and throw it over their

shoulders, and run off with it to their dens, as easily as a fox runs away with a goose, or a cat with a mouse, or as quickly as an eagle flies away with a lamb.

44.—THE TIGER THAT KILLED A HORSE.

One night in India there were a great many horses all tied to a long rope. The horses stood close together in a row, quite straight, like a row of houses. These belonged to the soldiers that had been fighting with the black fellows the day before. The soldiers were all gone to bed, because they were so tired with marching and fighting, all but two, that were left on guard to take care of the horses, to see that they did not kick and bite one another in the night, or break loose from the rope, and run away somewhere and lose themselves in the jungle.

The two soldiers had each a firelock ; the same as the soldier had that fought with the wolf, and some powder and balls to shoot anybody with, who came to steal the horses in the night time. One soldier stood at one end of the line of horses, and the other soldier at the other end of the line. They had fast hold of their guns, and had them loaded with powder and ball, all ready. The soldiers had been told what to do, and to mind what they were about, and to take care of the wolves, the wild beasts, and the tigers. The officer also told the two guards that they were to walk from the ends of the row of horses to the middle of them,

and then to walk back again to the ends, and then to the middle again, till they met each other every time, and then to the ends again, and so on, as regular as before.

The officer who told the two soldiers to do all this, also told them to be very quiet and not make any noise, nor stop at the middle to talk to each other; and be sure not to let any thieves nor robbers come softly behind them, and snatch their muskets out of their hands and run away with them. The last thing that the officer told them was, to be sure and not go to sleep, but to shoot anybody that could not give a good account of himself. When the officer had given them all these orders, he went away to his tent to get his supper, and then went to bed and fell into a sound sleep, in a very few minutes.

When the officer retired to bed, the two soldiers that were on guard watching the horses began to do all that was proper, all that they had been told to do. They walked backwards and forwards, and kept fast hold of their firelocks and were as silent as could be.

After a while it became quite dark, there was nothing moving about anywhere. The two guards wished it was morning, and that light would come again into the sky, as it was the day before. When it was about midnight, that is about twelve o'clock at night, one of the soldiers was so sleepy that he could hardly move about, and keep his eyes open; but just as he was going to fall asleep, he heard something at a distance which made a loud roar. So he started, and was so alarmed that he had almost dropped his gun upon the ground. But he stuck fast to it, as the officer had told him to do. Se-

veral of the horses that were awake also heard the same roar that frightened the soldier ; and the horses were frightened likewise, and a good many of them made a noise and tried to get their heads loose, to gallop away.

When the guard, that was almost asleep, came to the middle again, he said to the other soldier, did you hear any noise just now? yes, said the other soldier, I did, I heard the roar of a tiger. I know very well it was a tiger, because I have often heard them before, and I have seen them too; you may depend upon it that there are some tigers very near us, that I dare say are coming to take us if they can, or perhaps some of the horses, so you must take care of yourself.

Oh, dear me, said the other soldier, what shall I do? I wish it was morning! Oh, dear me, what shall we ever do? Why, said the soldier that had seen tigers, I will tell you what you must do, you must shoot them to be sure. If one of them comes for one of the horses, if he comes anywhere near me, I shall shoot him first, and then stick my bayonet into him.

Then they walked backwards and forwards a good while, listening every minute; at last they heard something rushing along, which gave a loud roar. It was a large, fierce tiger, which sprang forward upon one of the horses, seized him in his paws, and tore him from the rope, and set off with him into the jungle. Just as the tiger was taking the horse away, the guards advanced boldly up to him, and discharged their two guns right at the tiger.

When the two soldiers discharged their guns at the tiger, they could not tell whether they had killed him or not, because it was so dark. But they soon found it

out that he had taken one of the horses away with him; and they were very sorry for this; they thought the poor horse would be killed, and that they should be scolded for loosing him.

Now, when the soldiers fired their guns off, they made such a loud noise, that it awoke the officer and several of the soldiers. They thought the black people had broken into the camp, and were coming to kill them, and steal their horses, and kill the two guards that were keeping watch. So the officer and many of the soldiers jumped out of bed, dressed themselves in a minute, and ran out to see what it was all about. Then they all said to one another, it is only the tigers that have come for the poor horse, and not the black fellows to kill us; so they were glad.

As soon as this was over, the light came into the sky, and it was morning. Then the officer took twelve bold soldiers, with their guns, and powder and ball, to go and hunt the tiger that had carried away one of the best horses. So they set off to see if they could catch him. When they had gone a little way, they found the poor horse lying dead upon the ground, but the tiger was not there; he had run away into the jungle, for fear that he should be shot. Then one of the bravest and sharpest of the soldiers said, I can tell you how it will be done; tigers are very cunning creatures. This tiger has left the dead horse here till night comes; then he will return and take the horse away to his den. Then the officer said to the brave soldier, you are quite right my man. So we will remain here till it is night time, and when the tiger comes we will shoot him, and stab him, and take him away with us.

So the officer and the twelve soldiers, waited at a short distance from the dead horse, all day, and till it was almost dark at night, then lay down upon the ground behind a little hill. They could just see the dead horse. In about half an hour they heard something rushing and dashing along towards the dead horse. Then they knew it was the tiger coming; at last they saw him quite plain, he gave a loud roar. They had all their guns loaded and ready, and pointed towards the tiger, but they made no noise at all and did not speak one word to each other. The tiger seized the horse, and at that moment the officer cried out, FIRE ! So all the soldiers fired at once, and the tiger was killed as dead as the horse ; he never stirred after. The next day all the people about there came to see the dead tiger ; they measured him from his nose to the end of his tail ; he was fifteen feet.

45.—THE ROBIN RED BREAST.

The Robin Red-breast is a bird that does not like to be out of doors in cold weather. When the weather is fine in Spring, and Summer, and Autumn, the Robin Red-breast likes to be out in the fields, and in the bushes, and on the trees very well; because he can build a nest, and sleep in it, warm and snug and quite comfortable and happy. And when he is tired of sleeping, or resting himself in the nest, he can hop up upon

one of the branches of the tree, and sing his songs, till he has finished them all; then he can fly away anywhere that he pleases to fly to.

Besides, in Spring, and Summer, and Autumn, a Robin Red-breast can have as much to eat as he wants, if he will but go and look for it. There are plenty of worms, and insects, and seeds, and grubs, and other sorts of food, if he will go and look for them! He may get as many as he pleases, if he will look sharp, and go where they are creeping about and flying up and down.

If a bird, or a man, or a boy, or a horse, or anything that has life, be too idle to work, I do not see that it has any right to eat. So it is best for every one to do his best and work. But when the weather is cold, as it is always in winter time, and when there is snow upon the ground and frost, then the poor Red-breast can find nothing to eat anywhere.

When the fine weather has all passed away, it gets quite cold and uncomfortable, and the Red-breast gets very hungry; but there is little or nothing to eat, out in the fields and lanes and upon the mountains, and so he flies away from these places, and goes to look for a house, to see if anybody will come out of the door of the house and give him a few crumbs of bread! If no one comes to the door, he looks at the window, to see if any body will lift up the window and throw out a few small bits of bread for him to eat. If he can get nothing there, he is obliged to fly up into a high tree, and remain out all night in the cold! Poor Robin Red-breast, what a pity it is to be so cold and hungry; and sometimes they fall out of the tree stone dead with frost

and snow and hailstones, and are never able to move a limb after.

A poor Robin Red-breast one morning, after perching upon a tall tree all night, was very hungry, cold and stiff. He saw a large building with a window at the end of it. So he flew up to the window to see if it was open; it was not open, but he soon spied a hole in the glass. So he got through the hole quite safe, without cutting himself. There was a large room quite empty; so he flew down upon the floor, and as soon as he did this he saw an animal run across the floor into a hole; just at that time a boy came into the large room, and frightened the poor Robin so much that he could hardly fly up to the window. Then the boy went away, but in a short time he came back with some crumbs of bread in his hand, which he threw down upon the floor. The poor hungry Robin saw what the boy had done, but he dared not go down to the crumbs to eat them, for fear the boy should catch him and kill him, or throw something at his head. When the boy had remained some time, he shut the door and went away a little while.

As soon as he was gone the poor bird turned his head, first on one side and then on the other, to see that there was no one in the room, and then flew right down again, and began to eat the crumbs of bread, at a fine rate.

Then the boy looked through the key-hole of the door, and was quite delighted to see hungry Robin eating so nicely. So he opened the door quite softly, but the bird soon saw the door open, so he flew up to the window, and whipt through the broken frame in a second of time.

The next day Robin ventured through the hole again, and saw some food upon the floor as before, and went smack down to eat it. The boy was looking at him all the time, but Robin thought the boy looked so quiet and civil and kind, that he would not touch him, nor hurt him, so he eat up all the crumbs, and then he looked at the boy, right in his face, and then flew away as before.

When the Robin flew out of the window, every night he went up into the high tree that I told you of before. But it was very cold in the tree, for he was forced to sit in it all night, and there were no leaves upon it; not a single leaf was left to shelter poor Robin from the cold wind that came blowing so strong, from the north part of the world. The frost and the rain and the wind had made all the leaves drop off and fall to the ground at the bottom of the tree, upon which the bird was obliged to sit till next morning.

About twelve o'clock it began to snow very fast, and the wind blew very keenly and hard ! and the dear little Red-breast felt the snow falling upon his head, and his back, and his tail ; and the wind blew some of the snow into his eyes ! so he kept his eyes shut, for it was no use to open them ; because there was no light to see anything by, to see what colour it was. But, although he kept his eyes shut, he was not asleep ; it was too cold to sleep ! so he thought he should be frozen to death before morning, or fall headlong out of the tree and break his poor limbs.

The night seemed very long indeed, he thought once, he should like to go to the window and try to get in at the old place ; but it was so dark he could not tell where

the house was ! Then he was obliged to wait till it became a little lighter, towards morning : at last, he saw the window, and had just strength enough to fly to it and get through the hole ! when he got inside of the room, he felt warmer than before ; and at breakfast time the good boy that had been so kind to him, brought him some breakfast and threw it upon the floor ! Poor Robin was so pleased that he began to peck up and eat the bread crumbs while the boy stood close by and did not touch him ! So Robin was glad to see the boy, as if he had been a bird and would rather have him stay there than go away ! I shall tell you the other story about the boy and the Robin Red-breast another day ; at present, I have no more time because I must go and do something else that I have to do.



46.—THE MAGPIE THAT STOLE A WATCH.

A magpie is a very sharp bird, and a very nice bird too ; he is a great deal nicer than a crow or a rook, or a thrush or a cuckoo, or a blackbird or an owl, or a

skylark, or a jackdaw, or a jay, or a stockdove, or a woodcock. Indeed, I do not know any bird that looks nicer than a magpie, when his tail and wings and feathers are all complete and clean. And besides all that, he is so very sharp and knowing; he turns his head so quickly round—first to one side and then to the other, to see if he can spy anything that he likes, that is not too heavy for him to take up in his beak, and fly away with it, and take it up into his nest, in a high tree; and then he flies right on, and moves his wings so very fast all the time, and holds his head so straight and stiff before him, and points his beak to the place to which he is flying: and he also keeps his tail pointing the other way, right behind. I should be glad any day, when I had no work to do, to walk two miles and a half or three miles, to see a magpie flying.

One day, a lady that lived a long way off, in Kent, went to a city and bought herself a watch—a very nice and capital watch it was, at least, the man who sold her the watch, said so: he told the lady that he made the watch himself; so he knew it was a good one, and would go very well, and keep true time, if she would take proper care of it. The lady said she was very careful of all her things, and told the man that she would mind what he said and take care of it.

The watch was made of gold: then she bought a fine gold chain likewise, and three gold seals—each seal had one word engraved on it. Now, as I was glad to know what these three words were, I think all the boys and girls who read this story, will be glad to know how to spell these three words that were engraved on the three gold seals. The first word was FAITH, the second word was HOPE, and the third word was CHARITY.

Three nice words, which any little boy or girl could learn to spell in five minutes, or less—FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

At last the lady bought a gold key and a hook. Then the man put the chain and the seals and the hook all right. And then she put the chain round her neck, with all the things to it, and went up to a looking glass to see if she liked it: she liked it very well. So she went home to her house in Kent.

There are a good many magpies in Kent; several of them lived near the lady's house, and had built their nests in the trees, near her house. There was one magpie that was sharper and bolder than any of the others. He used to fly all round this lady's house, and over the top of it, to see if there was anything that he could take off with him. He looked into all the windows, to see if any were left open: he did not care for the people of the house, nor for any of the animals; the cats, dogs, birds or beasts; he knew that he was too sharp for them, and that they could not catch him.

One day he flew out of his nest, and flew to the lady's house, and found one of the windows open, so he flew in at the window: it was a room with a bed in it, and some chairs and a table, and a looking glass, and several nice bright things upon the table. The lady had gone out of the room, down stairs; so he flew upon the table where her watch was lying. The magpie saw the watch, and was so much pleased with it, that he snatched it up in his beak—flew smack through the window, and took it up to his nest in a tall tree. He laid the watch down upon the top of the nest, and then went into the inside to look at the other magpie that was hatching some more magpies.

47.—THE MAGPIE THAT STOLE A WATCH.

About half an hour after the magpie had stolen the lady's watch, she went up into her bed-room to see what o'clock it was; but she could not find her watch upon the table, where she had left it. She looked in every part of the room, but still she could not find it anywhere. Then she was quite frightened, and called all her servants up into her bed-room, to ask them if any of them had seen her new gold watch? They all said, No! Then she asked them if they had been in her bed-room? they all but one, said—No! Then the lady said to her, what did you go up into my bed-room for? The servant said, I went into the room to see if it was quite clean and in proper order. Yes, said the lady, and you must have seen and taken my watch! Molly, for that was the name of the servant, said, No, ma'am, I did not see your watch, and I have not taken it. I never stole anything in all my life. Then Molly began to cry. So the lady flew into a great passion at her, and said to poor Molly, I am sure you have stolen my watch, and I will send you to prison to-morrow. So poor Molly cried more and more, and said, oh, dear me, what shall I do? I have not stolen the watch—oh, do not send me to prison.

Poor Molly, she was a good girl, and had not stolen the watch. She cried all day, because she was afraid the people would call her a thief and send her to prison, and perhaps, at last, get her hanged. At night she went to bed, but she could not sleep for crying. At last she wished she was dead. This lady had a young man, a servant, whose name was Tim. Tim was so clever that he could do anything about a farm. He

could plough and sow and reap and mow; he could catch horses and milk cows, and make bird-cages and climb high trees. Tim was sorry that poor Molly had stolen her mistress' watch, because he liked Molly; she was such a good young woman.

The next morning Tim got up very early and went into the field. At first he did not know what he should do; but at last, he looked up to the top of a high tree, with a nest in it—it was a magpie's nest. So Tim whipt his arms and legs round the tree, and in two or three minutes he got up to the top, and what do you think he saw lying upon the nest? why, the very watch and chain that they said Molly had stolen! Tim was never so astonished and so glad in all his life time before. Then he put the watch into his pocket, and just gave a glance into the inside of the nest, and what do you think Tim saw? why, he saw a number of beautiful magpie's eggs, but he had not time to count them—he felt them, quite smooth and warm: So he left the eggs in the nest and slid down the tree in half a minute and less.

Tim set off as hard as he could run, to show Molly the watch. But as he came near the house, he saw some one on the other side of the field, going to leap into a deep pond. Tim ran up to her and saw it was Molly; and just as she was going to leap in and drown herself, Tim caught hold of her, and would not let her do it. So Tim asked Molly why she was going to drown herself in the pond? Molly said, she did not like that people should call her a thief, and then send her to prison. Then Tim showed her the watch, and told her that the bold magpie must have stolen it out of the lady's bed-room, and taken it up into the nest

to show it to the other magpie. So Tim and Molly both cried for joy, they were so much pleased that the magpie had stolen the watch and taken it up to his nest, and that Tim had been too sharp for it.

Tim and Molly then went to the house with the watch: so Tim gave it to the lady, and told her that the magpie had put it quite safe upon his nest in the high tree. The lady said that Tim told a lie—a magpie she said could not steal such a thing. So the lady sent Tim for the Parson and a Doctor, and Squire Park, and two or three more clever people that lived about there, to see if a magpie could steal a watch, and to know whether Tim was right or wrong. The Parson and the Doctor and Squire Park, and the other clever people came; and they soon found it out that Tim had told the truth and that the magpie was the thief, and that Molly was an honest good girl, and had told the truth also.

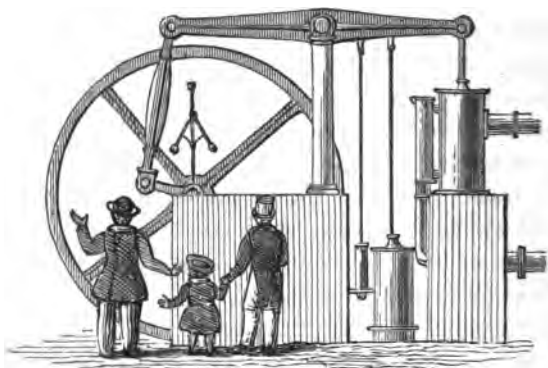
48.—THE BLACK BIRD THAT WAS CAUGHT BY THE
TAIL.

There was a blackbird that was in such a hurry to build a nest, that she could not wait till the leaves came upon the trees and shrubs and hedges! So she found a very large heap of small sticks that had been cut from the trees and shrubs in the garden, the last year. These she thought would do as well as a green hedge or bush to make a nest in.

Then another blackbird helped her to build it; and they were so quick and worked so hard, that the nest was soon finished; and not only finished, but she laid as many eggs in it as she wanted. After the eggs were all laid, she began to sit upon them, to keep them warm to hatch the young blackbirds.

This blackbird had such a fine broad tail, that when she was in the nest the tail stuck out over the edge of the nest! And, as a boy was looking for a stick in the heap, he saw something black, almost like a lady's shoe, sticking out over the nest! So he knew it was the tail of a bird! So he was very still and quiet: and the bird was not thinking any harm; and her head was turned the other way! So the boy put his hand up to the nest softly, and caught the blackbird.

The boy was pleased that he had caught her! Because a blackbird is such a nice fine bird! But the bird was very much frightened, and trembled in every limb! So the boy was sorry that he had caught her; and opened his hand and she flew away! The next day the boy went to see if the bird was in the nest; but she was not; she was so very much frightened that she never came again to hatch the eggs: they remained in the nest till they were spoiled! At last the boy took the nest out of the sticks and broke the eggs, to see what was in the inside of them! There was a very little young bird in each egg; but the young birds were all dead! So the boy was sorry that he had meddled with the nest at all!



49.—A STEAM ENGINE.

A windmill is a very curious thing, and a watermill is another very curious thing; and they are useful things for people who want their wheat and corn ground into flour.

A steam engine is one of the most wonderful things, and one of the most useful in the world that ever was found out. The man must have been very clever that made the first steam engine. I should very much like to know where he lived, and what his name was, and how old he was, and how long he was about it, and whether some people did not help him, or whether he made it all himself.

Every body ought to know what steam is, and how it is made—every body ought to know that steam is made out of water; but the water must be made hot by fire: in fact, the water must boil, or else no steam can come out of it. When the water that has been put

into a tea-kettle, has been upon the fire a long time, at last it begins to boil, and then you will see something come out of the spout of the kettle like smoke—it is hot; but it is not so black as smoke, but then it is a great deal hotter; it is almost as hot as melted lead.

A careless little girl one day went up to a tea-kettle that was upon the fire; she put her hand upon the end of the spout, but the steam that was coming out was so hot, that it made her draw her hand away in a moment; but for all that, her hand was very much scalded and hurt, and she cried out very much, and her hand was sore for a long time; but I cannot tell you any more about this careless girl now, because I want to make haste and tell you all about a steam engine and what it can do, and how strong it is.

When you are a good boy, I will take you to see a steam engine—because I know where there is a very large one; and the man that takes care of it will let me see it any day for nothing, if I choose to go and look at it when it is at work. And when you go, if you will be very attentive, I will show it to you, and explain all the parts of it, and all the things about it, so that you may know what they are all for. So the boy, whose name was Charles, said he would be a good boy always as long as he lived. He said he did not like to be bad, because he would be punished, and should never be taken anywhere by his friends to see steam engines and all sorts of curious things.

For a steam engine there is a large boiler, almost as large as a house, and in this boiler there is a great deal of water. Under the boiler the fireman makes a large fire: he must make a large fire, because a small fire

would go out before the water was hot enough to produce the steam ; then the engine would not move at all, and it would be of no use. But the engine man knows what he is about ; so he makes a proper fire at first, and that makes as much steam as he wants. Then the fireman turns a thing round, so the steam rushes through a pipe that is fastened to the boiler, and is so strong that it makes the engine move : then the fireman makes up a better fire for more steam, and thus the steam engine moves on as regular as before.

There are many pipes in some steam engines, and many wheels likewise, and many other curious things, that keep turning round and round and round—and moving up and down, and backwards and forwards. Some of the pipes are very wide, indeed—almost wide enough for a tiger or a shark, or a lion to creep through. One of the wheels is very large and very strong, and goes round very quickly ; it is very dangerous to go near this wheel : they call it the fly-wheel, because it flies round so very swiftly. It is a fine sight to see a steam engine when it is going.

But, I think, the most curious thing of all is, the strength of a steam engine. Some of them are as strong as five horses, and some are as strong as ten horses, or twenty horses, or thirty or fifty, or one hundred horses. Would it not be a fine sight to see a long thick rope, such as they have to hold ships from being blown away by a storm, with twenty good horses tied to one end of it, and pulling all one way as hard as they could, and a steam engine tied to the other end of the rope, pulling the other way against the horses. Would you not like to see which was the stronger ? Do you think the rope

would be strong enough, or do you think it would break ?



50.—A STEAM ENGINE.

If all the coals in the world were put together into one large heap, and all the gold in the world put together into another large heap in another place ; and then if all the trees in the world were cut down and placed together in another heap, then there would be three heaps—one of coals, one of gold, and one of trees. Now, I should like to know which of the heaps would be the largest, and which would be the best. But if anybody should ask me which heap I would rather have—whether all the coals, or all the gold, or all the trees ? I would say the coals : because, then, I could make a good fire in cold weather ; and after that, sell the coals I did not want for myself, and buy all sorts of things with the money I sold my coals for.

Coals are very useful things in cold weather, because we can then make good fires to warm ourselves by. What could people do without them. Perhaps people could burn wood for a short time ; but wood burns very fast, and therefore it would not last a long time, and the fires would go out, quite soon, and then we should all die of cold, if it was in the winter time. I have just told you that wood burns faster than coals, and therefore coals burn slower than wood ; by burning slower, I mean that coals last longer than wood.

Where do coals come from ? Out of the ground.

Men dig deep holes in the ground ; they call the holes coal pits. When the men have dug a great depth, they come to the coals. Then the men are quite pleased with themselves, because it was such hard work to dig so far down into the earth. But how can they get the coals up to the top of the coal pit, so that they can put them into wheel-barrows or carts or wagons, or boats or barges or ships ? I can tell you how they get the coals up, because I have seen them do it, myself. They tie a rope to a large basket, and then put the basket down the pit ; but they keep hold of the rope at the top to pull up the basket with when the men in the pit have filled it full of coals. It is nice fun to stand at the top of the pit to see a full basket of coals come up out of the coal pit, and then to see another empty basket sent down, and another full basket come up as regular as before, till they have as many coals as they want at the top of the coal pit.

But if the baskets be large ones, and if the people in the pit fill them quite full, they will be heavy and hard to pull up to the top. Yes, there you are right, my boy, they are so : it would require many men to pull up one basket. So when that is the case, the people get horses or steam engines to draw them up. There is a large wheel at the top of the coal pit, and to this wheel a rope is fastened, and then they fasten the horses to the wheel. Then the next thing is to make the horses turn the large wheel ; and when the wheel begins to turn, the rope that is fastened to the basket of coals winds round the wheel, till at last you see the basket of coals come up to the top : then the horses stop, and stand stock still, like Robinson Crusoe's boat, till the

basket is emptied ; and then they go on again to let an empty basket down, and to draw a full one up. This is quite as delightful as anything I ever saw. And a steam engine can do all this quite as well as the horses ; and a steam engine can pump the water out of the coal pit when there is more water in it than the men like. If there was too much it would drown them all.

Charles was a good boy, and got on with his learning very well ; so his uncle told him to get ready to go to see a coal pit and a steam engine. Then Charles was so pleased that he was very quick and got ready in a few minutes, and his uncle and he set off together. Charles could not tell what sort of a place he was going to.

When they got to the place where the coal pit was, they saw all the men and the boys that worked in the pit, up on the top of the ground. Charles at first thought the men and boys were a number of chimney sweepers. But his uncle told him they were not chimney sweepers, but colliers—men and boys that work in coal pits are called colliers. Then his uncle asked one of the men why they were not down in the coal pit working ? The man said they could not work in the pit, because there was so much water in the pit. But as soon as the steam engine had pumped all the water out of the pit that had got into it, they would go down in the baskets, and begin to work and send up more coals. After that Charles asked one of the boys how they could see to get the coals at the bottom of so deep a pit ? The boy told Charles that they were forced to have candles or lamps always burning, both night and day, when they were at work. Charles thanked the boy for

telling him this. Charles and his uncle then went to the place where the steam engine was hard at work—pumping the water out of the pit. They saw the fireman busy putting coals into a large fire under the boiler. It was the boiler that made the steam that moved the engine. Then Charles was surprised at what he saw. This was the first steam engine Charles had ever seen. So the engine man was so very good as to show them all the parts of the engine—the pipes and the pumps, and the wheels, and the thick ropes, and the large cast iron beams ; and, above all, the fly-wheel, which is so dangerous if you go near it—it would crush you to atoms in a moment. The fly-wheel was going so fast, that you could hardly see it move.

They then went to look at the other side, and there they saw the water come up in large floods—almost as much water as would make a river, was pumped up by the engine. Charles had never seen a pump half as big as that. At last all the water was got out of the pit, and the men and boys got ready to go down in the baskets to the bottom of the pit. Then three men and one boy got into a basket, and the steam engine let them down quite safe. So all the colliers went down into the coal pit, and began to dig and send up large baskets full of coals. So Charles was very much pleased to see how it was all done ; and said to his uncle, that he was surprised to see how they could make a steam engine pump water out of a coal pit—send men down in baskets, draw up coals, and do so many other useful things.

Charles was so well pleased with the fireman, that he thanked him for showing himself and his uncle so

many curious things : and his uncle put his hand into his pocket, and took out some money and gave it to the fireman. I do not know how much money it was ; but the fireman was so glad, that he said, when will you come again to see the coal pit, and my engine ? I will show you them the next time for nothing !



51.—THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LARGE DOG.

There was a very little boy that took a walk one day by himself ; he had a pair of red shoes upon his feet, and a white frock upon his body, and a piece of green riband tied about his frock ; or else it was pinned about it, or perhaps it was fastened about his frock with a needle and thread.

I was not quite near enough to the little boy to tell you how it was fastened about his frock : and I do not

know his name. He had no hat upon his head, nor a cap, nor a night cap; he had only his hair upon it, which was curled all round his head. So he was quite warm enough without anything more upon his head than his hair. The little boy did not know where he was going; he only wanted to take a walk to see how well and how fast he could walk in his red shoes, and his white frock and his green riband, and his curly hair.

When he had gone a little from the house, he saw a gate that was left open; so he stopped to see if any one would come to shut it; but, as he was looking through the gateway into the field, he saw a very large dog coming out of the field, into the road where he was walking! The dog came right up to the little boy, then he got quite frightened; he thought the dog was going to eat him up all at once; but this dog was a kind dog, he only wanted to see how big the boy was without his hat or cap! So the little boy stood stock still while the dog went up to him, and put his nose up to his head to smell it, because his mother had rubbed something with a nice smell upon his hair. Then the dog smelled his frock; and at last, he smelled at his red shoes;—it was a long time since he had seen a pair of red shoes! Then the big dog turned round and went away very quietly; and did not hurt the little boy at all! So the little boy was afraid that if he stopped looking into the field any longer, another dog might come up to him and perhaps tear him to pieces! So he turned himself about and went home to his mother! His mother wanted to know where he had been? but he could not tell her because he had never learned to talk. His mother again asked

him where he had been and what he had seen? The little chap laughed, and said to his mother—Bow wow! Bow wow!

52.—RABBITS.

What a pretty thing a rabbit is, what a nice nose it has, and how nicely it always keeps it moving. I think a rabbit is smelling something all the time that it moves its nose up and down and backwards and forwards.

A rabbit has four legs; but you can only see his two fore legs. The other two he keeps under his body, close to the ground. But if you catch a rabbit by his ears, and hold him up by his ears; then you can see that he has four proper legs. I have often seen boys catch rabbits by their ears and hold them up by them; to feel how heavy they were; to feel how many pounds they weighed, and how much they would sell for.

I should like to know whether it hurts the rabbits or not, to be held up by their two ears. I have heard some very clever boys say, that it does not hurt rabbits to hold them up by their ears; but, that if you catch rabbits in the same way that you catch a cat, or a hen or a duck, and hold them fast by their sides; it will hurt them much worse than to catch them by their ears; and will perhaps kill them!

I once heard a big boy say, that rabbits' ears were made long on purpose to hold them by; I think a rabbit is not much hurt when he is held by his ears! because he does not make any noise as if it hurt him;

nor try to get away. This is the reason that makes me think he does not care much about being held by the two ears. Perhaps if you were to hold a rabbit up by one ear only, it would hurt him, and make him cry and struggle to get away.—I never saw a rabbit held by one ear only. I think that is because boys that have any kindness in them would not hurt things they are fond of: such nice quiet creatures as rabbits are.

I once tried to hold a cat by the ears like a rabbit; but the ears were so short that I could not get hold of them properly with one hand; so I was just going to put the ears together with the other hand, so that I might feel how heavy she was; when at that instant, she lifted up her paw, and scratched a large piece of the skin from the back of my hand! then she got away.

A cat's tail is long enough to catch her by, but if you attempt to get hold of her tail, she will move her head round, open her mouth, and bite and scratch you at the same time! so it is best not to catch a cat at all. If she is quiet you may pat her and perhaps she will not scratch you for that.

How very curiously some animals are made; what curious heads and tails they have! I think a rabbit's nose is nicer than a cat's nose; but then, to make up for that, look at a cat's tail! see what a fine shape and what a length it is! I think there is no animal, for the size of it, that has so fine a tail as a cat has! and how very nicely she can curl it round her feet, when she is quiet and in a good humour!

I also think that there is no animal, for the size of it, that has such a fine pair of ears as a rabbit? so soft and long and such large holes in them. They are four

times as long as a cat's ears, and smoother in the inside! But then a cat's tail is, at least, four times as long as a rabbit's tail!

If you want a cat, there are plenty of people that will give you as many little cats as you like to take away! But if you want a couple of small rabbits, and go and ask anybody that has a lot of them, to give you a couple! He would stare at you and perhaps begin to laugh at you! Then he would say, I will sell you a pair of my rabbits, or as many as you please, but I do not give my rabbits away for nothing! Whether is a cat or a rabbit the more useful? I once knew a boy whose father was so kind as to allow him to keep rabbits: at last the rabbits had young ones.



53.—THE TWO MICE AND THE BEES.

When God made the world he made animals to live in it. He made many sorts of animals; some of them

were very large, and some very small, and some neither large nor small. If anybody should ask me what an animal is, I should say, an animal is anything that is alive ; men, and boys, and elephants, and tigers, and horses, and cows, and sheep, and wolves, and bears, and all sorts of birds, such as the eagle, and the crow, and the jack-daw, and the sky-lark, and the tom-tit, and the red-breast, and the little wren ; and all the rest of the birds are animals. All the fishes too are animals, because they were alive ; they can live in water, in the sea, and in a lake, and in a pond, and in a river. The sharks have long sharp teeth, and live in the sea with the whales ; and one whale is ten times as big as a horse. I should very much like to see all the water taken out of the sea, and then we could see all the fishes together ! What a sight it would be to see them all together ! And then to pour the water upon them again, and let them all begin to swim off whenever they liked :—some to the north, some to the south, some to the east, and all the rest to the west. I wish I knew all their names, and how long a whale would be in swimming round the world, if he should swim as hard as he could. I wonder what God has made so many animals for ; for he has made a great number of them indeed ; what a number of small ones, creep about in the grass, and fly about in the air, and swim about in the ocean ; and then, there are all the big and little worms, in the inside of the earth ; and the moles are in the inside of the earth also. If all the animals in the world were to sit down to dinner at once, in a large, very large field, it would be very funny to see them at their dinner ; to see what they all had for dinner that day, and how they would

eat it, and how much they would all eat for one dinner. I wonder what all the animals would do after dinner. But I am going to tell you a story about two mice and some bees.

A long time ago, there were two mice that lived very comfortably together, in a snug, little, dark hole near the bottom of a wall, in a gentleman's garden. They made a nest of some straw and hay which they found in the garden, one morning when they were taking a walk to look about them. The nest, when it was finished, made them feel quite warm and soft and comfortable; it was almost like a bird's nest, but it was not quite so deep: it was just broad enough to hold them both in it at once, when they slept every night; and when it rained in the day time, they always remained in the nest till the rain was over. They had a little corner to put their food in, if they had more than they could eat; besides when it rained a long time at once, four or five days or a week, they did not like to go out to look for food, for fear of being drowned, by the floods of water that ran down the garden walks; so they got as much food as they could, in fine weather, and put it away in their little store-house! Sometimes, they had almost as many pieces of bread and meat and cheese, and pieces of bones and other things, as filled the corner; so that they would not go out, to look for any more, but slept in the nest, after breakfast and dinner and supper and had no work to do for several days.

54.—THE TWO MICE AND THE BEES.

One night, about twelve o'clock, when they were asleep, they heard the thunder roar very loudly, and in a few minutes the rain began to come down at a great rate ; it came down so fast that the mice were afraid of being drowned in their nest; for they heard the water running on the ground and making a great noise. One of the mice just got up and went to the side of the hole to look out, to see how much water there was ; but the night was so dark, the mouse could not see anything : then the mouse went to bed again ; but could not sleep, because it was so much afraid. After that the wind began to blow loudly, it shook the wall and the nest and the mice so much, that they thought the wall would fall upon and kill them, and spoil their nest ; and they could not get away because of the water ! At last, the day began to come, but the rain did not stop : it rained all the day, and all the next night, and the mice were more afraid than ever, because the water came nearly up to their hole ; and when daylight came again, they could see how dismal every thing looked ; and all their bread and cheese and the rest of their provisions were nearly eaten ; but about twelve o'clock in the day, the rain stopped, and the sun began to shine a little, but in less than half an hour, the black clouds came over the sun, and it began to rain again, very fast, faster than before : they had nothing at all to eat, and the water got higher than before ; it came up into the nest, and made the nest swim about ; and it was wet and cold : the wall shook very much

with the wind, and the thunder roared louder than ever. Then the two poor things crept out of the nest, up against the side of the hole and stuck their feet into the wall, with their heads upwards; but their tails were in the water, and two of their feet; and the water rose up to their bodies, and still they kept fast to the wall, with their heads above the water: one of them thought the water was getting into his ears, so he turned up his ears to keep them dry, and thought, while he could keep his head and his ears above the water, he should not be drowned.

By this time it was about two o'clock in the morning, and still they stuck fast to the wall, and the water rose a little higher on their backs, and they thought they should be drowned; before the day-light in the morning, one of them was so cold, and tired, and hungry, that he was just going to slip down into the water, and so drown himself, his paws were so stiff, that he could hardly stick fast to the bricks in the wall any longer; but before he slipped down, he thought he would listen a little time, to see if it was raining as hard as before; but he could not hear any rain at all; neither of them could hear any rain, nor wind, nor thunder! Then they were glad of that, and thought they should not be drowned that time; so they stuck faster to the wall than ever: in a little time it began to get day-light, and the water went lower every minute; till at last there was not any water left in their hole, so they both slipped upon their feet till they got to the bottom; and their feet and legs were so stiff and so sore, that they could hardly stand for a long time.

The poor mice looked about for their nest, but it was

all destroyed by the water ; and they had not a bit of anything to eat ; everything was wet and cold and uncomfortable. But in a short time the sun began to shine into the hole, and made it dry and warm ; so they went to look out to see if the water was gone away, that they might go out and get something for breakfast. The water was not all gone, but the sun was drying it up very nicely, a little at a time. Then the mice sat looking out of their house, watching every drop of water as the sun dried it up. But when night came it was not all gone, and they were sorry, and got very cold again ; so at last they lay down to try to sleep till next morning, when the water would be all gone if it did not rain in the night ; but they shivered so much, with cold and hunger, that they could not sleep a wink ; then they crept closer to one another, and so they got more warm and comfortable. In the morning, as soon as ever it was light, they went to look out, and were very glad to see all the water was gone : and it was as fine a morning as ever they saw ! There was not any rain nor wind ; and the sky was quite clear : so they both left their little house in the wall to go and look for something to eat, and try to find some more stuff to build a nest with.



55.—THE TWO MICE AND THE BEES.



A boy that read the first part of this story, said, he was very sorry that the mice had their nest spoiled, but hoped that they would soon build another as good as

the first: he said he should like to know something more about them, and he said he should like to hear something about the bees; for there was nothing about the bees in all the first part of the story.

The poor hungry mice, in a short time, found a good breakfast, which they eat as soon as they could: because they wanted to get on with their new nest before night. They went about the walks in the garden, and quickly picked up some little bits of dried grass, and some bits of straw that the wind had blown into the walks; they ran about so fast, and were so active, that they soon found as much as would make a snug comfortable nest. In an hour's time they got it altogether at the bottom of the wall, and were just going to begin to build the nest, when one of them thought it was too *low in the wall*; if the rain came again it would spoil the new nest, as it had spoiled the old one. Then they stopped awhile to consider about things, what was best to be done; at last, as the other mouse was looking about, he just cast his eyes upward, when he spied another hole, about a yard-and-a-half higher than the other. They thought it would do very well if they could get up to it; so they tried to get up to it. It was rather hard work for them at first; but they made their feet stick fast on the rough bricks, so that they could get up very well at last; and they were so glad of it, and in such good humour with themselves, that before night they had quite finished the new nest, which was better than the old one, and was, besides, a yard-and-a-half higher up in the wall; they would not be so soon drowned.

One fine warm day, when the mice had nothing at

all to do, they sat down at the mouth of their hole, looking about them; when, at last, they spied a thing like a little house, covered with straw! It was fixed upon a level board, that was nailed fast to four stout posts, which were driven upright into the ground. The board and the four posts looked almost like a table. The mice looked very much at the little straw house upon the board; and thought they should like to have such a one to live in themselves. There was no chimney in the house, nor windows; but there was a nice little door, quite big enough for a mouse to go in at. They sat looking at the door for a long time, to see if any body would go in or come out. At last, the mice saw some yellow flies go into the house, and some come out of it also; they wondered what the yellow flies could be doing; so both of the mice ran down the wall, as fast as they could, to see what it was. When they came up to the place, where the four posts were driven into the earth, they stopped to look, and saw many of the flies taking something into the straw house; and they made, when they went in, and came out, a humming noise with their wings that sounded very nice in their ears. The mice thought it looked like a little church, and wished very much to get up one of the posts and go into it by the door. Then they both ran and climbed up the posts, and got upon the level board close by the door; they could see the flies better; and could see the yellow stuff that they took into the place, it was sticking fast to their legs. So the mice went up to the door and went into the house. It was a most wonderful place indeed—it was very hot; they had never been in such a hot place before. There were a great many

places, like floors in a proper house, but they were all full of little holes, and in a good many of the holes there were insects, or worms, that were alive. Some of the insects had little wings growing out of their sides ; then they flew away, and changed their colour from white to yellow ! The flies were all hard at work, some of them were bringing stuff into the place ; some of them were feeding the insects ; and some of them were making holes in the floor to put more insects in : and when one of the insects got a pair of wings, he flew out of his cell and became like the rest, and began to work as hard as he could ! There were hundreds and thousands of these flies and insects in the place ; and the mice had never been in such a place in all their life time before.

56.—THE TWO MICE AND THE BEES.

The place they were in was a BEE-HIVE, and the flies were BEES ; and the holes or cells, were the places where the insects were put, by the bees, to be kept till they were big enough, and till they got wings ; to become BEES ! And the yellow stuff was honey, which they got from the flowers in the garden, to bring into the hive to feed the young ones with ; and what they had left, they put altogether in a heap, to eat when they were hungry, in cold weather, when all the flowers were dead ! Some of the bees have sharp stings. After the mice had looked about them some time, they both went and began to smell at the worms, and began to

kill some of them ; then in a minute, one of the cleverest and boldest of the bees, flew right at one of the mice and gave him a capital poke behind the ear with his sting ; the mouse gave a squeak and ran as fast as he could out of the bee-hive, and was in such a hurry that he leaped right down at once, into the garden, and almost killed himself with the leap. The bee that stung the mouse, then flew at the other mouse, that was left in the hive ; and when the rest of the bees saw this, they all became very bold, and flew upon the poor mouse, and stung him to death in a minute ; before he could get away from them ! The bees were in such a passion, that they went to look for the mouse that ran away : but he had hid himself under a large leaf, and was waiting till his friend came out of the hive ; but they had stung the poor thing to death.

The mouse remained under the leaf till night, when he crept sliely away to his nest ; but he was so full of sorrow for the loss of his kind friend, that he never went to bed all that night ; and in the morning his poor companion did not come to breakfast—so he did not take his breakfast till dinner time—and he waited till night, but his companion never came ; then he thought the cruel bees had killed him ; and did not know what he should do if they had.

The next day the bees saw the dead mouse in their hive ; and they wanted to get it out, because it began to smell so bad ; but none of the bees were strong enough to carry him out,—several of them then tried to lift him, but they could not : they thought he was nearly as big as an elephant : next day he stunk worse than ever, and got worse and worse every hour ; the

bees could not work for the smell: and some of the young ones died. The bees were then all going away to some other place; when some of them thought, that if they could cover the dead body up close with some of the stuff that they made the cells of, there would be no smell! This was a good scheme; bees can work very fast when they like: so, in less than an hour, they had covered the body so closely, that no smell came through, and the dead mouse is still in the hive and the bees go on with their work as well as ever.

The poor mouse that was stung behind the ear, did not know anything of all this. He waited many and many a day, and kept looking at the door of the beehive to see if the other would come out to him. He went and looked all about in the garden, under all the leaves, and in all the corners; but he could not find him any where. Then he got so very cold and uncomfortable in living by himself—he had no one to play with in fine weather, nor to sit with at nights, nor to keep him warm in the nest—so at last, one night, he lay down in the nest by himself—and next morning he was dead!



57.—USEFUL AND CURIOUS THINGS.

I should like to know what is the most useful thing in the world. I should like to know which is the most useful animal in the world; and above all, I should like to know who is the cleverest man in the world. I wonder how much money people would give him, when

they found him out. I should also like to know how much money he would charge, for letting men and women come to see him; and how much he would charge for children under ten years of age, to go into a house where he was.

Whether would you rather go to see a giant or a dwarf? The biggest man in the world, or the least man in the world! A giant, every body knows, is a very tall man; and a dwarf is a very little man; as little as possible.

I should like to see a giant run a race with twenty dwarfs! Perhaps the giant would run as fast as all the dwarfs. I am sure it would be a fine sight to see the race. To see them all set off together. I dare say the giant would take longer strides, but the dwarfs, I suppose, would move their legs a deal faster. If, when they were all running, the giant should stumble, and fall over a big stone, or a sack of coals, or a baker's cart, the people would say, that is a regular break down. The giant might be a long time in getting up again; while he was getting up, the little men might run a good way, and get in first. But, if they came to a pretty large hill, I think the giant would be up it first, because his legs are so long; he would be at the top of the hill in eight or ten strides.

If a goose and a pig were very hungry at one end of a field, and if a man were at the other end of the field with something for them to eat; and if they were to set off both at once, and run as hard as they could, whether do you think would be up to him first?

In the story of giants and dwarfs, it says, the less a dwarf is the better people like him. But if he be a

giant, that people go to see, then the bigger he is the better people like him. People will not give anything at all to see a man that is neither a dwarf nor a giant.

If a man, who is five feet ten inches high, should go down to Liverpool, to show himself, the Liverpool people would not give any money to see him; no, not as much as a penny a piece; nor even go to the window to look at him in the street. But now, mind what I am going to say to you. If a man, instead of being five feet ten inches high, were ten feet five inches high, then what would the people of Liverpool give to see him, do you think? They would be very glad to pay a penny each, to have a sight of him.

A giant, ten feet five inches, would never show himself in Liverpool, nor even in London, so cheaply as that. If I were a giant as tall as that, I would not let the people in Liverpool nor London, nor in any large town see me for less than half-a-crown a head; except little boys and girls, and they should come in at eighteen-pence a piece. I should soon get a deal of money by them, and be richer than Tom Thumb when he lived in England.

They have two giants in London; pretty large ones. They are kept in the Lord Mayor's house. I have seen them two or three times, but they never walk or move about, because they are made of wood, and wear leaden hats.





58.—THE LADY AND THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS
WHO WERE DROWNED.

It is a very nice thing to get up early when it is a fine morning; and when you have dressed yourself, to go and take a walk in the fields, before breakfast is ready. It is not so comfortable to get up, out of a good warm bed, in the morning, when the weather is cold and sharp and frosty. But people must get up for all that; whether the weather is cold or not.

Little boys and girls must not be so soft and childish as to be afraid of a little frost or snow, and then not to get out of bed for that.

The best way is, and it is what all good and clever children do, to rise out of bed in a moment, as soon as ever you are called: and this you should do in all sorts of weather; either hot or cold, or wet or dry, or frosty or stormy, or whatever sort of weather it is. If it be fair, you can take a good walk in the roads, or in the

fields, or by the sea-shore, or in any place that is not too far from where you live; or, if you do not wish to go out of the house, even in fine weather, you can remain at home, and read and write, or work and play, just as your friends will allow you. But you must always do what your papa and mamma desire you to do; and be sure that you do it with good humour and as fast as you can.

I wish you to do this, and to behave yourselves well, and do everything that is proper, and do nothing that is improper; because then, everybody will say what nice children you are, and how good you are, and how clever you are, likewise.

When the roads and the fields are very wet; when it rains and blows and storms, and snows and freezes hard, you will be obliged to stay at home, and keep in doors. But, the same as I said before, you must learn and improve yourselves, and work or play; but not lie too long in bed, nor sit idle and lazy and stupid, and so become vulgar dunces. I can assure you, that I never knew any little boy or girl that liked to be called a dunce; nor that liked a dunce either. Clever children will not even play with dunces; as I dare say you know, and have read about a dunce, whose name was Nuncks.

The clever good boys laughed at him, and would not play with him, nor even let him play with them. Nay, they would not so much as let him see the clever dog, Bob, perform in the play-ground. I am also sure that you were glad when you read, that at last, Nuncks was ashamed of himself, and began to do his very best to learn very fast, and left off being a dunce all at once.

Then the master said he was quite right. Then Nuncks saw Bob perform all his clever tricks. Then Nuncks played with the good boys ; and the good boys played with him. At last Nuncks said he was never so happy in all his lifetime, as he had been since he left off being a dunce.

I am now going to begin the dismal part of the tale of the lady and the two little girls that were drowned, all three of them, one morning before breakfast-time.

This lady was a school-mistress, her name was Miss Sandon. She lived in the same house with two little girls, who lived at home with their father and mother. So the two young ladies were the pupils of the school-mistress, that lived with their father and mother. And this school-mistress was very clever herself, and she took much pains in teaching the two little girls, and therefore they were clever also ; for we may be sure, that a clever teacher can make clever scholars ; and can make children good as well as clever.

One of the little girls was called Rosa, and the other was called Ann. Rosa was nine years of age, but Ann was only seven. They were sisters, and were always very kind to each other ; as sisters ought to be, and brothers also. And I dare say if they had had any brothers, they would have all loved one another very dearly ; because their school-mistress and their father and mother would have told them to be kind to each other, and to love one another ; and then they would have done it to please their parents and their teacher. But as Rosa and little Ann had no brother, they loved their father and mother and Miss Sandon instead, all the same.

One morning, when the weather was fine, they all

got up early, it was about six o'clock. It was such a nice warm morning that Miss Sandon said, it was best to take a walk before breakfast, and see how pleasant it was to look at all nature, out of doors. Such as the sky, and the clouds in the sky, and the earth, and the living things that were moving about in the fields, and upon the hills, and the mountains. Then the young ladies were glad that Miss Sandon was going to walk with them, to let them look at nature.

Before they went out of the house, just as they were going to the door, their mamma went to them, and gave each of them a kiss; and told them to take notice of everything that they should see, that was curious; and be sure to tell their papa, at breakfast time, what it was that was so curious. So they went out of the house quite pleased, as I told you before. Miss Sandon took a book with her.



59.—THE LADY AND THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS WHO
WERE DROWNED.

When they left the house, they walked along the coach road for a short distance; till they came to a gate and a stile close together, on the right hand side of the road. Miss Sandon thought she would open the gate and go into the field, because there was a very nice foot-path on the other side of the gate in the field. She could not open the gate, because it was nailed fast with a couple of large nails !

Then Miss Sandon said, what can we do now as the gate is fast! Little Ann said, we can climb over this stile! yes, my dear, so we can! So they got over the stile into the field!

It was very pleasant indeed; there was a nice path, but the grass on each side of it was rather damp and wet with the rain that had fallen in the night time and the morning dew. The sun was shining, and the dew-drops sparkled in the sunshine, and the grass, and the hedges, and the trees and shrubs, were so green and smelled so sweet! and all these nice things made the birds sing so charmingly, and fly about so briskly! and made all the flocks and herds so comfortable and happy, that Miss Rosa said she would rather be in the fields such a morning as that than lying in bed, or going to see the wild beasts in their cages, or to a ball or a dance.

In this manner Miss Sandon and her two pupils passed through several fields. Then they came into a field, beside which a large stream of water was flowing. It was a fine river. Miss Sandon was reading a book, and the two little girls were behind her. Rosa said, sister, I am so fond of seeing a river, when it is a large one; and so am I, said little Ann. I like to see the water move along, so nice and smooth and deep, and then it looks so dark; the water seems as if it were quite black. Yes, sister, said Rosa, it is; but we must take care and not go too near the edge of the water.

No; we will not go too near it, but we will take hold of each other's hands and hold quite fast by each other. So they took hold of each other's hands very nicely, and walked almost close up to the river side. Miss

Sandon was a good way on before them, busy reading in her book.

When the two little girls came to the side of the river, I told you that they went as close to the water's edge as possible. There they stood looking at the fine broad, clear, deep and dark stream, as it flowed along. It was such a long way to the other side, where there were houses, at a little distance from the margin of the river ; and lower down there was a boat with a man in it, the boat and the man were both on the other side of the river also.

I have often, when I have been near a river or a brook, seen that the water has run up against the ground at the side, and washed some of it away, and made a hollow place under the bank ; so that if any person or persons should stand on the top of it, they would be in danger of breaking down the bank, and sliding into the river. Now, there was just such a hollow place as this under the bank upon which the two harmless and good little sisters were standing, holding each other's hands.

At that very moment the ground began to break off, and to sink ; and, shocking to say, with the two dear little girls upon it, dropped into the water, and sank to the bottom. But, just as they were falling, they gave such a scream that Miss Sandon, who was a good way off reading her book, heard it quite plainly. She started, and looked back towards the river-side, to where she heard the noise, she could not see her two pupils, but she ran to the place at the water side, where they had fallen in. She saw the poor little girls struggling in the water. Oh ! what

shall I do?—what shall I do?—my dear little Ann! Oh! my dear little Rosa! I will leap in and take you out of the water, and save your lives, and take you home to your dear mamma.

As soon as Miss Sandon had said that, she plunged into the river and tried to save them; when she got near them, and was trying her best to bring them to the land, they caught hold of her, and clung to her so fast, that she could not stir; and the stream was so strong, that it carried them all three away deeper and deeper, and they were all drowned. Oh! what a sad thing it was for them, and what a sad thing it was for their poor unhappy parents.

As soon as the man in the boat saw them fall into the river, he took his boat to see if he could not save them from being drowned; he pulled as hard as he could, and did his very best you may be sure; but he was too late. He lifted them into his boat but they were all three quite lifeless; and little Ann had fast hold of the one arm of poor Miss Sandon, and Rosa fast hold of the other.

When the two poor little girls and the lady were drowned, they could not go home, at breakfast-time, so when their mother had waited for them for some time, and they did not come; she was afraid that they had hurt themselves with something, and therefore could not walk home to breakfast soon enough. So she said she would go and meet them coming home, and see what was the matter that they had been so long.

Then she went on the road, and over the stile, and through the nice green fields, and down to the side of the river, as fast as ever she could walk. When she

came to the river, there was a man in a boat, close to the land, and several people standing upon the bank, looking down into the boat. The lady went to them, and asked them if they had seen a lady and two little girls, walking there, in the fields, that morning? Yes, ma'am, said one of the men; I saw two nice little girls and a lady walking in this field, about an hour since. The lady was walking a long way before, and the girls were behind.

The lady was reading a book. So the little girls went to the edge of the river, to look at the water, I suppose, and the bank where they were standing broke down, and they were tossed into the river. Then the lady that was reading, heard them call out, and came running, and jumped into the river, and all three of them were drowned; and the boatman has just got them out of the water into his boat there!

The lady then looked into the boat, where they were all three lying at the bottom quite dead. Then she was going to plunge into the water, to get into the boat, but the people prevented her. So she called out and said, oh! my poor dear girls, and poor Miss Sandon! Let me go to them—let me die with them. Let me be drowned in the same river with my sweet little Rosa and Ann.

When she had said this, her face turned pale and deadly, and she fell like a corpse, upon the grass. The people sent for two or three doctors. When the doctors came, they took the three dead bodies and the lady in two coaches, home to the lady's house. The doctors tried to bring them to life again, but they could not do it.

At last the doctors sent for twelve men to hear what they would say about it, and to find out whose fault it was, that the children and Miss Sandon were drowned.

When they had talked about it for a long time, they found it out, that it was all Miss Sandon's fault, that she and her two scholars had lost their lives. The twelve men said, she ought not to have been walking before them, and reading a book : but should have been with Rosa and Ann, to talk with them, and take care of them ; and not allow them to go so near the water. One of the doctors said, there were many children killed every year, because the people that ought to take care of them were careless.



60.—THE JACKDAW AND THE CAT.

A cat is an animal bigger than a mouse ; but not half as big as an old lion ! But a cat can catch birds, if they

do not look all round them, to see when the cat is coming to seize them.

I have seen many a bird caught by a cat. I will now tell you how she does it. While a bird is busy picking up and eating worms or insects, or seeds or crumbs, the cat goes behind it, and is very quiet, and walks very gently till she comes close up to the bird; she then gives a smart spring and seizes it, if the bird does not take care and avoid her! If the cat catches the bird, she marches off, slyly, with the poor thing in her jaws, to some place where she thinks nobody sees her; and there eats it up directly! A bird is much sharper than a cat, and would not be caught but for being careless.

A jackdaw is a bird that is all over black; he is larger than a mouse; but not a quarter so big as an eagle! A jackdaw often has nothing to do all day but sit upon a gate or a fence, or a post, or an old broken wheel-barrow, or a weather-cock; and call out, Jack, Jack, Jack! He tells everybody what his name is! and it is very surprising to hear how plainly he can pronounce his own name! Almost as well as a school-master.

One day, a cat saw something that she had never seen before! she saw it move! it had two legs and a tail; at first she thought it was a mouse, with feathers all over it; but it was not a mouse, it was only a jackdaw! Then the jackdaw stood upon one leg, and then began to hop about. So the cat made a spring at him, but she missed him, because Jack made a leap upwards, two or three yards, and called out to the cat—Jack, Jack, Jack! as plainly as a clever boy could speak it! Jack did not care a pin for the cat, he made fun of her.

When the jackdaw flew up, the cat tried to fly after him, but she made a very poor hand of it ; she could not fly, because she had no wings to fly with. After that, Jack flew upon the top of a wooden fence, and looked down upon the ground at poor puss to see how vexed she was ; so he called out to the cat again, Jack, Jack, Jack !

When sly puss saw him perched upon the top of the wooden fence, she stuck her sharp claws into the boards, and pulled herself up to the top of the fence. But Jack was too sharp for her again ; for when puss got to the top, Jack got to the bottom ; and called out as well as he could—Jack, Jack, Jack ! and made a very queer noise with his beak, and made fun of pussy, as he did before !

Then the poor cat grew vexed, and began to hiss and spit at Jack ; but Jack did not mind that ; he called out as loudly as ever—Jack, Jack, Jack ; and hopped up and stretched out his wings, and flew up into an apple tree in the garden ! So poor pussy gave up the contest ; she made a very ugly noise with her mouth and throat, and moved her tail about very quickly, and then went away, to try if she could not catch something else.

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61.—THE LITTLE FARMER AND HIS PIG.

In Devonshire there was a farmer who had a great many horses ; but his legs were very short, and his horses were all very fat and large and tall. He had many fields, and a good deal of corn and hay to sell to the people that lived in a town a long way off. So he sent a wagon load of his wheat, and his oats and barley every week to the people that lived in the town ; because they wanted wheat, and oats, and barley, to make bread of, and give to their horses.

The farmer wanted to go to the town to see the people that used to buy his things, so one of the men got one of his horses out of the stable, and put a saddle upon him and a bridle, and two things that hung down by the sides of the horse, to put his feet into, to hold him better upon the horse. The farmer's man also put two sharp things upon the heels of his

boots to prick the sides of the horse with, if he did not go fast enough. The sharp things were called spurs: they were made of iron.

I told you before, the farmer's horses were all big ones; and that his legs were very short, so that this horse was not fit for him to ride on; but he had no smaller ones, so he was obliged to ride upon that; or else remain at home, or else walk. But if he had walked, he could not have been soon enough, because his legs were so short. It would have been almost night before he could have got into the town; and before he could have done talking to the people, it would have been quite dark, and then he must have walked all night to get home in time for breakfast next morning.

Then the little farmer got upon a large stone that was near his house, and the man made the horse stand close to the large stone; so then the little farmer got upon the horse, and set off to go to the market town to talk with all the people that bought his wheat and his barley, and his oats, and the other things that he sent to the market-town, and he wanted to shake hands with the people likewise.

At first he got on very well, and every body said he would soon get into the town; because the horse went on pretty fast. But when they had gone about a mile or so, there was a large pond by the road-side, where the horses used to go to drink when they were thirsty, in hot weather. So the little farmer's big horse went to drink at the pond with the other horses, and as he was stooping to put his head into the water, the little farmer slipped over his head, and fell plump into the water.

When the little farmer with short legs fell into the pond, there were plenty of people standing there, near the pond, looking at him and at his horse; because the horse had such a broad back, and the farmer's legs were so short. Some of the people said, that such a little man, with such a short pair of legs, was not fit to ride upon a large horse like that. They said, he would be sure to slip over the head of the horse when the horse went into the pond to quench his thirst with the water.

So when all the people that were looking at them saw the farmer plunge into the pond they set up a great shout; and some of them began to laugh. Then two of the men got a rope and soon pulled the little farmer out of the pond! But he was drenched with water, and his hat was lost.

Then a gentleman came up who knew the little man quite well, and he told the people that were there to take him to his house. So they took him to the gentleman's house, and put him into a room where they made a good fire: and put him to bed! and a servant came, and put his wet clothes to the fire, to dry them. The fire soon began to make them smoke, as if they were burning! After that, they gave the little farmer some dinner; because he had got quite hungry, by that time; and then they gave him some hot stuff to drink, and to make him fall fast asleep till tea time, so that he might not catch cold by slipping over the horse's head in the horse pond.

While he was asleep, the servant that put his clothes to the fire at first, made them quite nice and warm and dry! They were quite as dry as they were in the morning

when he first put them on. Then she took his stockings and his shoes and his garters, and the rest of his things that were wet, and made them dry; and properly cleaned them: and had them taken care of, to be ready to put on, when the little farmer got out of bed, to get his tea and prepare for going home!

So, before tea time, he awoke and dressed himself; and was quite comfortable; his clothes were so nice and dry and warm. Then, a doctor came to look at him, and said to him, well Sir, how do you do? how are you? I am very well, I thank you, Sir, said the farmer. I am glad of it said the Doctor. But perhaps you will be ill to-morrow morning! So I have brought you a small box of pills; and if you find yourself ill to-morrow morning you must take one or two of them, and then you will soon get well again.

So the gentleman that took the little farmer to his house, gave him some tea, and some more hot stuff out of a glass! and by that time, the little farmer's wagon came from the town; where it had been with a load of his wheat. Then the little farmer got into his own wagon; and left his horse with the gentleman; and rode home, quite snug and safe and comfortable: and said he would never ride upon a large horse again as long as he lived!

62.—THE LITTLE FARMER AND HIS FIG.

The next morning, the farmer was as well as ever. Then he sent one of his men to fetch his horse home from the gentleman's house where he got his clothes

dried. While he was away, the farmer went to look at his cows and sheep, and his fields and his pigs.

This little farmer was very fond of pigs; he had one pig that used to follow him about, when he went into his fields. He was very kind to this pig, it was such a fine large one; it was nearly as big as a donkey or a pony. When the pig saw the farmer coming towards him, he ran to the farmer, because he used to give him something to eat. The farmer was so pleased with his pig, that he thought he ought to be called Gruffy. So next day he called him Gruffy two or three times. So the pig knew his name was Gruffy; all the people when they wanted him to come to them, said Gruffy, Gruffy, Gruffy!

One of the farmer's men said, Gruffy would do to ride on very well; he only wanted a saddle and a bridle, and two things to hang down by his sides to put the feet in. Then the farmer was quite pleased with the man for saying that, so he sent for a saddler to make him a saddle and bridle, and the rest of the things proper for riding for the pig; and said, the next time he went to the town, he would ride Gruffy instead of a proper horse.

When the saddle and the other things were made, the farmer took a large lump of bread in his hand, and went to look for Gruffy. He soon found him, and began to call Gruffy, Gruffy, Gruffy. Gruffy came running up to his master, as fast as he could; his master gave him the lump of bread, and while he was eating it, he put the saddle upon his back; and when Gruffy had done eating the bread, the farmer put the bridle

upon his head, and then got upon the pig, and rode him home to his house.

The farmer was quite pleased, and the pig was pleased, and everybody about there was pleased. Then he gave Gruffy another large hunk of bread, and told his man that he should ride upon his pig to the market the next time. He said, if he fell off his back he should not have to fall so far as from one of his horses.

So the next day the farmer set off upon his Gruffy to go to talk to the people that lived in the town. The pig went along the road as quiet and as well, and as regular, as a horse. Every one that saw the little farmer upon the pig was quite astonished at first; then they began to laugh, and got pleased with it, because it was such fun to see a man riding a pig with a saddle upon him, and a bridle fastened to his head. In a little while he got as far as the pond, where he fell from his horse, and where he stopped at the gentleman's house, where he had his clothes dried. The gentleman went to the door to look at the pig, and to shake hands with his friend, the little farmer, and to laugh at the fun that the pig made with a new saddle upon his back, and a bridle upon his head, and all the things that a real horse has about him.

When the gentleman had done laughing, the farmer left him, and set off once more upon Gruffy. So they jogged on very comfortably, for some time, till they were very near the town. At last they overtook a man that was driving a good lot of pigs to the town to sell. As soon as Gruffy saw this drove of real pigs, he began to toss up his head and kick up his heels, and ran into

the midst of them, and quite forgot that his master was upon his back. So his master tried to stop him from running amongst the other pigs, and pulled at the bridle as hard as he could ; but he could not stop Gruffy till he got to be first of all the pigs ; then Gruffy stopped of himself, and began to walk quietly along before all the rest, and in that way they all went into the town together. This farmer was a very droll little fellow.

As they all went along the street, all the people came out of their houses to look at the man riding upon a pig, like a proper horse. All the people about there said, they never thought that a farmer could ride upon a pig, like a proper horse. Then they all began to shout and to laugh, and to give three cheers for the pig with a saddle upon his back, and a bridle in his mouth, and a man with short legs riding him. When they came to the middle of the town, the men that were driving the pigs to sell, stopped there, and sold them all ; and the little farmer went to a house to shake hands with and to talk to the people that bought his hay and his corn. After that, Gruffy and his master got a very good dinner each ; and when he had done talking with his friends, he shook hands with them once more, and then the little farmer and Gruffy set off to go home, before it was dark.

63.—THE DOG THAT COULD SMELL AND THE DOG
THAT COULD NOT SMELL.

One day, two dogs went into a field, to look all over it, to see what they could find in it. They went right

into the middle of the field, but they could not see anything at all there worth looking at. The next thing they did was to go into the corners of the field, but they could not see anything there but two or three bundles of sticks that were rotten and good for nothing but to take home and help to make a fire. But dogs do not want anything to do with rotten sticks ; so they left them.

After that, the two dogs stood still a little while, and turned their noses, first one way and then another, and then another, till they were tired with doing nothing ; so they were going to creep through the hedge ; to try to find something worth catching in the next field.

Just as they were trying to get through the fence, they saw an animal start up, out of the ditch, from under some long thick grass, that was quite dry ! This animal that jumped up before them was like a little gray dog, with a very short tail to it, but it had two long ears ! This gray animal, started up so suddenly and so quickly, and was so close to the two dogs, that they were rather startled at first ! But when it saw the dogs so near it, it was more frightened than they were ; so it began to scamper away from them, because it was so much afraid ! It set off right across to the other side of the field ! Then the dogs scampered after it, as fast as they could scamper ; and a fine race it was ; but the dog that had long legs and a long tail, and a very long nose also, ran a deal faster than the other dog, and got nearer and nearer the little gray creature every step ; and was just on the point of going to catch it ; but at that very moment, the sharp little thing sprang through

a small hole in the hedge, and got into the next field, and was not caught by the long nosed dog that time! Then the dog tried to get through the same hole that the small animal got through; but he could not; he was too big for that!

Then the slow dog came up to the hole; but he could not so much as get his head into it, because his head was a deal too large for the hole. At last they found a bigger hole in the hedge, so they both jumped through it, into the other field, to the animal that they so much wanted to get hold of. But when they were through, they could not see anything of it anywhere. They thought it had gone back again through the same little hole in the fence.

After that, the two dogs got very hot and much vexed; because the little animal seemed too sharp for them. So they went back again thinking to find and catch it in the other field. They very much wanted to see what sort of an animal it was; whether it was a hare or a rabbit, or a badger or a mole, or a fox or a weasel, or a hedge-hog.

When they got back again, it was not there. They had quite lost it. The dog with long legs, that could run so much faster than the other, had never had any smell in his nose; he could never smell anything in the whole course of his life. It is as wonderful a thing as ever I heard in all my life, that a dog should be able to run so fast, and at the same time should have such a capital long nose, and yet could not smell at all. I told you before, that the dog that could not run so swiftly, could, for all that, smell very well. If any animal went over a field, through the grass, the slow

dog, if he put his nose to the ground, could find out which way it went ; so then he would set off after it.

Then the slow dog went back once more, and put his nose to the ground, to find out which way it went. At last he found it out. So he kept his nose down, and set off as hard as he could, to catch poor little gray. The quick dog did not know what he was running that way for, and would not go with him that time, but stood still to rest himself ; while the smell-dog was running he did not know where.

In a short time, the smell-dog stopped, and turned the other way, and run right into a dry ditch, and poked his nose among some long dry grass where the little short-tailed animal was lying snug and quiet, and where he thought the dogs could not find him. But as soon as he felt the dog's nose touch him, away he started to run away ; but the dog snapped at him so suddenly, that in a moment he had him fast in his mouth by the neck. He gave the poor little thing a pinch and a shake, and in a moment he was dead. The other dog came up to look at it ; then they found it out that it was a hare !





64.—THE BOY THAT COULD BARK AS WELL AS A
DOG.

There was once upon a time, a boy: and he was very quick in learning anything; but he was often careless and did not mind what he was doing. He was one day cutting a piece of wood, and, like the little gardener, he cut a great gash in his thumb; and it was a long time before it got well: besides, it hurt him a great deal; and so I think it would have been better if he had minded what he was doing.

After his thumb got well, he went to look at a number of people, that were making a great noise in the street. I cannot tell you how many people there were, nor what they were shouting; I do not know what they were shouting for; nor where they came from; but I can soon tell you what the careless boy did, when he went to look out of the window.

As soon as he heard the noise that the people made

in the road, he ran as hard as he could towards the window, to see if he could see all the mob of people; but he stumbled over a small stool, that was standing upon the floor, near the window! So his head pitched forward, and went smack into a large pane of glass, that cost seven shillings and sixpence! His head went right through the pane of glass, and smashed it all to pieces! and he cut his forehead very severely, and the blood ran down all over his face. His cheeks were also badly cut, and a bit was scraped off the end of his nose! And a sharp piece of the broken glass ran into his neck and was very near running into his wind-pipe and killing him! However, after a long time he got well again, but he had great scars all over his face.

At last, he learned to bark like a dog, or like a fox; he did it so well that some people and some dogs thought it was a proper dog that was barking! When he saw a little dog, he began to bark at it; the same as a big dog would bark. Then the little dog thought that it was a large dog that was coming to worry him! So the little dog ran away as fast as he could scamper. This quite pleased the boy. But he was afraid to bark at a big dog, because one day he was in the street, and he met with a big dog with long ears! So he gave one bark at the big dog. Then the big dog turned his head round, very fast, to see what sort of a dog it was that was barking at him! and frightened the boy so much, that he never attempted to bark at a big dog again!

Some time after that, the boy was walking up a hill: when he was near the top of the hill, he heard a dog bark! He looked about, and saw two very large doors

that were painted green : the doors were shut. There was a dog in a yard, at the other side ; and when the boy got up to the doors, the dog began to bark, louder and louder, and thrust his nose under the doors, and barked harder and harder ! At last he got into a passion, and began to scratch the ground. Then the boy was quite pleased to see the dog in a passion, and began to bark at the dog, just like a proper dog.

Then the proper dog got worse and worse, and wished the door would open, so that he could go out, to fight the other dog that was barking at him ! Then the boy barked at the dog, and the dog barked at the boy ! They barked so much that a man came out of a stable to see what the dogs were barking so much for. The man thought it would be capital fun to see the two dogs fight ; he thought his dog would beat the other. Then he pushed the bolt back, that held the two doors together ; so the doors flew open, and the proper dog flew out to fight the other dog that had been barking at him ; but, when he got to the outside he could not see the dog that had been barking at him : so, in one moment he flew at the boy instead, and tore his coat off his back, and then seized him by the shoulder, with his long sharp teeth, and dashed him down upon the ground, and beat his head against a large stone. Then the heedless boy called out, murder, murder ! as loud as ever he could scream.

The man, when he came out, was surprised to see that it was not a real dog, but a boy that had been barking at his dog all the time !

The man called to his dog, and said, "Trump," let the poor boy go ! Then Trump let the boy go ; so Trump and

the ostler helped the boy to get up, upon his feet ; and put his hat upon his head ; and also the bit of his coat that Trump had torn off it ; and gave them to the barking boy, to get them sewed on again. Then the man and the dog both looked at his shoulder, to see if it was hurt. His coat was full of holes, where the big dog's sharp teeth had gone through ; and there were the marks of his teeth upon the skin of his arm and shoulder : but the teeth had not gone in far enough to do the boy much harm ! So the ostler was glad that the boy was not much hurt : and the boy thanked the ostler because he had asked Trump to take his teeth out of his shoulder, or else it is likely that Trump would have bitten his arm off or killed him ; for a dog that is ever so quiet does not like to be barked at for nothing.

The ostler said to the boy, that it was a foolish and a dangerous thing to learn to bark like a dog. He said, the boy had better learn something else, to sing, or dance, or something of that sort. The boy said he was glad that Trump had not pulled his arm off, and would take care and never bark at a dog that put his nose under a pair of large green doors, as long as he lived.

65.—SOLDIERS, AND THE BOY WITH HIS LEG CUT OFF.

What a very painful sad thing it is to have a leg cut off ! sometimes, when soldiers go into a field to fight, they get killed ; a great many of them get killed. The soldiers on one side, fight against the soldiers on

the other side, and they kill as many of each other as they can ! They shoot at each other with guns ; and cut and stab each other with swords and spears, and all sorts of sharp things.

The soldiers put powder into their guns, and then they put balls upon the top of the powder, and then they let the guns off, and the balls fly at the soldiers, and most likely hit them somewhere ; and perhaps kill them in a minute, or perhaps wound them in the arms or the legs, or somewhere in the body ! So, those that are shot, fall right down and begin to bleed ; and if the doctor does not come to cure them, and take care of them and carry them away, and put them into a house, called an hospital, till they are well, they perhaps bleed to death ! Poor fellows ! It would be a deal better, I think, if soldiers did not fight and kill so many of each other as they often do ; because it is a sad, shocking, cruel thing to be shot dead by a gun ; or to have a limb cut off by a sword ; or to be run through the body by a spear or any other sharp thing !

Then again, some of the soldiers, when they go into the field of battle, take cannons with them, to kill the other soldiers with ! Some cannons are very large ones, and have a deal of powder put into them, and very large heavy balls, called cannon balls. When a cannon of this size is fired off, the ball, when it goes right among the men, it kills a good many and wounds a good many ! The ball shoots their heads off, or their arms or their legs ! Some poor fellows are killed in an instant ; and some bleed to death, and are dead before morning ! The horses gallop over some of them when they are bleeding on the ground, and kill them in an

instant. What a sad, cruel, wicked thing it is, in those people who send the soldiers to kill each other. A King should do his best not to let any soldiers go to fight. If I should ever be a King, I would do my very best to prevent soldiers from fighting, and tell all the other Kings to do the same. Then all the soldiers could go home again safe and well as they were at first; and begin to work and make a good many nice useful things for me and all the rest of the people.

One day, there was a man who had some very fine horses. So he thought the best way was, to let the people that lived about there see them. There were about forty of the horses when they were altogether; and very curious ones they were. The men that rode upon these horses were very odd queer sort of men; they had such queer hats and such queer clothes; and besides, many of the men upon the horses had drums and French horns, and trumpets and flutes, and many other sorts of things to play on. When they all played together, it was very nice indeed to hear them.

When these horses and the queer men upon them went along the streets, playing many sorts of tunes, the people that lived in the houses came out to see how the horses looked; and to hear the tunes which the band upon the horses played, and to look at the men's queer hats and caps, and the rest of their things.

A lady and a gentleman, that lived in one of the large houses, always went out to look at the men with the curious horses. They went up to the iron fence that was at the front of the house, between the street and the house. They looked over the top of the fence, and could see all the horses as they passed by their house.

One day, this little boy went up to the fence, to look at all that were passing. He saw the men and the horses, and heard the music, while he stood on the ground and looked through the railing; but he could not look over the top of the railing, as his father and mother could, because he was short and they were tall! The little boy looked up, and saw his father and mother looking over the top of the railing, so he thought he should very much like to look over the top also.

There were some short pieces of railing all along the bottom of the fence: so the little fellow thought, if he stepped up upon one of these, he could see over the top, like his father and mother. But, he did not consider that his shoes were very thin, and the tops of the short railings were very sharp! So he put his foot upon the top of one of the sharp bits of the fence, and was pulling himself up to look over the top, when, just at that instant, the sharp piece of iron ran through his shoe and into his foot. He screamed out directly, because he was so badly hurt. His mother snatched him up in her arms, and took him directly into the house, and sent for a doctor.

When the doctor came, he said, the iron had almost run through his foot, and that it was a very dangerous hurt. After he had dressed the foot, he went away, and said he would look in again at night. When he came at night, the boy's foot and leg were much swelled. The doctor told the lady that the leg must be cut off, or else the boy would die in twelve hours' time! So she told the doctor not to let her dear little boy die. Then the doctor cut the leg off, and saved the boy's life, but he lost his leg.

I hope all little boys that read this tale, will take care not to put their feet upon sharp things; and I hope all fathers and mothers who read this story, will take care and prevent their little boys from climbing, to look over fences, and running iron through their thin shoes, and getting their legs cut off.



66.—THE HISTORY OF POOR TURK; OR, THE
CHIMNEY SWEEPER AND THE DOG.

There was once a dog that had a very kind master and mistress; they gave him as much to eat as he wanted, and whenever he was thirsty, they gave him some good, sweet, fresh water to drink. When he had taken as much water as he pleased, he left off till he was thirsty again; and when he had enough, then he left off till he was thirsty again, and so on, as regular as before.

He liked water better than anything else, when he was thirsty ; he was not like many men and many women, he did not keep drinking after he had had plenty, as they do ; he did not keep drinking till he made himself dull and heavy, and foolish and stupid, and mad, as many people do. Besides he drank water, and not such bad nasty stuff as people drink to make themselves crazy. He was a good dog. His name was Turk.

He was very kind, and sometimes gave a part of his breakfast or dinner or supper to any hungry dog that happened to be passing by, when he was eating it. Turk lived a long time with his kind master and mistress. He lived so long with them, that at last they both died ; and the servants went away, and the house was shut up, and the food was all eaten, and poor Turk was very hungry ; and two men, came one day, and took his kennel and put it into a cart, and the horse carried it away to some place, a good way off, and gave it to another dog to sleep in. So Turk never saw his kennel again, and was forced to lie upon the cold hard ground all night.

He tried to sleep, but he could not ; because he was so cold and hungry. Then he got up and stood looking about, to see if he could see his kind master and mistress anywhere ; but he could not see them. He did not like to go away from the house, because he had lived there so long, and his master and mistress had been so good to him, and he had been so comfortable there. At last, he did go away to try to find a bone or something of that sort in the road or in the streets. So he found an old bone, now and then, but

they had no meat on them ; yet he tried to eat the bones, and almost broke his teeth, they were so hard ; so he left the bones in the street and went away.

In this manner Turk went about the streets for several days ; but one day he thought he would go back and see if his master and mistress were come home : but they were dead, and could not come home ; but poor Turk did not know that. So he went three or four times round the house, and stopped every time to look at the door to see if anybody would come out of it ; but no one came out, there was no one in the house at all ; so he was forced to go into the town once more, to see if he could find a bit of anything to eat, he did not care what it was.

One very cold wet morning, poor Turk was very ill and hungry ; he had not tasted anything for two days ; he could hardly walk. As he was moving slowly along, he spied a chimney sweeper, standing at a door, with a brush under his arm, eating a slice of bread and butter, nearly as broad as his brush. When the dog came up to the fence where the chimney sweeper was standing, he stopped and looked at the bread and butter, and thought he should like to have a bit of it. He tried to wag his tail and looked pleased, but he could hardly move his tail, he was so weak and hungry and cold.

The chimney sweeper saw the dog looking at his bread and butter, so he held it out to the dog, as if he were going to give him a piece of it, and the poor dog was just going to open his mouth to get a mouthful, when, the chimney sweeper, all at once, took his brush from under his arm, and struck the dog such a heavy

blow on the top of his head, that he fell right down upon his side into the gutter, as if he had been shot dead.

When poor Turk dropped into the gutter, the chimney sweeper began to laugh at him, and was glad that he had knocked him down; but just at that moment a gentleman was going along the street, and he saw the dog fall. So he went up to the chimney sweeper as quickly as he could, and gave him two or three smart cuts over his back and shoulders with his cane. This made the chimney sweeper run away as fast as he could run, and made him cry out as if he had been killed. He ran so fast, that he let his brush fall from under his arm, and, as he was coming back to get it, the gentleman went up to him, and with his cane gave him a few more good, hard, smart blows over his back and shoulders. The chimney sweeper snatched up his brush and ran away as fast as he could run. The gentleman said, Take that, you bad, cruel boy, and see how you like to be beaten yourself; but the chimney sweeper did not stop to answer him.

67.—THE HISTORY OF POOR TURK.

I dare say, that every kind hearted boy, who reads the first story of the history of poor Turk, will be glad to know something more about him. All good boys, and girls likewise, will want to know what become of him, after he was knocked down by the cruel boy, that

was so much beaten by the gentleman for ill using the dog; they will, I dare say, be glad to know whether Turk ever went again to look for his kind master and mistress, or whether he got another master or not, whether he was killed, or whether he only got up again after the bad boy had so ill-treated him.

Well, as I like to please all good boys and girls, if they will be attentive, I will tell them what became of him afterwards; because this story is, I think, quite as good, if not better, than the last.

After the gentleman had beaten the chimney sweep with his cane twice, he went back to the dog to see if he were dead or alive, and whether he thought he was strong enough to live, or whether he thought he would soon die in the street. Poor Turk was not quite dead, but he was so ill and weak that he could not get up and stand upon his legs; indeed, he could hardly move his head or open his eyes, or get out of the way of a coach, if one had been coming down the street.

After the gentleman had looked at the dog for some time, he tried to help him up upon his feet, but poor Turk could not stand a minute, but fell down again as he had fallen before. So the gentleman sent for his servant to come to him as soon as possible. The servant was a proper man for dogs, so he came to his master very quickly. Then the servant lifted up the dog, and he was very strong, so he carried the dog under his arm like nothing. He carried him to the gentleman's house, which was about half a mile off, or so.

When the gentleman got home, he ordered the dog, Turk, to be taken to the cook in the kitchen to be laid

upon a rug before the fire. The cook said, she always liked to have a good fire, so that it might be ready for anything that she wanted it for, to warm a poor dog, or a cat, or a poor child. In a very short time after he had been placed upon the rug, Turk began to move his two fore feet, after that he could move his other two feet, and after that he could move his tail and his ears, and could open his eyes ; at last he raised his head a little, then he got quite warm and dry, and began to feel comfortable on one side of him that was nearest the fire, so they turned the other side to the fire. After a short time, that side also got dry and warm, and nice and comfortable, like the other side. Then the cook went to attend to the cat and the kittens, and to give them their breakfast, as they were rather late in getting their breakfast that morning.

So the cook took a jug of milk from the shelf in the cupboard, and began to pour some of the milk into a small dish, which she called the cat's dish, and the cat and the kittens began to lap up the milk as fast as they could, and at the same time they made a noise with their tongues and lips, with lapping the milk. Just at that moment the poor dog lifted up his head quickly, and opened his eyes ; in an instant, he saw the old cat and the little cats lapping their breakfast all very comfortably together, then poor Turk started up, as well as he could, and went to the cat's dish and began to lap the milk that belonged to the old cat and the kittens. But before Turk knew what he was about, the old cat screamed, and flew right at his face, and gave his ear such a scratch that it began to bleed ; then one of the kittens tried to bite a piece out of his

other ear, but the kitten's teeth were not long enough for that.

Poor Turk, however, did not care for that a bit, but kept lapping the milk till it was all gone, while the old cat was screaming, and spitting, and twisting her tail about all the time, and was very angry all the time. Then the cook gave the dog some more milk, but the cat would not take any of it; she was so vexed at the dog. The cook then gave Turk some good bones, with a little meat on them, Turk eat a good many of them at once. The cook was so very kind to him, that in five or six days he was quite well, and as strong as he was before his master and mistress died.

But there is something more to tell you about this dog and the chimney sweep, and there is another tale which I will read to you as soon as I have time, if you would wish to hear what become of them both, or what they did afterwards.



68.—THE HISTORY OF POOR TURK.

I have told you two stories about Turk and the chimney sweeper, and the gentleman and the cook, and the cat and the kittens. I am now going to begin the third story about Turk; this will be the last, so I hope it will be a good story, and that you and every clever boy will read it two or three times, very attentively, and try to understand it perfectly!

The gentleman that beat the chimney sweeper for ill-using the dog, had his house robbed one night by some robbers; so he thought if he had a good house dog, the dog would bark, when the robbers came again to rob the house, and steal the rest of his things, that they did not take away with them before! If he had a dog that could bark well, he would give him time, before they got into the house, to get his gun charged and ready to shoot them, just as they were entering the house to rob it.

The gentleman thought, if he had a dog that could bark very loudly, and make a great noise with his mouth, and growl; the thieves, perhaps, would think the dog was going to worry them, then I dare say the thieves would run away and not rob the gentleman's house again, for fear of the dog.

So the gentleman sent for a carpenter, the next day, and told the carpenter to make him a little wooden house, big enough for the dog to live in, in the night time! The carpenter said to the gentleman, it would be proper to measure the dog, to see how many feet and inches the dog was, in height and length and breadth, and how big he must make the dog's house; so that he might have room enough to live in it, and move himself about when he was in the inside of it.

Then they brought Turk to the carpenter to be measured; the carpenter then measured Turk, from the end of his nose to the end of his tail; and from the top of his back down to the ground. The carpenter was quite pleased with Turk for standing so quiet, while he was measuring him for his house. In three days' time, the house was made! It was in the shape of a proper house, but the door was at the end instead of the side; and there were no windows in it; because a dog, when he wants to look out of his house, or into his house, he looks through the door, so he does not want windows at all. The gentleman told his servant to put some straw into the dog's house for him to sleep on; Turk did not want any chairs to sit on, he could do without chairs very well; because he did not like to sit on a chair!

Turk used to stop all night in his wooden house,

except now and then, he came out to see if he could hear anybody coming in the night, to rob his master's house; he knew very well that he must bark, if he heard any noise about the house after the family were gone to bed.

One dark night, about twelve o'clock, he heard some thieves get into the garden, over the fence. Then he soon sprang out of his kennel, and began to bark, and run after and frighten them away; so they soon whipt over the garden fence, back again, and were quite frightened; and never came again, because they knew the dog would always bark and frighten them away; and perhaps the gentleman would come out and shoot one or two of them with his gun.

Turk, when he had taken his supper, went every night into the garden to his kennel; a kennel is nothing more than a little wooden house for a dog to remain in when he does not like to remain out of doors. When he went into his kennel, he did not walk into it backwards, as he might have done; but he put his head in first, and walked in that way; but after he got into it altogether, he turned himself round, so that his head could just lie in the door of his house; then he could see and hear anything that was improper, anywhere about the house or the garden: and so he was ready to run and bark and catch any thieves or robbers, or bad boys that come to do anything improper.

The cook who had been so very kind to poor Turk, was very much afraid that robbers would come some night, when it was very dark, and run away with her, and take all her things. She was glad that he remained out all night, till it was light in the morning.

But when it was morning, he went into the kitchen, and the cook gave him a good breakfast, because she was afraid of the robbers.

It was one very cold wet morning, when the gentleman that was the dog's master, was looking through a window into the street, he saw a boy standing at his door: he was very ragged and cold, and looked very hungry. He had no shoes to his feet, and his toes were very sore and cold, and the boy was crying very bitterly. The gentleman asked him to go into his kitchen and the cook would give him some breakfast.

The ragged boy was very glad to get some good food, because he was so hungry, and there was a good fire in the kitchen. So she soon made him a fine mess of hot milk, and cut him a thick slice of bread, which the ragged boy was going to eat; but just at that moment Turk came from his kennel into the kitchen, for his breakfast. So the cook had three breakfasts to make that morning. Then the ragged boy looked at Turk, and Turk looked at the ragged boy, and before anybody could speak a word, Turk flew right at him, and seized him by the arm, with his sharp teeth, and in an instant threw him down upon the kitchen floor; and held him down quite firm. The cook was frightened; she thought the boy was a thief.

The ragged hungry boy began to scream. The gentleman heard him, and did not know what he was screaming for; so he ran into the kitchen, to see what was the matter, and was frightened to see the dog with his teeth fast hold of the boy's arm; while the cook was calling, Oh! master, Turk has caught a robber!—Turk has caught a robber! At the same time the boy was

screaming out, Oh ! Sir, take the dog away,—take him away. He will kill me; he is biting my arm off—he has pulled one of my arms off. The gentleman could not tell what to make of all this.

Then the gentleman went up to Turk and said to him, Come Turk, let him go ; that is quite enough,—let the poor boy go—why did you bite him so, Turk, I should be glad to know? So the gentleman and the cook took the boy up to see what was the matter. The gentleman said, he never knew Turk bite any one before in all his life-time ; and asked the cook if Turk ever bit any one else that came into the kitchen. The cook said no, he never bit any one, but this boy. The gentleman said, that was very strange. So he asked the boy if he had ever seen the dog before? The boy said, yes Sir, I have ; I know the dog, and he knows me. I once saw him in the streets ; he was very hungry, and I offered to give him a bit of bread ; but instead of that, I knocked him down with my brush, and almost killed him. Then the gentleman stared at the boy, and the boy stared at the gentleman ! The boy said, after I had knocked the dog down with my brush, a gentleman about as big as you, Sir, gave me a good caning, so I ran away, but I lost my brush, and as I was stopping to pick it up, the gentleman caned me again ; then I ran away, and made up my mind that I would never knock another dog down again as long as I might live, because the gentleman gave me such a beating.

When I came into the kitchen, this morning, the dog knew me again in a minute, and flew at me, because I had knocked him down. He has now bit me for it ! I

am sorry that I hurt him. I never hurt a dog in all my life time before, and I will never hurt any animal of any kind in future, as long as I live, if the dog will forgive me for what I have done. The gentleman then said, I saw you beat the dog, and I gave you two canings for it; and the dog has punished you himself; so I think you have been punished enough.

I hope you will never, as long as you live, behave cruelly to any animal whatever, for God has made all animals with sense and feeling; and dogs are very useful, sensible, and clever creatures; they know when they are beaten and ill-used for nothing; and they do a great deal of good in the world.

Then the cook looked at the boy's arm; she washed it, and put some stuff upon it, and said she could cure it in less than half a year; at last the gentleman and his dog forgave the boy; so the boy and the dog took their breakfasts together, and were very good friends to each other ever after that time. I hope all children will attend to this history of poor Turk, and take notice how the bad boy was punished, and remember how good and useful dogs and other animals are.



69.—THE WALKING GENTLEMAN AND THE FAT GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman, that lived near London, was very fond of walking. He walked several miles every day ; he walked so much and so well, that he was never tired : and then he said he could eat his food properly, and sleep well when he went to bed at night, and when he got up in the morning he was quite strong and quite well, and in very good temper with everybody, and was never vexed with himself, and he did not eat so many times in the day as some gentlemen do, and he did not eat and drink so much at once as some people eat and drink.

This gentleman had a friend that lived near the house where he lived, but he never walked out to see the fields, and the farmers at work, and the horses and cows and sheep. He did not know what a plough was, nor what they did with the plough ; he did not know how the ground was ploughed, and he had never seen

the farmers throw the seed into the ground, and then harrow it to cover the seed with the earth, to make it grow up till it was corn; and he had never seen the corn come up, and grow till it got as high as a gate, or a hedge, or a bush; and he had never seen it grow till it turned yellow by the hot sunshine, and then to be cut by the farmer and his men.

He had never seen any of these fine things, nor had he seen the corn when it was cut and put into a large cart or a wagon, and taken to be thrashed, and when it was thrashed, to be taken to a corn-mill to be ground into flour to make bread of.

The gentleman that was so good a walker, had seen all these things himself, and knew all the things that a farmer does; and also what the miller does: and how the miller sets the mill a going, and how he grinds the corn, and how he stops the mill when all the corn is ground, or when he goes to bed at night.

I told you, that the gentleman that was such a good walker got up every morning a long time before breakfast time, and if it was a fine morning, he used to go out and see the sun shine, and hear the birds sing, and see the people at work, and the birds flying about and building their nests; then perhaps he took a good walk before breakfast, to see some curious place, or some fine bridge, or a large river, or some other curiosity in nature or art; and then he came home to breakfast, and while he was getting his breakfast, he told the people where he had been that morning, and how many miles it was, and what he had seen; so the people were all quite glad to hear him talk, because he talked so very well, and explained things so very nicely. He explained to them what Nature was, and what Art was,

If it was a wet morning, and rained so fast that he could not walk out that morning, he used to take a book and read an hour or two; or perhaps he would write a good long letter to one of his friends that lived a good way off, in Liverpool, or Ireland, or in North America, and one that he had not seen for a long time; perhaps two or three years.

The other gentleman that was idle and fat, and had not seen hardly anything at all, was always ill, and his feet were swelled, and his legs were so stiff that he could hardly move himself about; so he always remained in the house, and laid upon a large chair almost long enough for a bed; besides, he could not put on a pair of boots, his hands were so swelled with eating so much, and with being so idle; and he was forced to have a servant to pull his coat off, and the same servant was forced to button his waistcoat in the morning, and unbutton it at night; and what was the worst of all, I think, he could not hold a book in his hand to read; and he could not read a newspaper without putting it upon a table, and then he could only read a little bit of the bottom of it that was near the edge of the table: all this was very bad you will say.

70.—THE WALKING GENTLEMAN AND THE FAT GENTLEMAN.

The fat gentleman at last was very sorry that he could not enjoy himself the same as the gentleman that was so good a walker; then he sent a servant to ask the walking gentleman if he would be so kind as to

come and see him, and talk to him, and take breakfast with him at half-past eleven o'clock the next morning.

The gentleman said, Very well: tell your master I will come and see him at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Then the servant went and told his master what the gentleman had said, so then he was very much pleased that the other gentleman would come to see him and talk to him, and take breakfast with him at half-past eleven o'clock.

A little time before eleven o'clock the next morning, the walking gentleman set off to see his fat friend; when he got to the house, the servant opened the door for him, and he went into the house, into a room where there was a large chair, almost long enough for a bed; and there was a little bed upon the chair, that was made nice and soft for the fat gentleman, when he came down stairs to breakfast.

But the fat gentleman had not got himself dressed yet, so the walking gentleman sat down in a chair, and began to read a newspaper. He read three very amusing stories in the newspaper; one story was about a man that could run as fast as a horse could gallop; another story was about a man, indeed, he was a sailor, that went up a ship's mast, to the very top of it, and then stood upon his head upon the mast, and turned round three times, and while he was turning round he sung "God save the Queen," and then came down into the ship safe and well as ever he was in all his life time before.

The other story was about a man who said he had seen a sea-serpent, with a head as big as a whole donkey, and a body as long as a ship's cable; but the walking

gentleman, said he did not believe a sea-serpent was quite as long as that.

When he had read these three stories in the newspaper, the clock struck twelve, and as soon as it had done striking, the fat gentleman was brought into the parlour by three of his servants, and put upon the long chair with a soft bed upon it ; then the servants brought in the breakfast, and put it upon the table, and pushed the table close up to the fat gentleman upon the soft bed.

Then he said to the walking gentleman, I am glad to see you, how do you do this morning ? I am quite well, I thank you, Sir, I never was better in my life : how do you do this morning, I hope you are very well, Sir. I thank you, Sir, but I am very ill, very ill indeed ; I could not sleep at all last night, and I have not slept scarcely half an hour a night for many months ; and I cannot do the least thing for myself, and the doctors say they cannot give me any physic that will cure me. I have been told, that you have cured two or three fat men already, that were almost as ill as I am. I should be glad to do anything, or take any physic that you will buy for me, for I am tired of lying upon this bed all day, for it is as hard as a board, and I want to unfat myself, and get well, and walk about and see things the same as you do.

After that, the fat gentleman tried to take some breakfast, but he could hardly take a bit, it was, he said, so bad, it tasted like physic. Then, the walking gentleman began to eat, and he eat a plate of nice cold beef, and three good slices of bread to it, and drank four cups of tea and coffee ; after that he had some

more beef, and an egg, and a slice of ham, and some milk.

So the fat gentleman was astonished to see the walking gentleman eat his food, so well, that he could not eat; so he said to him, I am glad to see you eat my beef, I hope you have made a good breakfast, Sir. This is my dinner, Sir, said the walking gentleman, and an excellent dinner I have made, your beef is capital, and I never tasted better ham in all my life time; I took my breakfast this morning at half-past seven o'clock, as I always do;—I dine at half-past twelve, and take supper at seven, and go to bed at ten, and get up at six o'clock every morning, unless I get up before. Then, Sir, said the walking gentleman, as you ask me to try to cure you of your illness, and to unfat you, and make you able to walk, and go out to see things, I will give you my word that I can perform all this, or rather, you shall perform it yourself if you will mind and do all that I tell you.

The fat gentleman said he would do his best to get well as soon as he could, because he was tired of being in the house all day and all night, and lying upon his hard bed in the day time, and not being able to sleep all night.

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71.—THE WALKING GENTLEMAN AND THE FAT  
GENTLEMAN.

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Then the gentleman that eat the plate of beef, said, you must get up every morning at six o'clock; so, next morning he got up at six o'clock, and he said, you



must try to walk a little way before breakfast; and you must breakfast at eight o'clock. So he got two stout sticks to walk with, and the walking gentleman took hold of his arm, and in this way he walked almost fifty yards, and fifty yards to come back again; that is, fifty and fifty are a hundred yards.

When the clock struck eight, the two gentlemen took breakfast together, but the fat one, sat in a proper chair this time, because the other gentleman sent the long chair and the bed away out of the room; after breakfast he read the newspaper, and found some nice stories in it, and some nice reading besides, about two ships sailing to see whether of them could sail the faster; and about so many people going in boats to see the race between the two ships.

After he had read the newspaper, it was time to take another walk, so he took his two stout sticks, and they went out as before. They went on better this time, at last they came to a large tree that was cut down; so they sat down upon it to rest themselves, and look about them, at the sky and the fields, and the sheep and oxen, and horses; they all looked so nice and quiet and happy. Then, they saw two stout men come with two large axes upon their shoulders, the fat man did not know what they were going to do with the two axes; but he soon saw them go up to a tall tree, so he asked the walking gentleman what they were going to do with the tree. He said, they were going to cut it down. Then they began to cut away as hard as they could; first one cut, and then the other cut, as fast as they could strike; and they made the chips fly a good way from the tree. The fat gentleman said he should

like to see them cut the tree right down, because he had never seen a tree cut down in all his life time before; so he got up and walked close up to the men, to see how fast they did it, and how soon the tree would fall upon the grass. The men with the axes stopped a while, to put a long rope over one of the thick branches of the tree, and then began to use their axes again, so the tree soon began to shake. Then all the four persons got hold of the rope, and were going to pull, but one of the men said three of them only had better pull, because the gentleman with the two sticks could not run away fast enough when the tree was falling, so he was vexed because they would not let him help to pull the tree down. So three of them gave a few good hearty pulls at the rope, and down came the tree with a crash: it shook the ground and covered a good part of the field.

The fat gentleman was so pleased when the tree fell, that he came quite fast close up to it, to see how big it was. Then he gave each of the men a shilling, and began to walk home to his own house to dinner, because he was ordered to dine at one o'clock. When they got home, the fat gentleman said he was tired and hungry, but he did not think he was as fat as he was yesterday. When they got into the house the dinner was nearly ready; at last they had dinner, and the fat gentleman said, he thought the cook had sent up a better dinner to day than she had made for a long time before; because he liked it so much. He then asked his friend, the walking gentleman, when they should take coffee? The gentleman said, at seven o'clock. And when shall we take supper, said the fat gentleman?

Supper, said the other gentleman; I cannot allow you to eat any supper, if you eat suppers I cannot cure you at all. After dinner, they took another walk, further than before, and then they took coffee; and at ten o'clock they went to bed. And the fat gentleman slept a good deal better that night, and was in a good temper next morning because he had slept better, and was not quite so fat. They took a pleasant walk before breakfast: he had only one stick this time, and he walked half a mile, to see a man setting mole traps. The man was a mole catcher.

He was delighted with this walk, and felt better and better. They had breakfast again, and read the newspaper, and took another walk, and dined at one o'clock, and took tea at seven o'clock, and went to bed without supper. He slept better than ever this night, and the next morning he walked without any stick, to see the mole catcher once more.

And in this way, in less than a month, he could walk, and sleep, and eat his dinner, as well as anybody. Then the walking gentleman went home to his own house again, and told his friend he must be sure to walk a long way every day, and go to bed without supper.

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## 72.—THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

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The gentleman that was so clever as to cure the other gentleman that could not walk, took a walk after dinner one day. He thought he would see what coaches were going to London, and how fast they were moving along. He saw some coaches that were drawn

by two horses, some that were drawn by three horses, and some drawn by four horses.

There were several people on the outsides of the coaches, and several in the insides; but he could not speak to any of the people, because the coaches were going on so fast. Then the gentleman walked along upon the road, with the little boy that was with him when he went out.

When they had walked about two miles, they saw something a long way before them; they looked at it for some time, and then they thought it began to move: then it came nearer and nearer to them, but they could not tell what it was. At last the boy said he thought he heard a bell ring, or something very like a bell. In a short time, they heard the bell ring quite plainly, and when they heard the bell ring, they heard a dog bark, and there was a great noise from some other animals which were coming along; they were about as big as dogs, but they had no hair upon them as dogs have; and they were all white but two or three.

Very soon after the gentleman and the boy met these animals, and went close up to them, and what do you think they were? why, they were sheep! It was a large flock of sheep. Some of them had bells about their necks, and when the sheep moved along, the bells rang and made a great noise; and when the sheep moved their heads up and down, the bells also made a great noise; but I do not know the reason why they put bells about the necks of some, and not about others. I think they should all have been served alike. I should like to know whether a sheep would rather have a bell about her neck, or walk without a bell? When the dog

barked and made the sheep run, they made a fine dust in the road, and the bells made a fine noise at the same time.

A man and a dog were taking care of the sheep, and driving them along the road to London, to sell them in London to anybody that wanted to buy sheep. When the gentleman came up to the man, he asked the man what trade he was. The man said he was a shepherd, and his trade was to take care of sheep, and take them to any place where they ought to be taken, and to see that none of them ran away and got lost; and that he had a dog to help him to take care of them; if one of them got away, and he could not run fast enough to fetch them back, his dog soon ran fast enough, and made them come back and go with the rest of the flock.

The walking gentleman asked the shepherd what his dog's name was? The shepherd said, he called him Keeper, because he took so much care of the flock, and never let any of them be lost or stolen and eaten by the wolves. Then the gentleman was pleased, and looked at Keeper again, and saw that he looked quite sharp and attentive. The gentleman asked the shepherd how many sheep he had in this flock? He said, I have just two hundred and twenty.

The shepherd then said to his dog, go, Keeper, and take care of the sheep while I talk to this gentleman. As soon as he had said that, Keeper set off and began to be very active, and bark a great deal, and went close up behind the sheep to see that they were all right and in their proper places, and that none of them left the flock to run away. At last there was one stout sheep that wanted to run away somewhere. So she tried to

leap over the fence, and get into the field, and run into a wood at the other side of the field. But Keeper run and pulled the sheep back directly, and made her go with the rest. Keeper caught the sheep by the wool, and pulled her back down into the road again, and made her go with the rest of them to London. Keeper did not hurt the sheep, he only pulled her by the neck, and did not bite hard. Keeper pulled her by the neck because he knew he could turn her head better than if he had laid hold of her tail.

When the little boy saw the dog pull the sheep down the bank and made her go among the others; he was quite delighted, and said, he did not think that a dog had sense enough for such work as that. The shepherd said, that Keeper was so clever that he could take all the sheep to London himself, without losing one of them; but Keeper did not know how to sell them without somebody to help him, because he could not tell how much money he ought to sell one sheep for.

When Keeper made the stout sheep come down the bank, and go with the other sheep, he came running up to his master and wagged his tail, and looked up in his master's face! Then his master stooped to him and said, Keeper, you are a good dog, Keeper, and patted him several times upon the head and back and ribs. So Keeper was quite pleased with this. When dogs have done anything clever they are like boys that have done anything clever; they like to be told of it, and to be patted upon the head, and to be called good boys. in the same manner that Keeper liked to be called a good dog. The gentleman then stooped, and was

going to call Keeper a good dog, and to pat him with his hand, but Keeper looked rather shy at him, and then ran away once more to look after and take care of the sheep, till the shepherd had done talking to the gentleman.

The gentleman said to the shepherd, you have a very capital dog. Why would he not let me speak to him and pat him? Because, said the shepherd, Keeper knows that you do not understand anything about sheep dogs. How long have you had your dog Keeper, said the gentleman? I have had him about three years. Well, said the gentleman, I never saw such a clever knowing dog as Keeper, in all my lifetime before. Oh Sir, said the shepherd, I have another dog at home, quite as clever as Keeper. Well, said the little boy, that is very wonderful indeed, pray, what is his name, is he called Keeper also? Oh no, that would not do at all, said the shepherd, to have two dogs that lived together, called by the same name.

The dog that I have left at home is called Watch. Watch and Keeper are brothers; I have always been kind to them and they are kind to the sheep, I never beat them. I taught them both to take care of the sheep when they were young, they learnt very fast, they improved a little every day. I have left Watch at home by himself to take care of the sheep there; but if you and this little boy will come to my house to-morrow morning, before eight o'clock, you shall see Keeper and Watch together. Then the shepherd told them where his house was, so the gentleman and the little boy both thanked the shepherd for telling them so many curious things, and said, they

would be glad to come to his house to see what sort of a dog Watch was.

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73.—THE TWO DOGS, THE SHEPHERD, LITTLE GEORGE  
AND THE GENTLEMAN.

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The next morning the gentleman and the little boy got out of their beds before six o'clock, because they had to walk more than three miles to the shepherd's cottage; but they did not mind that. The little boy could walk a good deal farther than three miles, when there were any things to be seen that were wonderful. This boy's name was George; he was a good walker.

As they passed along they heard many of the birds singing very sweetly upon the trees and in the hedges. It was a fine morning, and birds are fond of a fine morning; it makes them feel so nice, so they begin to



sing. The sun was bright and warm; and they saw many men and boys and horses going to finish their work in the fields. Some of the men had large sharp things upon their shoulders, called sithes,—these sithes were to mow the grass with, when they wanted to make hay of it: some of them had bags in their hands, with bread and cheese and meat in them for their dinners; and one clever boy had a little barrel under his arm,—it was a nice little thing, hardly bigger than a tea kettle. There was something in it for the men to drink when they were thirsty.

After a very nice walk, they came to the shepherd's house; and just as they were looking about the field, where the house was, they saw the shepherd coming through a gate, with two little boys with him. Then the shepherd was quite glad that they had found out the proper way to his cottage, as he told them the day before. So he said, I am glad to see you and George this morning; it is a fine morning. George was a very good little talker, so he said to the shepherd, we are come to see your two dogs, Keeper and Watch. The shepherd said, I have left them both in the field, through the wood, taking care of the sheep, while we are getting our breakfast in the house; and if you will be so good as to go in with us, you shall be welcome to take breakfast with us.

Then George asked the shepherd if the dogs would not run away somewhere, and leave the sheep to themselves. Oh, no! said the shepherd, the dogs would not come away, if they were all day and all night by themselves. That is very kind of them, said little George.

Then they all went into the house, and sat down, very quietly, in a room, where there was a nice long clean white table, with several messes of milk in nice brown cups, and some plates with some thick slices of brown bread. The bread had such a good smell, that little George said softly to himself, I should like to have one of those slices of that nice brown bread: I think it would eat very nice.

Then the shepherd's wife came in, and asked little George and the gentleman if they would please to have some breakfast. With all my heart, said the gentleman. Then she said to George, can you eat any of my home-made brown bread? Yes, very well I thank you. So the shepherd and his wife, and their two little boys, and the gentleman and little George, all sat up to the table to have a breakfast of brown bread and milk.

In five minutes, or so, all the plates of bread were eaten, and the plates were left empty; so the shepherd's wife went into a little place, called a pantry, and cut another dishful of brown bread, and went into the breakfast room with it. So she asked little George if he could eat some more of her home-made bread. Yes, I thank you, said little George, I can, very well, if you please.

So they all finished their meal of brown bread and milk; and the gentleman said he had not made such a good breakfast, nor eaten such nice sweet bread as that for many a long month. He said the milk, also, was very good; and said to the shepherd's wife, how many cows do you keep? She said, we keep one cow, but she gives us eight quarts of milk every time, that is, sixteen quarts a day,—eight in the morning and eight

in the evening,—that is, eight and eight are sixteen; and I bake the bread myself in our own oven.

Then little George said, how soon shall we go to see Watch and Keeper?

After that, they all set off together, to go and see the two dogs that were taking care of the flock, in the field through the wood. There was a path through the wood about three feet wide, and the wood was four hundred yards across; some of the trees were very tall, and some of them were short and thick. As they were going through the wood, they saw some animals like cats, leaping from one tree to another in a very clever manner.

When they came to the other side of the wood, they were in a large field, in which was a great number of sheep; all the sheep were marked with large red letters, and some of them had bells about their necks.

Little George asked, why some of them had such large curly horns on their heads? The shepherd said, because they were rams; some people called them tups. Well, said little George, I never knew that before now. So, after looking about for a little while, he saw a dog coming to the shepherd. Well, said little George, here comes Keeper, I declare. But it was not Keeper, it was Watch; Keeper was at the other side of the field, minding the flock on that side of the field, to see that none of them ran away.

The shepherd said, this is Watch, but he is very like his brother Keeper, only Keeper has a little more white on his tail than Watch has, but Watch has rather longer ears. Come along, Watch, said the shepherd to him. Then Watch went with the shepherd and all the rest

of them, to the other side of the field, where Keeper was guarding the sheep and the tups. Keeper, said the shepherd, here is little George come to see you; stand still, Keeper, and let the little good boy pat you, and speak to you; so Keeper was pleased, and stood close to little George, who patted him, several times, on the head and back, and said, Keeper, what a fine dog you are; I like you very much, Keeper, because I saw you yesterday taking the sheep to London; and because you are so good as to let me pat your head and back. Then Keeper wagged his tail at little George, and put his nose to his hand to smell what he had had for his breakfast.

At last, the two dogs, and the three boys, and the two men, stood all close together, looking at one another.

Then the gentleman took his purse out, and gave a piece of silver to each of the shepherd's boys, and a piece of gold to the shepherd; and when they had said good morning, the gentleman and little George took hold of each other's hands, and walked towards their own house.





74.—PLUTO IN LONDON.

There was once a dog so quiet, that he would not meddle with any people, if they did not touch him. He was always in a good humour; and he was very fond of his master, and his master was very kind to him, and let him go with him to any place that he went to himself. His master did not like his dog to be without a name; so he called him Pluto. He thought this was a very fine name for a dog. Pluto one day went all the way to London, but his master went with him; they kept very near each other all the way, because they did not want to lose each other.

When they got to London, there were so many dogs and cats, and houses, and coaches and horses, and streets, and people, that, at last, they could not tell which way to go! There were so many people walking along, on both sides of the street, and so many coaches and horses in the middle of that street, that the dog's

master went down the wrong street; and the dog kept on straight forward, till they were both lost! Pluto lost his master, and his master lost Pluto! This was a sad misfortune, as you shall soon hear, when I inform you all that happened to them after they had lost each other in London!

Pluto kept walking on till he got to the end of the street, where there was a large open place, almost like a field; but it had an iron fence round it; and there was a horse with a man sitting upon it. At first, Pluto thought it was a proper horse, and a proper man upon it; but when he went nearer to it, he saw that it was not a proper horse, nor a live man upon it. The horse could not move, and the man could not speak; they were made of stone or metal, or some sort of hard stuff. Pluto thought they were of no use and were good for nothing! So he left them standing stock still, like Robinson Crusoe's boat; and was going away to see where his master had gone; but all the dogs about there came out to look at him. They had never seen such a dog as Pluto before—they did not like him at all. So they began to bark at him, and one of them ran up to him to smell at him, and was going to bite him in the tail, but at that instant Pluto turned his head round, very quickly, and gave the London dog such a bite in the ear that he almost pulled his ear off. As soon as the dog got his ear out of Pluto's mouth, he ran away as fast as ever he had run in all his life time before. He was afraid the other dog had bitten a piece of his ear off, but he only made a few holes through it with his teeth!

After that the other dogs left off barking for a while, and began to hold their heads up, and were all going

to run away home. But there was another London dog that came up and went close up to Pluto; then all the rest of the dogs began to bark as before. This London dog was bigger than the other dog that ran away with the holes through his ear. So he thought he would catch Pluto by his ear, and bite a piece of it off, if he could; but he could not, for, just as he was going to get Pluto's ear between his teeth, Pluto opened his mouth so quickly, and had such sharp teeth, that he caught the London dog by his nose, and held him so fast that he could not pull his nose out of Pluto's mouth. When Pluto had held him fast for some time, he gave him two or three good shakes, and let him go. So he ran away like as the other dog ran away, as fast as he could run. As he was running away, he turned his head back to see if Pluto was running after him: he was afraid Pluto would get hold of his nose again, and shake him two or three times as he shook him before.

So Pluto had beaten two of the dogs that came up to beat him; but you see they could not do it, because Pluto was too strong for them. He sent one of them away with a sore ear, and the other with a sore nose. Then the London dogs did not know what they should do with Pluto. They thought they would try to frighten him, if they could. So they all began to bark and to growl, and to show their teeth; but they did not want to go up to Pluto any closer than they were: they kept about ten yards from him, and were afraid to go any nearer. They kept looking at Pluto, but were afraid of him, because he was so rough and strong, and had such a big tail and such thick legs, and so many

long sharp teeth, and because he was so bold and could fight so well.

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75.—PLUTO IN LONDON.

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While the London dogs were barking and looking at Pluto they all remained together, and at last were quiet, so Pluto had time to begin to think about his master; he thought he would go and try to find him, because he did not like to go about the streets of London by himself. Then he turned himself round to go away to look for his master, when the London dogs saw that Pluto was going away, they all began to bark again and to growl as before.

Then Pluto thought they were all coming after him, so he turned his head to look at them, then they all left off barking again, and at that very moment he saw a large rough dog coming straight forward up to him. Pluto was astonished. This big London dog thought he could beat Pluto all to nothing any day, and the London dogs thought the same, that he could beat Pluto.

The London dog was the biggest dog in all that part of London, his name was Rumble; he had a big tail and thick legs, and long sharp teeth, the same as Pluto had; but he was rather too fat, he could not move quite fast enough. But just as Pluto was turning round again to go away, Rumble dashed up to him and caught him fast by his leg with his teeth, and pushed Pluto down upon the ground with a good bang,



and hurt Pluto's head against a sharp stone. Then all the London dogs were glad and began to bark, and ran quite close up to the two dogs that were fighting upon the ground.

Rumble held Pluto so fast by the leg, and hurt him so much with his teeth, that he did not know how to get away and what he should do next. At last Pluto got so vexed with Rumble that he opened his mouth, in a savage manner, as wide as he could, and got fast hold of Rumble's tail and bit it as hard as ever he could, because he thought then Rumble would let go his leg, and then he could get up and defend himself better. So when Rumble felt Pluto's long teeth going through his tail, they hurt him so much that he was obliged to open his mouth and let go Pluto's leg. Then Pluto stuck quite fast to his tail, and gave it two or three good pinches and shakes with his teeth, that almost pulled his tail off, and pushed Rumble down and held him down a long time. Then the dogs left off barking. Then Rumble, the fat dog, began to roar very loud, and to try to get away from Pluto; but Pluto pulled as hard as he could one way, and Rumble pulled as hard as he could the other way. At last Pluto let go his tail, and Rumble set off as quick as lightning, to be off and to go home, because he was afraid of Pluto, that he would get hold of his tail again.

Pluto's leg was so sore that he could not walk with it at all, he was forced to walk with three legs, so he limped off to look for his master once more. Pluto then went through a good many streets, till it grew quite dark, and poor fellow, he was cold and hungry

and sleepy and tired ; so he lay down in a corner near two old walls to rest himself, no one would give him anything to eat. The next morning a man threw a big stone at him, and another man gave him a blow with a lump of wood upon his ribs and knocked him down, and after that a baker's cart squeezed poor Pluto against a wheel barrow. The poor dog was almost killed, and wished he was at home again, he did not like London at all.

At last he went down a very long street : there were a great many people in it going away from London, Pluto thought that was the right way to go home. Then he began to smell to try to find his master, and in a minute or two he found his master standing at the end of a house ; they knew each other in a minute, and were quite glad to go home together. The master said, Pluto, we will never come to London again as long as we live.

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76.—THE DOVE AND THE SAVAGE BIRD.

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A flock of doves once flew so far, that one of them got quite tired—she could not fly any farther. She was behind the other doves. Then a savage bird saw the dove, and darted down upon her to try to catch her. But the dove flew through an open window into a lady's bed room, just as the savage bird was going to seize her. So the savage bird was forced to fly back again, for fear of being shot. When the lady saw the dove she was so pleased that she gave her some corn, and said she might live at her house as long as she pleased. So the dove never went away.



77.—GIANTS AND DWARFS.

There are three sorts of men in the world. Very large men, and very small men, and men that are neither very large nor very small—these are called middle sized men; because, if one of them should stand between a very small man, and a very large man, he would not be near so tall as a very large man, nor so short as a very little man.

The very large men are called giants, and the very small men are called dwarfs; but there is no name for those who are neither giants nor dwarfs. They are called only men, I suppose, because we can see so many of the middle sized people, any day, in the streets; or coming out of their houses, going to the shops and markets, to buy and sell all sorts of articles, and all kinds of food to eat, and clothes to wear.

A middle sized man is only about five or six feet high; so, I am sure, if a giant were no bigger than

this, nobody would like to pay any money to see him in a show ! They would laugh at him if he were no taller than five or six feet. And then, again, if a dwarf were not a very short little fellow, with a rather large head upon his shoulders, and very short legs, and very small shoes, and very small hands also, he would never do for a dwarf, by any means. If he were above three feet high he would be too tall for a proper dwarf; and, in this case, he ought not to make any charge to people for coming to see him in a show !

If a dwarf was only two feet and a half high—that is, only two feet six inches high,—and if he should set off from Hyde Park Corner, to walk along Oxford Street, to go to the Bank of England, to get some money; and if a real giant, at the same moment, should set off from the Bank of England, after he had got his money, and walk along Oxford Street, to go to Hyde Park Corner, I should like to know whereabouts in Oxford Street the giant and the dwarf would meet each other. And the next thing I should like to know, would be, whether they would stop to shake hands with each other when they met; and, also, how long they would wait, and what they would talk about. Perhaps the dwarf would ask the giant what news there was in the city that morning? And the giant would ask the dwarf what was the news at the west end of the town?

But, there is something more to be said about a real dwarf and a real giant! When the giant set off from the Bank, to go to the west end, I dare say a good many of the Cocknies would go with him, or follow him; but it is certain, that, if the giant walked, the Cocknies must run, or else they would not be able to keep up

with him, so they would lose sight of the wonderful man altogether! I say this, because a giant takes such long strides, when he does his best! Now, when the dwarf set off to go into the City to the Bank, if any people set off with him, they must either walk very slowly, or they would get before the dwarf. So then they could not see him, or else they must take very short strides,—no longer strides than the dwarf took!

I make no doubt, but hundreds of people would follow the giant from the City! and hundreds would follow the dwarf from Hyde Park Corner! and more and more people would go with the giant and the dwarf, and the rest of the mob, as they went along, so that, when they stopped to talk in Oxford Street, there would be, perhaps, the largest crowd of people that ever had been seen in London. There would be such a crowd of people about the wonderful little man and the wonderful big man, that, if they talked a long time, the street would not hold all the people that would like to have a sight of them.

Besides, many of the mob would not be able to see them, because they would be behind the others. Those that were behind could see a good bit of the giant, because he would reach higher than the middle sized people that stood around him; but as for the dwarf very few could see the whole of him, only the people who stood in front; because they would hinder the people that were behind them from seeing any part whatever of the little man,—not even so much as the crown of his hat!

After awhile the people that could not see the dwarf, would be vexed, and get into a bad humour, and begin

to push and pull one another about, first to one side and then to another, till, at last, they would begin to knock the peoples' hats off that were near the dwarf; and then they would begin to fight, as the mobs in London often do, when they cannot see as well as they wish. But the fighting people had much better not do it, close to the giant, because the giant could soon settle them all, and make them be quiet; because, he could knock down twelve of the Cocknies, at least, by one blow!

If the giant did not choose to make them cease fighting in the street, some of the men who wear blue coats with bright buttons, and who have bits of leather sewed upon the tops of their hats, would march up to the fighters, and seize them by their collars, and take them off at once to the Lord Mayor; and I am sure every little boy or girl knows what the Lord Mayor will do with people that are caught fighting in the public streets of London.

When the fighters were taken before the Lord Mayor, all the rest of the crowd would be very civil, for fear the Lord Mayor should send the men with blue coats for them also. So, when everything was quiet again, the giant and his little friend would set off again, the one to go to Hyde Park Corner, and the other to the Bank of England, as I told you before. When the giant began to move off, I mean a real giant, the crowd would get out of his way, as fast as they could, for fear he should, by mistake, walk over some of them and tread them to death in the street.

However, I do not think that giants are now as cruel as they used to be in former times! They used to be

very savage and hard-hearted, and killed great numbers of people, for no other reason but because they were so very strong, and the other people were so much less than the giants were. But the giants now are wiser, they know better, they are ashamed of the wicked deeds that their fathers, and grandfathers, and their uncles, and other relations did.

The giants that are alive now do not kill people as formerly they did ; they are more knowing now. The giants have found it out that it is better to let people live ; because the more people there are living in the world the better it will be for them ; for the giants I mean ; because the more people there are in the world, the more will want to go and look at the giants. Then, if he charged them so much a head, he could get so much more money in a year, and so would, in time, if he took care of his money, be a very rich giant !

There is another thing that I wish to speak of about these two sorts of people, giants and dwarfs. Everybody knows that a giant is nothing more than a man that grows till he is taller than any middle-sized people. In the same sort of way that some trees and plants grow in an orchard, or in a garden, till they become higher than the middle sized plants, that, of course, stop growing sooner. A tree of this kind may be called a giant tree, or a giant plant.

But people do not take so much notice of a giant tree, as they take of a real, proper, regular giant. Because, a giant tree always stands stock still in one place, like Robinson Crusoe's boat, and cannot walk about and show itself in a show, to those middle sized people that are fond of going to pay their money to see a real

live giant. Some people make pasteboard giants, but they are good for nothing. A clever boy would not give six-pence to see twenty of these pasteboard and foolish giants. Again, a dwarf is nothing but a man that stops growing when he is quite a little boy, just the same as in a litter of pigs, one of them is a very small pig, and never gets to be a big one; or the same as some very small apples, or potatoes, or other small things that grow amongst large ones.

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78.—GIANTS AND DWARFS.

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It was a good thing for the people that lived a long time ago, when giants were so cruel, and slew so many middle sized people, that there were not many giants; for if there had been many, in every town, they would have slain all the other people, so there would have been nobody left alive but giants. Then, perhaps, the giants would have made war with each other, and while they were fighting, great numbers of them would have been slain, as the common sized men were before.

There are not very many giants in England just at present, nor in the whole world; but there are some, I know. I have seen many men that were almost tall enough for giants; but I have never been so lucky as to have seen many giants. I have seen not above three or four real giants. I saw one that was seven feet high; he could reach to the top of a house when he stood upon his tip-toes, and stretched his arm out as high as he could!

I saw one giant that was upwards of seven feet six



inches in height, without his shoes on! This is the tallest giant I ever saw, I once read in a book of a giant who was twenty-four feet in height! Well, I must say that I would have given eighteen pence to have seen him. He was as tall as eight dwarfs, all standing upon each others heads! He is now dead, and there is nothing left of him now, but his very long bones. What an immense coffin he must have had made for him when he died!

There was once a king who had a great many tall men for soldiers. Some people called them giants, others said they were by no means tall enough for giants; they said it was their high caps that made them seem much taller than they were. They said a real giant was tall enough without a cap: if not, a very little man might get a very high cap upon his head, and then wish people to think he was a giant.

There was once a captain of a ship, that said he had sailed to a place where all the people were dwarfs. The captain said they were not more than six inches high! That was about as long as a little boy's foot, or a schoolmaster's penknife. Some people thought the captain told the truth; but for my part, I do not believe a word of it. The captain did it only to make fun for people.

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79.—THE BOY THAT HAD HIS ARM CUT OFF.

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I am now going to tell you a very sad and shocking story of a boy that had his arm cut off, and I shall tell you the reason why he had it cut off; it was his own

fault. This boy was in a cotton mill, he used to work there ; and the master of the cotton mill gave the boy some money every Saturday night for working for him, and the boy took the money home to his mother as soon as the master gave it to him, and gave it all to his mother, as he ought to do, because his mother gave him a breakfast, and a dinner, and a supper, every day that he worked, and on the Sunday as well, when he did not work at all, he did not work on a Sunday, because it is improper to work on that day.

When the boy gave his mother the money she was glad, and called him a good boy ; she used to buy him good clothes, to wear on a Sunday when he was not working, and every time he gave her his wages she gave him two-pence, to buy anything that he wanted.

Sometimes he used to save his money up, and keep it till he had as much as would buy a nice new book, or a knife, or a pen-knife, or a pencil, or some paper, or a top, or some other toy. Perhaps he would buy a rabbit, a very small one, because he could buy a small rabbit for three-pence or four-pence ; that would be two for six-pence or eight-pence ; but he could not buy a large rabbit for less than one shilling and six-pence. When he bought a small rabbit he kept it and let it grow till it was a big one, as big as one of the old rabbits.

This boy's name was John, but some people called him Jack, they said Jack was shorter ; he had an uncle that come one day to see him, and when he went away he gave the boy a shilling, because the people about there said he was so good a boy ; so the boy went as soon as he had done his work at the cotton mill,

and bought, what do you think, with his shilling? Why he bought a fine white hen with a curious bunch of feathers growing out of the top of her head; the bunch of feathers was bigger than the head of the hen. The man that sold the boy the white hen, called the bunch of feathers a top-knot; he said she would lay better, because she had a top-knot.

The day after the boy bought the hen, he gave her some straw to make herself a nest of, to lay eggs in; so the hen, as soon as she got the straw, set to work, and made a nest; and as soon as the nest was made, she laid an egg in it directly. When the boy saw the egg, he was quite delighted, and liked his hen better than ever. The first egg that she laid, was quite white, and smooth and warm; the next day after that, she laid another white egg, and the day after that another, till at last, she had laid a nest full: then she got tired and so she stopped for a few days, and then began to lay some more.

The boy asked his uncle if a black hen laid a black egg, He said no, she did not. The boy said, he thought if a white hen laid white eggs, a black hen ought to lay black eggs; but his uncle said, all hens that ever he had seen, laid white eggs. John said that was very surprising.

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80.—THE BOY THAT HAD HIS ARM CUT OFF.

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I have told you all that part of the story that is pleasant and good; I am now going to tell you the other parts of the story that are unpleasant and pain-

ful and dismal. I know you will be sorry for the poor boy when I have told you how it was done. I must tell you now that it was his own fault that he suffered so much, but still I think you will pity him, and wish he had his arm to work with, and to play with, and to dress himself with, and to tie his shoes with, and to wash his face and eat his dinner with. Poor Jack! he ought to have minded what he was doing, so as not to play with or go too near dangerous things, such as water-wheels, steam engines, and windmills, and many other dangerous things that are apt to hurt and crush little boys and girls all to pieces.

One day, when the boy ought to have been at his work in the cotton mill, he went to look at the large wheel that turned round in the middle of the mill. This wheel was very large, and had a great many cogs in it: when it turned round, the cogs turned round with it, and made all the other wheels, the small ones, turn round also at the same time; and the large wheel and the small wheels made all the other things move up and down and backward and forwards.

There were four posts put up, close to the different parts of the large wheel, and there were two strong pieces of wood that were nailed across the wheel to make it stronger.

After the boy had looked at the wheel a little while, he saw how nicely and quickly it went round; so he thought he should like to have a ride upon it: he thought, if he could get hold of one of those strong pieces of wood, and stick fast hold of it as it moved round with the wheel, he should have a nice ride, and go round with the wheel as often as he pleased before

he left off! So he jumped up, and caught the beam with both his hands, and began to turn round with the wheel! He thought at first it was very pleasant to ride round so fast with the wheel! Then he became quite giddy, and could hardly tell where he was, or what he was doing! At last, the wheel moved so fast that it pushed the poor boy's shoulder against one of the upright posts that I told you of, with so much force, that between the wheel and the post, his arm was broken all to pieces, and the poor fellow fell right down upon the floor of the mill!

When the boy fell upon the floor, the people in the cotton mill did not know what was the matter with him, they thought he would get up again and go to his work again, as well as he was before. Then poor Jack began to cry out very much, and all the people ran up to him. His arm was bleeding very fast, and the floor was covered with blood. Just then the master of the mill came in to look at the boy, and told one of the people to stop the water-wheel, and he also told one man to run as fast as he could to tell a doctor to come to the poor boy, to see what he could do for him.

So the people took the boy up and put him into a chair, and in a few minutes the doctor came and took Jack's coat off, and his clothes off, then he saw that the poor boy's arm was cut through, and the bone was smashed all to bits, it was shocking to look at it. So the doctor told the people to take the poor boy home to his mother's house, and when his mother saw her poor boy's arm in such a frightful state, she fell upon

the floor ; but they took her up and put her into a bed, and in a few days she died of grief.

The doctor then took his instruments out of his case and cut the boy's arm off, close to his shoulder. The people were all very sorry for poor little Jack, and asked the doctor if he would die. The doctor said, he would do his best to cure him. So he went every day to see Jack, and to tell the people what they were to do to the arm, and what they were to give the boy to eat.

The poor fellow was very ill for a long time, and his shoulder, where the arm was cut off, was very bad and very sore. But this doctor was so clever that he made it a little better every time, till at last he got quite well. So Jack got out of his bed and could walk about anywhere, and in a few weeks after that, the little bit of his arm that was left, next to his shoulder, got well also, and did not hurt him any longer. But the boy could not work at any trade, so he was forced to beg all his life afterwards.



#### 81.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE DOCTOR.

Robin Hood was a bold man, he could beat them all in shooting with bow and arrows. Little John was a good shooter, but Robin could beat him. One day Robin Hood was ill ; so a doctor came to bleed him. He did it so badly that he bled him to death. Then his friend Little John, and all his other friends were sorry and said, Oh poor Robin Hood ! Poor Robin



82.—THE MOLE CATCHER.

A mole catcher is a very useful trade, and I dare say it is a very good trade. If there were no mole catchers, to catch and kill the moles, there would be so many of them in a few years, in about half a dozen years or so, they would breed so fast, that they would destroy all the grass in the meadows and pastures. Then there would be no food for cattle, nor hay for them to eat in the winter season.

A mole grubs under ground, and catches numbers of insects and worms; and as he runs after the worms under ground, he throws up a deal of earth into little hills; some people call them hillocks.

These hillocks of mould which the animals throw up into the grass, spoil the grass; so the sheep, and cows, and horses, cannot eat the grass, because it is so full of sand, and mould, and dirt. Then the farmer is vexed, because his cattle have no clean grass to eat.

Then he sends for the mole catcher, and when the mole catcher comes to the farmer's house, the farmer takes him into his field, to show him what the moles have done, how many hillocks of mould they have thrown up, and nearly spoiled all his grass, that he was going to make into hay.

Then the mole catcher says to the farmer, I see what these animals have been doing, but I can soon stop their mischief. I will come to-morrow with my traps, and the rest of my things, and set a few traps for them, and they will soon stop their capers I think.

The next day the mole catcher came, and brought with him several mole traps, and several long sticks. The mole catcher had a pair of brown spatter dashes, and a grey coat, and a brown hat. He had a thing almost like a little spade, but it was much sharper, much smaller, and much brighter; and the handle was longer than the handle of a spade.

So he went into the field, and he was so sharp, that he could tell which way the moles came, although they were under the ground, quite out of his sight. Then he took his sharp tool and made a square hole in the ground, and put the mole-trap into the hole, just in the track that the mole would come in, when he was running after the worms, and throwing up the earth, to spoil the grass; so the mole, as he went along, would go head and ears into the trap, then there is a strong bit of string in the trap that catches hold of the black animal; and this string is pulled tight by a long bended stick, so it holds the mole tight, and squeezes him so hard, that it either kills him, or holds him fast till the mole-catcher comes the next day, or the day



after that, and takes it out; and then sets the trap again to catch another.

When the mole catcher had set six traps, he went away, and in two or three days he came again, and was glad to find a dead mole in each trap;—that was six dead moles in all, because there were six traps. Then this clever mole catcher, took the dead moles to the farmer, and the farmer paid him the money. So he went away to catch some more moles for another farmer a few miles off.

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83.—THE SAILOR WITH TWO WOODEN LEGS AND  
ONE ARM.

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Boats and ships are things that are of a great deal of use. A boat is something in the shape of a long box without a lid. It sails in the water, and takes men and all sorts of articles to ships, and other places, to which they ought to be taken. Sometimes men and women and children go in boats for pleasure, and to see curious places, and to feel how nice it is to sail in a river, or a

lake, or in the ocean. But they must take care and not fall overboard, for if they do, it is very likely that they will be drowned; because the boat will be sailing one way, and the water flows the other way, and, of course, those who fall out of the boat into it, will be carried away and drowned.

A ship is, in shape, something like a large boat; but it is above a hundred times larger than any boat. And a ship has a lid to it, and there are two or three very long, and very strong, and very thick pieces of wood, that stand upon the lid or the cover of the ship.

But the sailors would laugh at anybody that called it a lid, because they say the proper name is a deck. The sailors say a ship has a deck, and a box has a lid: so you must mind when you talk to a sailor about a ship, and call all the things in the ship by their proper names, or else the sailors will laugh at you. If you go into a ship and see any curious thing whose name you do not know, the best way is to look at it for a while to see what the sailors do with it; but if you cannot see them make any use of it, try to find it out yourself what it is for; but if you cannot make it out yourself, then say to one of the sailors,—sailor, will you be so kind as to tell me the name of that curious thing, and what is the use of it? Then the sailor will not only tell you the name of it, but he will inform you what they do with it in the ship.

When the sailor has explained it to you, you must say to him, I thank you, sailor, I am much obliged to you. Then the sailor will go away to his work again. He will go to the other sailors and tell them what you said to him. He will say, what a nice sharp boy that

is: he is a very civil boy too, for he thanked me for what I told him. After that, I dare say, another of the sailors will come to you, and show you some other curious things below the deck of the ship. Then you will be glad again, and thank that sailor as you thanked the first one. In this way you may learn anything, either in a ship or any where else.

Those long, strong, and thick pieces of wood, that stand upon a ship's deck, are called masts. Besides the masts there are many other things upon the deck of a ship, as well as many things under the deck. There are hundreds of ropes, and many sails, and yards, and anchors, and rope ladders, and a rudder, and bowsprit.

In the night time the sailors sleep in things like large bags, tied up at the ends with some strong cords. A sailor could no nothing with a bedstead in a ship. The very first night, when the wind blew so strong, the ship would roll about so much it would pitch the poor sailor out of bed, when he was asleep in the night time: so he has a hammock, instead of a four post bedstead; and when he awakes in the morning he finds himself safely tied up in it, snugly and comfortably enough.

Some ships are large enough and strong enough to sail all round the world; and what is very clever and lucky, they come home again quite well and secure. Some ships sail a long distance, but they do not sail entirely round the globe; because they had not bread and meat enough in the ship to last so long as that, so they cannot sail quite round that time. Some ships try to get to the north pole, and some try to cross the line.

A young man, one day, said he was tired with work-

ing, and said he would not work any longer. What will you do then for a living, when you leave off working? said an old man to him. The young man said, I will go and fight for the king, instead of working. I have been working so many years that I am quite tired of it! The old man said, if I were you I would stick to my work and stop at home, and not go and fight; because fighting is such a bad and wicked and dangerous trade: perhaps, you may be killed, or lose an arm, or a leg, or be blown up with gunpowder; or, perhaps, the enemy will take you a prisoner, and clap you up in a prison, and give you nothing to eat for dinner, breakfast, and supper, but bread and water!

I should not like that, said the young man; but I hope it will never be so bad with me as all that. Besides, you know, if we had no ships and sailors to fight the other people, they would come to old England and burn our houses, and take most of our things from us, away to their own country, and take all our money and food, and leave us to starve and die of cold and hunger. And they would, I make no doubt, try to kill our King and Queen, and all the Royal Family, or else take them prisoners.

That would be very bad, I confess, said the old man: I am sorry it is so. I know that we are obliged to have large men-of-war, full of sailors, to go and stop the other ships from coming to destroy us and our nation; or else, where should we be in a very short time?

I have been told, said the old man, that giants are not near so bad and cruel now as they used to be in former times,—that they do not kill and murder people as they then did: so I hope it will not be long before

kings and queens will act like the giants, and cease fighting and robbing and burning houses, and let the sailors take the ships, and do something else in another line of business.

Then the old man went home, and the young man went to fight for his king and country. He went into a ship where there were several hundreds of sailors. It was a fighting ship,—a man-of-war! The next day the ship set sail from that place, and sailed for many weeks, into the middle of the sea almost. At first the young man thought he should not have to work in the ship; but he soon found out his mistake. There was a sailor came up to him next day, after he went into the ship, with a piece of thick rope in his hand, about two feet in length. The young man did not know what this piece of thick rope was for at first; but he found it out what it was for afterwards. So the sailor said to the young man, do you know how to fight in a ship? No! said the man to the sailor; but I know how to fight in a field. Oh! said the sailor, that sort of fighting will not do for a ship at all: so come along with me, my lad, and I will show you how we fight in a ship. So the sailor, with the thick rope, took it and gave him a heavy blow with it across his shoulders, and said, come along with me, my lad, and I will let you see how we fight in a ship,—on board a man-of-war!

The young man was then afraid; but he went with the sailor to learn how to fight in a ship. It was very hard work indeed,—much harder than at home. Then he said to himself, I wish the sailors would leave off fighting, and let me go home again to my work in the fields as before; I came to fight for the King!

But the sailor with the rope, would not let him stir an inch from that place ; he made him work every day, at learning to fight, till at last he could do it pretty well, but it was still very hard work indeed for all that.

One day, as the ship was sailing along, they saw another ship coming to meet them ; this ship belonged to another king, and was coming to fight our ship. Then all the sailors in both ships, began to get ready for a battle. They loaded all the cannons with powder and ball, ready to fire at each other, and to try to kill as many of each others' sailors as they could ; and sink the ships if they could, by firing balls into them, to let the water run through the holes, to sink the ships.

So the battle began, and it was shocking to see how they battered these two fine ships to pieces, that cost so much money ; and it was more shocking to see so many men killed on both sides, and some badly wounded with their legs shot off, and some with their arms shot off ; and all sorts of severe wounds in their bodies. If all the kings in the world had been in these two ships, and seen this battle, I think they would have stopped it very soon, and never have allowed any more fighting any where, but would have sent their ships and sailors to do useful work, and carry useful things to the people of other countries.

Then the two ships got close together, and the young man, and some other fighters, were sent to try to get into the enemy's ship and see if they could not kill the captain, and take the ship from them ; but just as the young man was going to get over the side of their ship, he had got hold of a rope to pull himself in, the captain

came up to him with a pistol in his hand. He fired the pistol at the young man's arm, to make him let go the rope; so the ball of the pistol broke his arm, and he fell from the ship's side into the sea. So, instead of killing the captain, he had his own arm broken by a pistol ball, and himself tumbled into the sea.

At first, every one thought he would have been drowned, but there was one end of a rope in the water, the other end was tied to the side of his own ship, so he laid hold of the rope with his one hand, and they pulled him into his own ship; but just at that instant, as he was getting in, they shot a cannon ball at him, and smashed both his legs to pieces.

After that, the two ships ceased fighting; they did not wish to fight any longer, as almost all the sailors, in both ships, were either killed or wounded. So one ship sailed one way and the other another way; and as for the poor young man, the doctors in the ship cut his arm and his two legs off properly, and the captain told the carpenter to make him two wooden legs: so, at last, the poor fellow had but one arm, and no leg at all. So when the ship returned home, to get repaired, and to get some more men in the places of those who were killed and wounded, they put this poor fellow on shore; they said he was good for nothing now, and I am sorry to inform you, that he is now to be seen every day begging, in a sad, forlorn state, in the streets of London. I wonder what his friend, the old man will say to him, when he sees him in London, without legs, and but one arm begging his bread from door to door!

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84.—THE FISHERMAN AND THE BOAT.

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A man one day said he would go and catch some fish for his dinner. He said to his wife, I will soon catch as many fish as we can eat for dinner ; and I will come home again at twelve o'clock, and you shall fry the fish, and we will have our dinner at one o'clock : so you must have a good fire when I come home.

Then the man went and got his things ready to catch the fish with. He had a fishing rod,—it was a very long one. A fishing rod is almost like a stick, or a carter's whip ; but it is longer than a stick or a whip. And when the man gets to the water, he stands in the field and can reach a great way into the water, without letting the fishes see him, and without falling into the water, to frighten the fishes away from that place.

One end of the rod is as thick as a little boy's leg,—that is the end that they take hold of,—the other end is not near so thick and strong,—that is the end that the line is tied to ; and at the end of the line is the



hook, and a worm or an insect is put upon the hook. They put the worm and the hook and the line into the water; so when a fish sees the worm put into the water he swims up to it in a minute, and gets it into his mouth to eat it. He then tries to swim away again, but cannot go far; because the worm and the hook and the line are tied fast to the rod, in the man's hand. Then the man can soon feel the fish pulling to get away: so he sticks as fast as he can to the rod, for fear the fish should pull it out of his hand, and swim away with it altogether. The poor fish cannot get the hook out of his mouth; because it is so sharp, and catches hold of his throat so fast.

I could tell you many a story about people going to fish; but I shall only tell you this one just now: I will tell you some more another time. I have one;—a very good story about a shark which a gentleman one day went to catch,—and at last he did catch it; and it was so large and strong, and had such a big mouth, and such long strong thick teeth, that all the people in the ship were afraid of it, and kept as far off as they could. But I must go on with the story of the fisherman and the boat, or else the man will not be back again in time to have his fish fried for dinner at one o'clock.

I have just told you, that, when a man feels a fish pulling at the hook and the line, he holds as fast as he can by the thick end of the rod; and the fish pulls at the small end of the rod, which is as small as a quill or a pen: then the rod begins to bend, and you can see it bend if you take notice of the small end of the rod, you would think it would break every minute; but it is so tough that it will not break.

At last the fisherman pulls the poor fish out of the water: he then puts the rod down and runs to get it off the hook, and so puts it into a thing that he has, like a basket,—some people call it a pannier.

Well, now, be sure to have a fire ready at twelve o'clock, said the man to his wife, for I shall soon come back with the fish. So he set off as fast as he could walk.

It was a long way to the water, but he soon got there; because he did his best, and walked as swiftly as he could. Then he took his fishing rod and line and hook and worm, and went on in the proper way that he had gone on before at the same place. He thought there was a fish biting at the worm, so he pulled it out of the water; but it was nothing but the wind blowing the line that made him think it was a fish pulling at it.

Then the man put the hook into the water again, and let it remain in a good while, but not any of the fish would bite at the worm. I suppose they were all gone to another place. He stopped and stopped till it was ten o'clock, and could not catch one single fish in all the time: then he tried again, and was as careful as possible, but not a single one could he catch. So at last he got quite vexed with them, and it was almost dinner time. The man then pulled the line out of the water, to see if it was all right, and looked at it a long time. Then he said it was all right enough: so it was no use to stop here, because the fishes will not let me catch them, if I stop here till night.

Then he saw a boat sailing on the water. There were some men in it. At last the boat came close to him, and the men in the boat said, What are you doing

in this place? The man said to them, I have been here all this day, trying to catch fish, but I cannot catch any! Then the men in the boat said to him, the fishes are all gone to another place, and we are going to fish for them. Then the man said, Will you let me get into your boat, and take me with you? So they let him get into the boat, and took him to the place to which all the fishes had gone. Then he was glad. They soon got to the proper place and began to put their hooks into the water, and the fishes to bite all the worms. So they were soon caught—every man had almost a basket full of fishes. The man that could not catch any at the other place, got out of the boat upon a post, or a thick piece of wood, that stood up in the water. He said, This will just do for me to sit on, because I am so tired with walking so far and standing so long. The other people in the boat said to him, that is a very good place that you have got; you will catch a good many there, if you mind and take care. We will sail away, for a little time, to the other side of the water; but we will come back again soon, and take you into our boat again, to the place where you were at first, for you will then have as many fishes as your basket will hold; so you can take them home to your wife, and have them fried for dinner.

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85.—THE FISHERMAN AND THE BOAT.

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Then the men in the boat left the man sitting upon the post in the middle of the water; he was left by himself: there was not room for any more people upon

the post, it was not quite as big as a chair, but he did not mind that, because there were so many fishes about there where he was sitting.

The boat sailed away very soon, it went quite fast, it was so far off in a little time, that he could hardly see it; at last he looked for it, but he could not see it at all, for it was out of his sight.

In less than two hours, the man upon the post, looked into the thing that he put his fishes into, and he saw it was nearly full, it would not hold above two or three more. When the lid was lifted, one of the fishes started up, and leaped into the water again; then he said, I will catch three or four more, and then go home to dinner, as soon as they come with the boat; I cannot go till the boat comes, because the water is so deep, I should be drowned. After that he caught one, two, three, four, more; and the basket was full up to the top, and was very heavy, with all the fishes in it; he had it fastened upon his shoulder by a belt and a buckle.

I wish the boat was here, said the man; for if it does not come soon, I cannot get home in time to have some fish fried for my dinner, as I told my wife I should be at home by twelve o'clock. I want my dinner very much, I am so hungry, I wish the men would come with the boat, and take me off this post, for I do not like to stop any longer here; and the basket is so heavy and hurts my shoulder so much.

Then he looked at his watch, to see whether it was dinner time; dear me, said the man, it is five o'clock, and I said I should be home at twelve o'clock; I did not think it was so late, and I dare say my wife has

made the fire, and is waiting for me; I do wish the men would come, I wonder what they are doing all this time; I am very hungry. So he looked, and looked all round, to see if he could spy the boat coming, to take him off the post. He looked so hard, that he saw something like a boat, a good way off, then he was glad; he saw it move just like a boat, but he could not see any men in it, it was too far off to see the men; so he waited and kept watching it sail, till at last, when he was just going to see the men pulling the boat to where he was, it flew out of the water in half a second, and frightened him so, that he was just going to fall head over heels into the water with all his fish.

Was it not a very strange thing to see a boat fly up out of the water? But I must inform you it was not a boat, it was only a very large bird; one that could walk on the land, fly in the air, and swim in the water, and any bird cannot do all that.

This large bird was shaped like a boat, you could not see his legs, when he was in the air, but you might see his neck, and his head, and his tail, quite plainly; his wings moved backwards and forwards, like the branches of a tree, when the wind moves them backwards and forwards in very stormy weather.

When the strange bird flew away, the man was not so much frightened, as when it first rose out of the water; so he began, once more, to look for the proper boat, but it did not come in sight. So he was very sorry, and very hungry also, and very tired with sitting so long, and nobody to talk to him, and take him off the post. So he took out his watch again, and saw that it

was seven o'clock, and almost dark. He was quite afraid of stopping out all night, and no bed to sleep in, and perhaps two or three of those large birds might come in the night time, and whip off with both him and his fish basket altogether; one bird might perhaps take the basket, and two of them might take him.

He said he wished he had not got into the boat at first; or that he had not got upon the post to fish, but that he had gone with the rest of the men in the boat. But he said also, if the boat should have sunk, and all the people in it be drowned; then, if I had been in it, how should I have liked that? It is better to be alive here, than to be drowned along with them. At last it grew quite dark.



#### 86.—THE FISHERMAN AND THE BOAT.

Now, I will tell something more about the boat, and the men that sailed away in it. When they left the man by himself, they said, we will only go in the boat this way a little while, to a house where they had a fire, to cook some fish, and eat our dinner, and rest awhile; we will then go to the man that we left upon the post, catching fish, and we will take him to the place where there were no fish; so that he can go home to his wife, as we told him we would.

But when the men had rested themselves awhile, they began to drink ale and gin, and to smoke some nasty stuff out of pipes; and this made them forget the poor man that was by himself. So they kept smoking and drinking till it was quite dark night, and never went near the poor fellow upon the post, as they

said they would. At last, one of the men said, Oh, dear me, we must go and take the man home, or else he will fall asleep upon the post, and tumble into the water, and be drowned! The other men said, No, we will not go to him to-night; it is no use, it is so dark, we cannot find the post that he sits on, we must let him remain there till morning, we hope he will be safe in the morning, then they got some more stuff to drink, and to smoke, and it made them all very ill and stupid. So they at last went to sleep amongst some hay and some straw in a stable, to wait till it was daylight in the morning.

It was a very foolish thing in the fisherman to get out of the boat at first; and it was very stupid, also, for him to remain upon the post, when the boat sailed away. But it was very wicked for the other men, to say they would come back in a short time, and take him off the post, when they did not do what they told the man they would do. When any one says he will do any thing, he ought to do it; if he does not do it, he is a bad man, or a bad boy.

It was bad enough to sit upon a post, in the centre of the water, even in the day time, but in the night time it was ten times worse; because he had had nothing to eat all the day before; and he could not sleep because there was neither a bed nor any room to lie down in.

The night was cold and dark and dismal enough, you may be sure. The wind blew, and the water rolled all round the post, and made such a roar, that the man thought every wave, as it came by, would wash him overboard, and drown him; or that some large-mouthed

fish, such as a shark, might see him and seize him by the leg and haul him down and eat him. In this painful way he was forced to remain out all night.

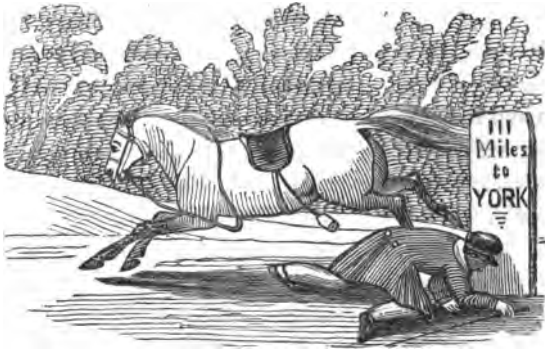
After looking a long time, he saw that it was coming light, and in forty minutes after, it was daylight.

When it was daylight he thought the boat would come and take him down. But the men were all, but one, asleep in the stable upon the hay and straw,—drunk and stupid. This one man did not make himself stupid;—he was a good man. So as soon as morning came he left the stupid fellows in the stable, and went to the water side, got into the boat, and without any one to help him, he rowed the boat straight off to the post where the poor hungry fisherman had been sitting almost a day and a night.

As soon as he saw the man in the boat coming for him he knew what it was for: so he was as glad as if any one had given him a boat load of fishes. Then the good man said, I am come for you at last; get into the boat in a second, and I will take you to the place where the fishes would not bite; and then you can go home to your wife, and she will fry you some of your fishes for breakfast. The man's limbs were so cold and stiff that he could hardly get into the boat.

As he was rowing him to the place he said, I am glad you came with the boat; but where are the other men that were with you yesterday? Oh! said the good man, they are all drunk in the stable! I thought they were drowned, said the man. At last they got to the place; and the man and his pannier got ashore. The fisherman went home to his wife; and the good man that saved his life sailed back again.





87.—THE BOY THAT WAS KILLED BY HIS OWN  
LITTLE HORSE!

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It is very proper, that boys and girls should have playthings to exercise themselves with; and to amuse themselves with. Some playthings to use when they are in-doors, in wet weather; and some to use, out of doors, when the weather is fine. There are some sorts of toys, that can be played with anywhere; either in doors or out of doors; such as tops or skipping cords, or swings, or flutes, or fiddles, or drums, or bag pipes. There are some sorts of things that ought not to be played with in houses, or even in the streets; such as cricket, bats, foot balls, hoops, marbles, leap frog, trap-bat-and-ball, rounders, shuttle cock, or kites.

There are some kinds of plays, that ought not to be played at in any place, such as gunpowder plays, and cards, and all sorts of gambling, and pitch and toss, and horses; these plays are very dangerous indeed, many boys have their eyes blown out by gunpowder; and

many have lost their money by playing at pitch and toss, or at cards, or at other sorts of gambling; then, when they have lost all their money, they do not know how to get any more; so the next thing they do, is to go and rob somebody, or steal somebody's things; then they are caught at it, and then they are put into prison, and afterwards they are hanged, or transported. Some people, when they have been playing at improper plays, and have lost all their money, are so sorry for it, and so vexed and angry with themselves, that they leap into the sea and drown themselves, or take a rope and hang themselves, or a pistol and shoot themselves, or perhaps a sword or a dagger and stab themselves.

Now, these sad things I am sure every good little boy and girl will say, are very bad and wicked; and they will also say, that it would be much better if people would never play at bad games, but play at proper plays, or read some books about Captain Cook, or Robinson Crusoe, or Sandford and Merton, or the Children in the Wood, or Chevy Chase, or Robin Hood Ballads, or the One Hundred Original Tales for Children.

A boy is not a horse, and therefore it is wrong to play at horses; one boy should not carry another boy upon his back like a horse, because it is vulgar and dangerous to do so, and it is a deal worse for a little boy to attempt to carry a big heavy boy upon his back; because the little boy is not strong enough for that. His back is so weak, and the big boy is so heavy, that it is ten to one, but when the little fellow begins to move, that he will either fall under the big fellow who is upon his back, or have his back bone broken.

Then he will be a cripple all the rest of his life, and I should be glad to know how he will get his living, when his father and his mother die? Now, I have shown you how bad it is to play at horses in this way, I shall, in the next place, show you that it is as improper to play at horses, by tying strings to boys' arms, or round their bodies, and driving them along, or whipping them along; I told you before, that a boy is not a horse, nor a donkey, so, of course, he should not be used as a horse, nor a mule, nor a donkey, and have a bridle put upon him, and be driven about by a big dunce of a lad, till he, the little boy, is ready to fall upon the ground and faint, and perhaps forced to have a doctor to get him well again. So now, I am certain, that after a good boy has read this, he will not play any more at horses.

All boys are glad to have a ride, either in a coach or a cart, or a wheel barrow, or upon a sledge, or upon a donkey, or a mule, or an elephant, or a horse, or a camel, or upon any animal that it is proper to ride on. When a boy has a little horse of his own, he is very fond of it, and is very proud of it too.

There was once a boy whose name was Alfred, he was nine years of age; one day he asked his father to buy him a little horse. His father said to him, Alfred, you have always been a good boy, and behaved yourself well to your mamma, and minded what I have told you to do; and there is one thing which you have always pleased me with, and that is, you have improved yourself in learning, as much as you could, and are clever for your age; and I hope you will continue to learn as fast as you can; so that, when you grow up to

be a man, you may be both wise and good. I think you are rather too young to have a pony yet, I think it will be better to wait one year longer, you will be then ten years of age. I will then buy you a little horse, and teach you how to ride properly.

So the boy thanked his father, and said to him, father, a year will not be a long time before it is over, it is but fifty-two weeks, and then I shall have a pony.



88.—THE BOY THAT WAS KILLED BY HIS OWN  
LITTLE HORSE.



So, after a year had passed away, Alfred was a year older, and was just ten years of age. Then he told his father, how old he was. So his father said to him, I will purchase you a pony, as I promised you when you were only nine years old, and now you are ten, so I will go to a man who sells all sorts of horses, large ones and small ones, and of all sorts of colours, black and white, and gray and bay, and chestnut, and pie-balled, and all the colours that horses are of.

Then his father went to the horse dealer, and bought Alfred a pony, he was a very fine little horse, his tail was of a proper length, his mane was of the same colour as his tail, which was quite black, and the pony was nearly black, with a beautiful little head, indeed; he was altogether a pretty, smart, little animal.

The next day, the horse dealer took the pony to the gentleman's house, then every body came out to look

at the little horse. All the family liked him, and Alfred's mamma said he was quite a beauty. Alfred said, what a beauty you are pony, I should like to have a ride upon you to-morrow morning. His father said, he must not ride the little horse, but when some one went out with him; because he had not learned to ride yet. So the pony was put into the stable with his saddle and bridle, to remain all night, and the family went to bed.

Alfred could not fall asleep for thinking about his fine little horse, he turned, first to one side of the bed, and then to the other, and tossed about till it was morning. Then he got out of bed, and put on his clothes, and went to the man servant, and asked him to unlock the stable door to let him look at his dear little horse; so the man gave him the key to unlock the door himself. When he unlocked the door, he saw his little horse, standing quiet in the stall. Then Alfred went up to him, and put his arms about the horse's neck, and felt him so warm, and he smelled so sweet, that he thought he should like to take a morning ride before the family got up.

Then Alfred looked for the saddle and the bridle, but he did not know how to put them properly upon the horse, because he had never put a saddle upon a horse. At last he went to the servant, and asked the servant to go and saddle and bridle his pony. The servant went and did it, but he said to Alfred, your papa told you not to ride the horse by yourself, without he was with you, Alfred said, he would only just go outside of the gate, into the road a little way, and then come back again; and he could put the pony into the stable before

the family got up ; so then, no one would know anything about it.



89.—THE BOY THAT WAS KILLED BY HIS OWN  
LITTLE HORSE.



After that, the man saddled and bridled the pony, and Alfred took him to the gate, and the man servant helped Alfred to mount upon his back. Then the servant went back to the house, and Alfred set off to take a little ride in the lane.

At first, Alfred sat very still, and the pony went on quietly. In a little time, he began to strike the pony, with a little whip, to make him go faster, the little horse did not like to be beaten, so he set off in a quick pace, then the boy whipped him again, till he made him gallop as fast as possible, and as the horse was turning round a corner of the road, where there was a mile-stone standing ; Alfred fell from the pony, and pitched his head against the mile-stone, and was killed on the spot, in an instant.

In a little while it was breakfast time, and they all sat down to breakfast ; all but Alfred. So his papa said, go and call the boy, then the servant went to call for Alfred, but he could not find him, he had not returned with his pony ! So the servant went out upon the road to tell the boy to come to breakfast, he could not see the pony any where. So he began to be frightened, and thought the little horse had run away with the boy. So he went farther and farther upon the

road, till at last, he saw the pony eating grass close to the mile stone, and the boy lying dead beside him.

The servant was so frightened, that he dared not to go back to tell his master. Then he ran away as fast as he could, so that his master might never see him any more. Then all the family were frightened, because neither the servant nor the boy came back ; so they went into the stable to look for the pony, but it was gone !

At last, two men came to the gate, and went up to the house, one man was leading the little horse, by the bridle, and the other was carrying the dead boy in his arms.

When the family saw what it was, they all began to shed tears for poor little Alfred ; his face was all over blood, and his eyes were closed. When his poor mother saw that he was dead, and his face all over blood, she gave a loud shriek, and fell upon the poor dead boy, and she never spoke another word, and the next morning she was dead also.

This is a very sad tale indeed, Alfred's father and all the family were very ill for a long time, and the man servant never came back again, nobody knew where he was gone.

It was very wrong in little Alfred, to ask the servant to saddle the horse for him, and very wrong for him to ride the pony ; but it was much worse for the man to give him the key of the door, and it was worst of all, to put the saddle on the pony and help Alfred upon his back.





90.—OLD NANNY.

A poor old woman, once lived in a small house by herself; her name was Old Nanny; the house which she lived in had but one door to it and one window! It stood very near the road side, at the end of a nice town in Staffordshire!

When the people that lived in the country went into the town, they went close by Old Nanny's little cottage, and when the door was open they could see her, in the inside. Sometimes sitting on a chair; and sometimes standing near a table; or walking about in the inside.

When the people that lived in the town took a walk into the country, they also went by Old Nanny's cottage, as the other people did that came out of the country into the town! Old Nanny was very comfortable, and all things went on very well with her in her little house, till one morning, at breakfast time, the



fire burnt a large hole in her tea-kettle ; right through the bottom of it !

The hole was so large that all the water that was in the tea kettle ran through it into the fire, and almost put the fire out.

When Old Nanny saw that, she took the kettle off the fire as quickly as she could, and looked into it, but there was not a drop of water left in it ! It had all run through the holes that the fire had burnt in the bottom. Indeed, when she held the kettle up to the window, she saw there was one large hole,—and there were, besides, a good many small ones. So Old Nanny said, my poor old kettle is done for at last ;—it is full of holes and will not hold any more water : it is good for nothing at all, and I have no money to buy me a new one. Oh ! what shall I do ? How can I make tea without a tea kettle !

So poor old Nanny went and shut the door, and went and sat down, and began to sob and weep in a very sorrowful manner. She remained in this way for a long time : till, at last, she started up, and went and locked her door, and then went to bed ; but it was quite daylight, and she could not fall asleep, for thinking about the holes in her kettle, and how she could make tea in the afternoon.

After some time she got up again ; and when she looked towards the chimney she saw her little fire was gone quite out. The weather, to be sure, was nice and warm : so she said, it is no use to light my fire ; because I have nothing to boil the water in to make my tea of. Oh ! what shall I ever do ! I shall soon be dead, now that I have no tea kettle, and no money to buy one with.

Then she sat down upon her chair and sobbed and wept.

There was a nice little girl that lived in that town,—in Staffordshire,—where Old Nanny lived. She was a good little girl, and very kind to poor people. If she saw a poor old man or a woman, or a poor boy or girl weeping in the streets, or in a house, she would say, why do you weep old man? or why do you cry poor woman? Then she would hear what he or she said, and afterwards give them some money.

This kind little girl was but ten years of age. One day,—it was the same day that Old Nanny was weeping for her tea kettle,—this good girl was taking a walk towards the end of the town, and passing by Old Nanny's cottage. When she came to the door she heard some one weeping in the inside: so she knocked at the door. Then poor Old Nanny, with her eyes full of tears, came and opened the door: so the little girl said, Nanny, why are you crying so? Nanny said, because I want my tea so badly, and the fire has burnt the bottom of my kettle out. Well, Nanny, said the little girl, but you have no fire in your grate: you had better make a fire. Make up your fire, Nanny, and I will call again and see how it burns when I come back again.

Well, now, this kind hearted girl walked back into the town as fast as she could, and went to a shop where they sold all sorts of tea kettles and saucepans, and frying pans, and fenders, and tongs, and pokers, and fire shovels, and all kinds of nails and screws, and hat pins, and hinges, and locks, and keys, and spades, and sithes, and sickles, and all sorts of things made of iron,

and steel, and brass, and tin, and copper. So the little girl said to the shopman, can you sell me a good tea kettle, that will hold about two quarts of water at once? Yes, Miss, said the shopman; here is one of the proper size: and this is a very good one, such as you want. What is the price of this kettle; said the little lady to the man. Three shillings and sixpence, Miss, said the shopman: so he put a piece of paper about the kettle, and the young lady put her hand into her pocket and took out her purse to pay for the kettle. She opened her purse, and was sorry to see that she had only two shillings and two sixpences:—that was but three shillings in all. So the little girl began to blush; but the man said to her, never mind the odd sixpence, you can pay me that the next time you come to my shop. I will send the kettle to where you live, said the man in the shop. No, thank you! said the little girl: I will take it myself. So she took the new tea kettle in her hand, and tripped out of the shop with it, and took it straight off to Old Nanny's cottage.

Old Nanny was standing at the door, and saw the good little girl coming towards her with something in her hand, but Nanny did not know what it was; then the little girl saw that the poor woman's eyes were quite red with shedding tears.

So they both went into the little house, that, as I told you, had but one door, one window, and one chimney in it. The fire was burning nicely. Here, Nanny, said the kind hearted little lady, I have brought you something, open it, it is for yourself; so, Old Nanny untied the string, and took off the thick paper, and there was a new, and as beautiful a tea-kettle as

ever was seen in the world. It was quite bright, and had such a nice tight lid to it.

So, Old Nanny put the kettle down upon the table, and then looked a little while at the good little girl; then she clapped her hands together and said, thank you, my dear little maid; God bless you, my dear; and then sat down in her chair and began to cry, as she did at first, when the fire burnt the bottom of her kettle out.

When the little girl saw Old Nanny weeping, she began to weep herself, and sobbed very loudly. Then she turned herself towards the door, and without speaking one word to Old Nanny, she left her crying in the house, shut the door after her, and walked slowly home-wards.

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#### 91.—OLD TOMMY AND HIS DONKEY.

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A poor old man once had a donkey, which was very useful, to carry his things about the streets in a little cart to sell to the people. Old Tommy gave his poor donkey some hay twice a day, till all the hay was eaten up. The old man then did not know what to do, but at last he found it out. So the next morning he got up an hour sooner, and took his donkey a good way, to a nice green lane, where there was plenty of grass; so donkey eat his belly full, and then set off and did his work quite well. At night Old Tommy took him once more to the green lane to get his supper; the donkey was quite glad of it, and poor Old Tommy was glad of it also. So they went every morning and evening to the green lane. At last the donkey found the way by himself.



92.—BILL JACKSON ; OR, THE LITTLE SAILOR.

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One day there was a boy that went down to the sea side, to look at the sea and hear it make a noise. He was quite glad when a large wave came, and made a noise like the noise of the wind when it blows into a high tree. Then he waited till the wave went back again, and till another wave came and made a noise as loud as the other ; sometimes he would stop a long time, till it was almost dark, and then his mother thought he was lost.

Next day, he went again, and saw a great many waves rolling along quite nice. So he walked up to the sea side, and went along almost a mile, close up to the water ; till at last he came to a boat, and there was nobody in it or near it. It was not in the sea, but very near it ; and was not tied to anything at all. The boy had never seen a boat before, by itself, but what was tied to something. So he got into it, and was quite

pleased that he was big enough to get into a boat, by himself.

After that, he began to think how nice it was to be a sailor, and go away in a ship to some place a great way off, farther than France or Egypt. Just as he was thinking what a fine boat it was, and how much he should like to have it, a wave came right up, all round the boat, and tumbled it into the sea with the boy in it. The boy's name was Bill, but some people called him William, because his father was called William.

When Bill saw the water taking the boat away, he thought the next wave that came, would take it back again, where it was at first, but it did not, it only took it farther into the sea. Poor Bill was in the boat all the time, and was going to jump into the sea, to go home to his father and mother ; but he was afraid he should be drowned, the sea was so deep, and it was almost dark, and he had not had his supper ; so he began to cry, and did not know what to do, nor what would become of him.

He tried to push the boat towards the shore, but he could not get it to go that way a bit, it went more and more away from the land, and farther and farther into the sea. Just then, the wind began to blow, and it blew the water up and made very high waves ; and the waves rolled along and made such a dismal sound in Bill's ears, and dashed against the sides of the boat so hard, that it nearly broke it all to pieces ; and some of the water came over the sides of the boat, and splashed right into Bill's face, and into his mouth, and up his nose, and into his ears, and into his shoes, and down his neck into his breast. The water tasted quite as salt as

salt beef, which his mother used to give him for dinner. Then he began to cry more and more, and wished he had not got into a boat that was not tied to something. He looked up to the sky, but could only see a few stars, and a bit of the moon, quite crooked and sharp at each end. So he lay down in the boat quite cold, in the water at the bottom. Poor Bill thought he should be dead in the morning ; and, sure enough, he fell asleep.

While poor Bill was asleep, the wind blew harder and harder, and it rained a good deal, and the waves rose higher and higher and tossed the boat up and down worse than they did before he fell asleep, but poor Bill did not hear the wind, nor feel the rain and the cold, and he did not fear the waves, because he did not see them nor hear them roar, for he was quite sound asleep, and that was the reason that he was not afraid of being tossed over board and drowned. Many times the boat was nearly upset, that is, turned over, the bottom to the top and top to the bottom, if it had been upset the boy would have been pitched head foremost into the salt water and most likely would have been drowned in his sleep, before any body could have got him out ; and in this way the boy and the boat kept drifting along till morning when the light came.

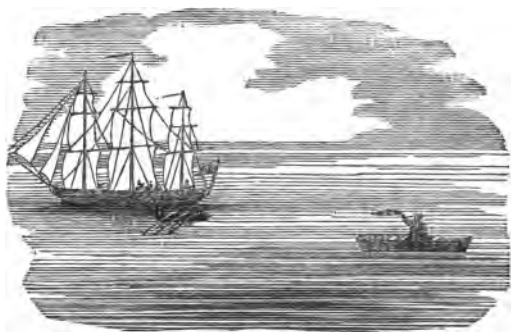
When morning came the wind did not blow half so strong as it blew in the night time, and after a little while the sun rose and began to shine very hot, so hot that it almost burnt his face before he awoke ; at last he did awake, and began to rub his eyes to see where he was, he thought he was sitting close before a fire, but it was only the sun shining into his face

that made him think so. When he had rubbed his eyes he felt very hungry and wanted something for his breakfast, and he had had no supper the night before, because the boat sailed off with him. Then Bill began to look about the boat, till at last he saw a good lump of bread in the water, so he was glad, and began to eat it as hard as he could.

While he was busy eating his bread he was looking a long way off upon the sea. At last he saw a little black thing like a dog, so he kept looking straight at it till he thought it got bigger and bigger, till it was as big as a boat: then it came nearer and nearer till it got very large. At last the boy saw it was a ship sailing along the sea. He saw the sailors in the ship very plainly; some were walking about on the deck, and some of them were up the masts, and some of them were pulling the ropes. So one of the sailors upon the mast saw the boat that the little boy was in, and he ran and told the captain of the ship that there was a boat in the sea. Then the captain took a spy glass that he had under his arm, and began to spy through it, and in one minute he saw poor Bill in the boat looking at the ship.

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93.—BILL JACKSON ; OR, THE LITTLE SAILOR.

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As soon as the captain saw that there was a boy in the boat, he stopped his own ship, to see what the boy was doing in a boat by himself. So the captain told four of his own sailors, four of the boldest of them, to get into a boat, and go to the boat in which the boy was ; and fetch him on board as soon as they could.

Then the four bold sailors, put out a boat, as quick as lightning, and rowed to the boy's boat, and brought him to the ship, and took him to the captain, as he had ordered them.

The captain was very much pleased with the four sailors, because they were so sharp and quick, and clever, and did it so soon.

All the sailors were much surprised to see so little a fellow in a boat by himself. When he came up into the ship, they stared at him, and wondered that the waves had not capsized his boat, and tossed him into

the sea, and drowned him. But it was not so bad with little Bill as all that.

Bill was afraid when the sailors took him on board the ship; he thought they would do something with him; but he did not cry as some boys would have cried. Bill's father had told him not to cry like an infant, for anything that hurt him, or that he did not like. So they took Bill to the captain on the quarter-deck.

When the captain saw him, he said to him, well my man, what is your name? Bill Jackson, Sir, said the boy; but they call me William sometimes. Where do you come from, said the Captain? From Dover, Sir, said little Bill. How old are you Bill, said the captain? I shall be twelve next birthday, said the boy. What trade are you Bill, said the captain. My father is a blacksmith, Sir, but I am no trade yet, Sir. What trade would you like to be my man? I should like to be a sailor if you please, Sir, said Bill. Bravo, my little fellow, said the captain, so you shall be a sailor.

Are you hungry Bill? have you had your breakfast, can you eat salt beef and ship biscuit? I had no supper last night, and I have had no breakfast this morning, and I like ship biscuit and salt beef very well, Sir. Does your mother know where you are my lad, said the captain? I do not think she does, Sir. I got into the boat, to see how nice it looked, and the waves came all round the boat, and the next time they took the boat clean off, out to sea, and I could not get her back again to the land; so I was forced to remain out all night, till I saw your ship this morning; or else, perhaps, I should have been lost at sea, or never got the boat to land again.

Then the captain said to Bill, Bill, would you like to go back to your mother, or would you rather take a trip round Cape Horn first, and go home to your mother when we come back again to England? I would rather see my mother when we come back to England again, Sir, said Bill. Then they took Bill, and gave him some ship biscuit and salt beef. Bill eat a good deal of the beef and biscuit, because he had had no supper the night before, nor breakfast that morning.

When Bill had finished his breakfast, he went on deck, to look at the ship and the sailors, to see how fast the ship sailed, and what the sailors and the captain were all doing in the different parts of the ship. Some were steering the ship, some were pulling the ropes and hoisting the sails, some were working on deck, some were up the masts in the rigging, some were below the deck, in the ship's hold, putting all the things away in their right places, where they ought to be; and there was one sailor with a long cord, with a large piece of lead tied to the end of it. He was throwing the lead into the sea and pulling it up again by the cord; to measure how deep the sea was, just in that part of it.

After dinner, Bill went to help the sailors to work the ship. Bill did not know much about it, but he was very willing to learn. And it is a sure thing, that when boys are willing to learn, they learn any thing very fast; then they can soon do it nearly as well as the others. One good natured sailor showed Bill where he was to take hold of the rope, and he showed him also, how he was to hold his two hands, and which way he was to pull the rope. Bill pulled as strongly as he could,

and the sailor told the captain afterwards, that Bill was nearly half as strong as a man.

At night Bill felt his hands sore and his arms stiff; but the next day the captain gave Bill a new blue jacket and a new pair of trousers, and a new waistcoat, all made of blue cloth. The captain was so good likewise, as to give Bill a sort of a leather hat to wear. When he had all these on, one of the sailors said, Bill, you are now "true blue." After that every body called Bill Jackson, the little sailor.

The little sailor with his true blue, and all the other sailors, worked so hard, and the captain was so clever, and the wind blew every day so fair and so strong, that in a little time the ship was in the Bay of Biscay and the main ocean; and in a few weeks she crossed the line.

When the ship crossed the line, the ship's crew took and dipped the little sailor and some of the other sailors in the sea, over head and ears. If you ask any sailor he will tell you why they did it; he will tell you that they always dip those sailors in the sea who have never crossed the line before. A good sailor will also tell you that the line goes quite round the middle of the world, and is just as far from one pole as it is from the other.

In a few weeks the ship sailed as far as Cape Horn; then the little sailor saw what sort of a place Cape Horn was, and liked it very much. As soon as they got round Cape Horn, they got into the great South Sea. This indeed is a very large place, they could not see any thing near the other side of it. In a few more weeks' time they sailed to Robinson Crusoe's island.

They did not see Robinson, because he had gone away some time before. This also was a wonderful place. They were all sorry that they could not see such a wonderfully clever man as Robinson Crusoe was.

After the captain and all the sailors had seen all the places where Robinson Crusoe lived, they took the ship to many other islands, and many other places, where they stopped a long time, getting the ship full of all sorts of goods and useful things, to bring home to England, to sell to the English people, when they wanted them. At last, the captain said one day to the sailors; my men, we must now think of returning home to old England once more, to see how all our friends and all the other people have got on while we have been away; and what they have done considerable since we left them.

Then the sailors turned the head of the ship round towards England, and the next day she set sail, with a strong and a fair wind. So they sailed round Cape Horn once more, and crossed the line once more, the same as before; but the ship's crew did not dip the little sailor this time, because he had been dipped before; and a good sailor will tell you that they ought only to dip a sailor once, and that is the first time that he crosses the line.

The ship got on so well that she soon crossed the Bay of Biscay that time; and the wind blew so well, and the sailors worked so hard, and the captain was so clever, that they very soon came in sight of England. Then the Captain said to Bill, Bill, would you like to see your father and mother now? Yes Sir, said Bill, if you please, Sir.

The next day the ship passed Dover, and Bill Jackson

was put on shore at the place where the boat took him out to sea. Then Bill went right home to his father's house; but his father and mother did not know him at first, because Bill was a sailor now, and was almost a man, he had been away so long, and grown so tall and stout, and talked and looked so well.

Then Bill told them all about it, how he got into the boat; how the tide took him away; how the captain saw him, with his glass, in the boat; how he was dipped; what sort of a place Cape Horn was; and Robinson Crusoe's island, and all the other wonders that he had seen. At last all the people of Dover found it out, after the little sailor had told them, that Bill Jackson was come home again to see his father and mother.



94.—A KANGAROO.

A kangaroo is a strange animal that has as many legs as a mule,—that is to say, four legs. But the two fore legs of a kangaroo are so very slender, and so very short, that they are of no use to him hardly. The hinder legs

of a kangaroo are so much longer than the fore legs, that when he tries to walk, with all his four legs at once, the same as a cow or a horse or a jackass, he cannot do it at all to please himself: for his long hinder legs make his body stick up so high, and his short fore legs make the front part of his body come down so low, that when the animal begins to walk, down he falls upon his nose, and almost breaks his neck.

So after he has practised a while to walk with four legs, he gets on so slowly, that he jumps up and stands upon his two long and strong legs. When the people see him stand up, in this way, at first, they do not know what it is for, nor what the kangaroo is going to do with his two short legs. And then they begin to laugh at him, because he looks so strange standing up in that way, and his two short slender legs hanging down upon his breast, like the hands and arms of a little baby. The kangaroo, however, knows very well what he is about, and what he intends to do. So he does not mind about the people laughing at him.

When the kangaroo stands up upon two legs only, it is to look about himself on every side, to see which way he likes to go best. Then he gives a good spring with his two best legs and his body, and leaps forward a long way at one leap; and he leaps up a good height, also, at the same time that he leaps forward. When a kangaroo does his very best he leaps eight or ten yards at one leap! There, now, what do you think of that, my boy? A donkey cannot do that, nor can a horse do that, nor can an elephant do that, nor can a lion do that, nor any animal amongst them all that leaps with four feet; and the kangaroo only takes two of his.

I told you just now, that when the people that live there see the kangaroo standing upon his two legs, and the two short ones looking so very queer and short, they began to laugh ; but as soon as the kangaroo gave one good leap, all the people gave over laughing, and were astonished at the animal, because he did it so well the first time. Then he took another leap as long and as high as the first was, and then another as long as that, and in a few seconds he got quite into a forest out of their sight, so that no one could tell where he was, where he would go, nor what he would do next. They waited a long time to see if the kangaroo would come leaping back again ; but he never came back. So they all said they had never had such fun in all their lifetime before.

When the people who saw the kangaroo leap into the forest, went home, they told a gentleman all that they had seen, and all that the kangaroo did, before they lost sight of him in the forest. Then the gentleman said to the people that told him, you should have run after the kangaroo, and caught him, and brought him home with you into the town, to let us all see him, to see how big he is, and how short his fore legs are, and what he can do, and how high and how far he can leap at once.

One of the men who saw the kangaroo said to the gentleman, we could not catch him ; because he went off so very fast into the forest. If I had been there, said the gentleman, I would have caught him in less than five minutes ! The other man said, I do not think that any man in England, nor the best runner in the world, can overtake a kangaroo when he does his best.

The gentleman said to the man who told him, will u show me to-morrow where this wonderful animal



was ; perhaps he will come again, and if he does come, I will let you see what I can do. This gentleman was a very swift runner, but he had never seen a kangaroo leap.

Well, the next day they went to the place, and many of the people went with them, to see the fun, I mean the race between a man and a kangaroo.

When they came to the proper place, they could not see any animals about there. So they were all sorry, because he did not come out. They waited above an hour and nothing came, so the people said it is no use to stop here, he will not come past us to-day. You do not know that, said another man, he may be coming now, for anything you know. Just as he said that, a man said, see ! look ! yonder comes the kangaroo.

Then they all saw him coming leaping along, and the gentleman got himself ready to catch him. Then the kangaroo came up, then the gentleman made a spring to lay hold of him, but the kangaroo was not to be caught in that way by a man ; so he gave one of his best leaps, about twenty-five or thirty feet, and went smack over the head of the gentleman like nothing, and went on, and on, towards the forest.

As soon as the animal had leapt over his head, he turned about to follow him ; but, the longer he ran, the farther he was behind. Then all the people began to laugh, so the gentleman gave up the race, and sat down upon a tree, that was lying upon the ground, to rest himself awhile ; and, in a little time, the kangaroo entered the same forest that the one did which they saw the day before. The people could not tell whether it was the same animal which they had seen the day before or not.

When the gentleman had rested himself long enough, he rose from the tree, and went to the man, and said to him, you were quite right, I see, I have now found it out, that I could not catch him by any means ; when I thought I had him, you saw what a spring he made over my head, and what long leaps he made, and how fast he leapt, and how soon he got away and entered the wood.

So all the people went home to the town where they lived, and as they went along, they talked about the kangaroo, and laughed about its leaping over the gentleman's head, and a good deal higher than his head ; and one of the men asked the gentleman, if he could run as fast as a kangaroo could leap. The gentleman said, no, he could not. So, after that day, he never said to any body that he could catch a kangaroo.

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95.—THE HORSE AND THE CLEVER IRISHMAN.

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A horse is a very fine animal, he has four good strong legs, and but one tail ; but the tail is sometimes so

long, that it reaches to the ground, and has very long hairs in it, long enough to make lines to catch fishes with; sometimes people cut horses' tails almost all off, close to the body. Then the horse does not like that, it makes him feel so uncomfortable, because when the flies get upon his back in the hot weather of summer, to bite him, he tries to whip them off with his short stump of a tail, but he cannot reach so far, and then the flies are not afraid of being hit by the tail, because it has been cut so short.

Flies dare not bite a horse with a long tail, because he would whip them off directly, and perhaps kill some of them. It is for this reason that a horse likes to have his tail a good length always in summer time, when the sun shines so hot, and when there are such swarms of flies buzzing about every where.

A horse has two capital ears to hear with, he has also two eyes to see with; but he has only one nose to smell with, but then his nose has two holes in it, one on each side; I think this is the same as if he had two noses. He has one mouth only to eat with, and one head for his mouth, his nose, his eyes, and his ears. I told you before that he had one tail and four legs; the legs are to walk with, to trot with, and to gallop with; and I have told you what the tail is for, and besides beating the flies away, it makes the horse look much better than if he had no tail.

Now, if you are a good boy, and try to learn fast to read and spell all the words quite fast and quite well, I will tell you a capital story about a horse and a clever Irishman.

There was once a  very fond of grass,

so his master put him into a field where there was plenty of it; the grass in this field got longer and longer every day, because it was in the spring time of the year, when grass and all sorts of things grow very fast. The grass grew faster than the horse could eat it. It was a large field, and there were no other horses in it but this one. At first, he tried to eat the grass as fast as it grew, but he could not eat it fast enough. If there had been several horses in the field, they could have eaten it all quite short, and perhaps there would not have been enough for them all.

Then the horse did not like to eat any more grass, he got quite tired of it, he did not like it all. So he went to the side of the field, to see if he could find anything that he liked to eat better than grass.

He looked about to see if he could find a place to get out of the field altogether, because he wanted to go somewhere into the road, or into the streets, to see what all the people were looking at, and whither they were all going.

The horse went all round the field two or three times, but all the gates were shut, and properly fastened; and there was not a single gap in the hedge big enough for him to get through; so, at last, he did not know what to do with himself. After looking about him for some time, he saw some trees growing on one side of the field, so then he went up to the trees, but there was no hedge on that side of the field; there was a river instead of a hedge. The horse looked at the trees, and looked at the river; there was a wall on the other side of the river, between the river and the road, so that the horse could not get through the river into the road, and so

that the people walking in the road, might not fall into the river. The wall, as I have just informed you, prevented them.

When the horse saw that he could not get away, he turned his head upwards, to look at the trees, and saw some of them, with branches hanging down; then he poked his nose up, and opened his mouth, to see if he could reach them with his teeth, because he wanted to see if the leaves that were on the branches were good to eat. His head was just long enough to reach up to the branches, so he began to eat them. He liked them very well indeed, because they were so sweet and nice.

When he had eaten all the leaves off one branch, and was just stretching his legs and his body, and his neck, and his head, to get some more of the leaves off another branch, his two fore feet slipped down the bank, before he could pull them back, and he fell headlong into the river, into the deepest part of it. The poor horse, as I just told you, went down head foremost; he made such a plunge, and such a noise, and such a splash in the water, that the people who were walking in the road, on the other side of the wall, were quite frightened. At first, they thought it was a large tree, or a house that had fallen down the bank into the river; one man said it was like an earthquake.

The horse went down with such a weight, that he got his head stuck fast in the mud at the bottom of the hole in the river, where there was a deal of mud. Then he began to move his legs about in the water, to kick up his heels and to struggle; so that at last he got his head loose out of the mud, and got it up to the top of the water, or else he would soon have been choaked

with the mud and water. When his head got up to the top, his feet and legs went down into the place where his head had been at first. After this, all the people in the road, ran up to the place to see what it was that made such a plunge and such a splash. Then they saw it was a horse that had fallen right down the steep and high bank, into the river; it was not a tree, nor a house, nor an earthquake, as some of them supposed.

After that, the poor horse tried to get himself out of the mess he had got himself into, for not being content with grass. In a short time he got his feet out of the mud, and tried to scramble up the bank which he had fallen down, but he could not get up at all. When he got one of his legs out, the others sunk deeper and deeper into the ground. He could not get out, he could not get up the bank; but as he was trying his best, he fell backwards this time, once more, into the pit, over head and ears. So all the people cried out, oh, the poor horse is in once more, he cannot get out, he cannot get out, he will be drowned; he will be drowned! Oh the poor horse; pull him out, help him out; get a rope; fetch a good strong rope, and try to pull him up the bank into the field.

Then a great number of strong people got into the field, to help to pull the horse up the bank. There was a man in the field that had a good long rope over his shoulder; he said he would lend it to the people to pull the horse up. Then all the people gave a shout for the man that lent them his rope. Some of them said bravo! bravo!

After that, a man went down the bank, and put the

rope round the legs and the neck of the horse, and the people on the top of the bank, laid hold of the long rope and began to pull at it; the horse was very heavy, and hard to get up the bank; but they got him out for all that, and got him almost to the top, into the field, where he was at first. But, just then, they gave a very hard pull at the rope, but the rope broke right off close to the horse, and the horse rolled down into the river once more. So all the people cried out again, oh, the poor horse will be drowned! Oh, the poor horse! So the people said what shall we do now? How shall we get him out of the river?

Just as the horse was going to be drowned, his master came running up to the place where he was in the river. When he saw it was his own horse, he said, I would not lose that horse for £50; I will give any man £20 that will save his life and get him out of that place. The man that lent the people his rope, said to the master of the horse, he must be drowned now, for he is too heavy; you see he has broken my rope to pieces, just like a bit of thread.

When he had said that, there was an Irishman came up to see what they were all doing. The Irishman said, "Sure, and why do not you take the poor creature out of that?"

The people said to the Irishman, why do you not take him out of that yourself? That I will do, said the Irishman, if you will all come out of this, and not bother me, any of you. Then all the people began to stare at the Irishman, and said to him, where do you come from? Where do I come from? I come from Ireland to be sure, said the man! Then said the people,

you cannot get the horse out alive. Then I will bring him out dead, said the Irishman. What countryman are you, Paddy? said one of the people to the Irishman.

Then the master of the horse said to the Irishman, can you get my horse out of this place and save his life? Yes, your honour, that I can, said the Irishman. Then I will give you £20 when you get him out safe alive. Your honour had better be getting your cash ready, said the clever Irishman, for I shall fetch him out of this in double quick time, you may be sure of that!

Then the clever Irishman took some of his clothes off, and plunged right into the river, and got hold of the head of the horse, and turned it another way, down the river, where the water was not so deep, and the banks were not so steep and high. So he patted the poor creature upon his head and neck, then pulled at his head a little. So the horse was pleased, and did his best; he got first one leg out of the mud and then another, and then another, till all four were out. Then the clever Irishman led the horse quietly down the river, where the bottom was harder than the other place, and there was not so much mud and dirt, till at last he came to a low place in the bank; so he led him up the bank into his own field. The man then jumped upon his back, and galloped him right into the field as regular as before. The horse was all over mud and dirt, but he did not care for that. The gentleman then gave the clever Irishman a good deal of money and a lot of things besides.

So all the people gave three cheers for the horse and the clever Irishman. At last, when all was over, the



clever Irishman went and bought the other man a new rope, because his rope had been broken. Then the clever Irishman went up to the people and said to them, my friends, if any body asks you who got the gentleman's horse out of the ditch, tell him he was an Irishman.



96.—THE FLYING LION, THE EAGLE AND THE BABY.

There are some animals that can walk, and some that can fly, and some that can only swim. I should like to know which is the easiest and the nicest to do,—that is, whether swimming, or flying, or walking. I know some live things that can do all the three things whenever they wish to try. They can walk, or swim, or fly, just as they think proper. There are some that can only do two things,—that can only walk and fly, and some that can only walk and swim, and some that can only swim and fly.

There was once a clever little boy that asked another

boy, much older than himself, what was the reason that a lion had not wings to fly with? This little boy's name was William, and the older was called George. Then George said to the little boy, Bill, the reason why a lion has no wings, is because he has four legs instead! Then Bill asked George which animal was the swiftest in all the world? whether it was a beast with four legs, or a bird with two legs, or a fish with no legs.

Then George said to little William, Bill, I cannot tell you that, because I do not know; but I will tell you how they could do it. They should go to work in this way. Some people must find out which bird could fly the fastest, and keep it in a cage. Then some more people should find out which fish could swim the fastest, and keep it safe in a net! After they had caught the swiftest bird, and the swiftest fish, they must then catch the swiftest beast, and take them all to one place at the sea side, and let them all set off to the other side of the sea; and the people at the other side could soon see which of them would be over first. And that which was over first would be the swiftest.

Little Bill said, yes, George, that would do it. Then Bill said, the fish could swim in the water, and the bird could fly in the air; but how could the other animal get over?

After a short pause George said, some clever men ought to build a bridge over the sea, so that the beast might run upon it to the other side. But, said William, they ought to put some boards or chains on each side of the bridge, or else, as the animal was running along, he might slip off the bridge and be drowned, then it would not be a fair race.

Little William said he should very much like to see the race; but he thought a bird would do it best. George said fishes could swim very fast; indeed, he had sometimes seen them dart along like an arrow shot from a bow! Yes, that they can, said little Bill and I have seen some dogs run at a wonderful rate, when they had nothing else to do

Little William said, if a lion had wings I wonder how high he would be able to fly; and whether he could fly as fast as a crow, or a magpie, or an eagle. I think if a crow and a magpie and a eagle were to set off from the same tree, and fly as fast as they could for an hour, I think the magpie would be the first of them all; because, as it says in one of the other stories, a magpie pokes his head out so well, and holds his tail out so straight, and moves his wings so nice and fast. But I do not know whether the crow or the eagle would beat; perhaps the crow might beat. Now, if the crow could beat the eagle, then the crow would be the second best, and the eagle would be the last, and the magpie first.

Then George said, if a crow and a magpie and an eagle were going to fly for a wager, I think, perhaps, the crow and the magpie would be afraid of the eagle; because an eagle is so large, and powerful, and savage a bird, and has such sharp claws, and such a large fierce beak.

So, in that case, instead of flying straight forward, to see which of them could fly a mile first, the eagle would go right forward, and the other two would turn back directly, and fly somewhere where the eagle could not find them, for fear of being torn to pieces, and eaten up by such a savage bird; just as a shark one day saw a

man fall out of a boat, and caught him up and devoured him in a minute! I dare say that an eagle could devour a crow or a magpie, as easily as a shark can devour a sailor or a man.

George told Bill that he had heard that some eagles have such large wings, that one of them can fly away with a goose or a lamb, and take it up into the tree where the eagle's nest is, with young ones in it waiting to help the old eagle to kill the goose, or the lamb, or the kid, or the rabbit, or anything which the old eagle could catch and carry up to the nest.

George was also so kind as to tell little William something more about an eagle. He said, I have heard, likewise, that an eagle once got into a gentleman's house in Lancashire, where there was a child asleep in a cradle, or a bed, or something of that sort. As soon as the eagle saw the child, he seized him in his powerful claws, and whipt the child off to the top of a high tree to his nest. So the people set off after the eagle, and just as they got to the tree the eagle was going to kill the poor little baby; but some how or other, before the eagle could do that, the people got the baby back again, and took it to its mother, to the house in Lancashire. So the mother of the child was glad, because she had got her baby back again as well as ever. Then she said, the door should be kept shut the next time the eagle came.

Then little William said, thank you, George; is that all? Yes, Bill! said George, that is all about the eagle and child; but there is a bit more about the flying lion. Oh, I am glad of that! said little William.

Well, I shall now tell you the rest of the flying lion.

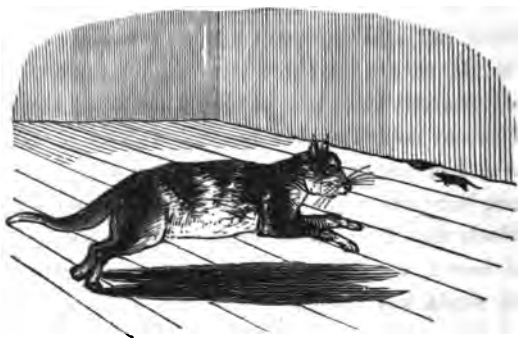
If a lion had wings, he ought to have more than two wings, because he is so heavy an animal. I never saw a bird of any kind that had four wings or four legs. And I never heard of anybody who had seen such a bird. But every lion has four legs,—and many other animals have four legs each; but then, no beast has any wings at all. Two legs and two wings make four in all; and a beast has two legs behind and two before, those make four in all,—the same number in each. A flying lion ought to have four wings at least; because his body would be too heavy to take up into the air with one pair of wings: indeed, two wings could not do it.

Now, Bill, said George, if a lion could fly, I suppose he would have a nest in a tree like an eagle; but it must be a very large tree, or else it would not be strong enough to hold the nest up,—particularly if the nest was full of young lions. And, I dare say, when the young lions were old enough to fly, they would frighten anybody that lived about there, and kill all the birds and beasts that came in their way; and most likely they would kill many people that went to look at the nest, to see how soon the young lions would be able to fly. And then again, if the people took their guns to go and shoot the lions, in their nest up in the tree, the trees would be so high, and the lion's nest so thick, and so hard, that the musket balls would not go through them, so it would be of no use to waste their powder and balls for nothing.

William said they might cut the tree down, and then kill the young ones. George then said no, my boy, do you not see, that while they were so near the tree as

that, one of the old lions would fly down and kill them. George then said, the best way, I think, would be, for somebody to go to the Queen, and ask her to let a couple of her largest and strongest soldiers, go and try what they could do : but they must be sure to take a large cannon with them, and plenty of powder and cannon balls ; and then point the big cannon right at the nest and fire it off. Then the ball would go through the nest, and kill all the young ones ; and they might kill the old ones by the next shot. So then there would be no more flying lions !

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97.—THE LADY WHO HAD ONLY ONE CAT.

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There was a lady, who was not forty years of age, and she had only one cat, but it was called Kit. Kit used to walk and look all about the house to see if she could find any little holes in the floor, in the kitchen or any where about the pantry or in the walls. When she found a little hole she used to look at it to see if anything would come out of it : and if nothing came

out, then she would put her nose to it and smell for some time, to see if she could smell a mouse, or any thing of that sort, for she liked to catch rats and mice, that she might eat them. If Kit could smell anything, she then sat by the hole till it came out, and then she would catch it if she could: but if she could not smell anything in the hole that she liked, she went away to another place.

One day she had been sitting and watching for a long time, when at last, out came a little dark coloured animal, with two little eyes as sharp as possible; two nice ears; a sharp nose; four small legs; and a long slender tail; quite as long as all the rest of the animal; it was as long as the head and body together. The animal was shaped like a little cat: but it was not a cat; it was a mouse! Then Kit put her nose down to the floor and looked very much at the mouse, and began to wag her tail and to make a noise, as if she was glad that the mouse had come out of his little hole. As soon as the mouse heard the noise, he turned about and saw the cat just ready to catch him; so he ran away as fast as he could run, to get into the hole before the cat could get up to him to catch him. When the cat saw this, she flew at the mouse with all her strength, and thought, once, that she had caught him in her mouth or in her claws;—but when she found that the mouse was not in her mouth, she looked to see if he was in her claws, but she could not find him there, or any where; for the mouse was too sharp for her, and got into his hole safely that time.

The cat was as much vexed as the mouse was pleased; and she made a great noise because she was so vexed

that she had missed the mouse ; she would have been very glad to go into the hole after the mouse, but the hole was not big enough, she could only just put one of her feet in, to try if she could touch the mouse with it, but she could not feel anything with her foot. Then Kit sat by the hole in a very bad temper, and began to consider about it, till at last she was so hungry that she could not stop any longer : and the mouse would not come out any more that day. But just before she went away she looked down by chance upon the floor, and saw something red ! which she knew was blood, for she had see blood before, many times. She did not, at first, know that it was her own blood ; so I will tell you how it was done. When the cat saw the mouse running away from her to return into his hole, she made a spring at the poor little thing, as hard as she could spring ; she sprung with her nose right up to the hole where the mouse went in, and close by the hole there was a sharp piece of glass that stuck out of the wall, which the cat did not see, and therefore it cut her nose a good depth, and in a short time it began to bleed ;—large drops of blood fell upon the floor ; so when the cat saw that it was her own blood, she knew that she had cut her nose. This is the way that the blood came to be on the floor when the cat first saw it.

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98.—THE LADY WHO HAD ONLY ONE CAT.

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Whenever any thing happened to Kit that she did not like, she always went up into the parlour to tell the lady of it : she could almost talk to the lady about any-



thing that had been done to her: and her mistress understood her very well;—when she saw her nose all over blood, and bleeding, she knew what it was that the cat wanted to say to her. As soon as the lady saw the blood and the wound on the nose of poor puss, she gave one loud scream and fell back into her chair and fainted. Then the cat got upon a chair to look at her mistress.

When the servant maid heard the scream, she ran quickly up into the parlour, to see what was the matter with her mistress. She saw her mistress, as she thought, almost dead in her large chair, with her eyes shut, and the cat was looking at her with her nose all covered with blood. Then the servant called the cook, to come and help her to see what was the matter with their mistress and the cat; so the cook came up, as soon as she had washed her hands, and they asked their mistress, what was the matter that she was nearly dead; and, after they had asked her two or three times what was the matter, she opened her eyes and gave a deep groan, and pointed to the cat that was sitting upon a chair, with her nose all cut and bleeding, she then fell back again into her chair. So the servant said to the cook, go as fast as you can and fetch the doctor for mistress; then, when the mistress heard the doctor mentioned, she said, yes, good cook, go as fast as you can and fetch the doctor to put a plaister on my dear Kit's nose,—make haste, or I am sure she will bleed to death before you come back. In a very little time the doctor came, and they got some very nice warm water, and a sponge, and washed the blood off the cat's nose; and the doctor took some plaister out of his pocket, and cut a nice little round bit, as big as the nose, and stuck it

on, and the bleeding stopped directly. Then they were all very glad, and the doctor went home ; and the lady went into the kitchen and got a knife, and cut a good large piece of meat for the cat ; which she ate in a minute, and did not care anything about the plaister and her cut nose.

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99.—THE LADY WHO HAD ONLY ONE CAT.

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Now you must understand, that Kit was a very clean cat, and always washed her own face, as soon as she had finished her breakfast, or dinner, or supper ; so when she had eaten the large piece of meat that the lady cut for her, she quite forgot that she had a very sore nose and a plaister upon it ; and began to wash her face all over with her paws. She washed her ears well, and she washed behind her ears, first with one paw and then with the other till they were as clean as ever. Then she began to wash down to her nose, and she always rubbed her nose harder than any other place, because the dirt stuck to it so much. At first, Kit thought her nose was very dirty indeed ; so she began to give it good hard rubs ; till at last the plaister began to come off ; then she got into a passion with it, and began to rub as hard as she could, with both her paws at once, which soon pulled off the plaister, and hurt her sadly, and made her bleed worse than at first. Kit then ran away, and made a noise and began to mew ; and she sneezed several times like an old man that puts a good deal of snuff into his nose. Away she ran up

into the parlour to tell the lady what she had done; and all the servants ran after her to see what was the matter. The lady and all the servants were very sorry, all but one, and she began to laugh, because the cat looked so silly; but the mistress was very angry with her for laughing, and asked her how she should like to have a plaister pulled off her nose. Then she did not laugh any more at the cat that time;—one of them went to tell the doctor to come again and cure the cat, as he had cured her before, with a plaister; but the doctor was not at home then, and they did not know what to do. At last, the cook said, I will try what I can do; I will do my best for poor puss to get her well. Yes, do cook, said the lady, make haste; so the cook got a sponge and some nice hot water as before; and in a very short time all was put to rights again.

At night when the doctor came home from curing the sick people, his wife told him that the cat had knocked the plaister off her nose, and hurt herself worse than ever! The doctor went as fast as he could, to the lady's house, to see how the cat was going on; and, after he had looked at her properly, he said, the plaister was put on pretty well for a cook; but he washed it off and put on another better than that. And the doctor told them, that the nose would go on very nicely, with proper care, if they always sent for him in proper time.

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100.—LIFE AND DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

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All the clever men that ever lived in the world were once little boys, and did not know anything at all. They were little babies, and could neither walk nor speak. Indeed they were such little fellows that they did not know their letters, even the three first letters, A, B, C.

I should think it a great wonder, when I see a very clever man, to know he is so very clever as he is, if I did not know how it was done. But it is very easy to be clever in any thing, if a boy or a girl will set the right way about it. And it is an easy thing to be a dunce, and a stupid boy or girl, if they set about it the wrong way.

It is easy to learn the three first letters, and the next day to learn three letters more, that will be six; and the next, three letters more, that will be nine. And in this way all the letters will soon be learnt. Then that is capital.

The next thing to that, is to get a book full of nice stories or tales, and begin to read them, one or two every day, till you have read them all. If there be any word that you cannot speak, the best way is to ask some one to teach you how to speak those words, as you ought to speak them, and always do your best. Then ask your father and mother at breakfast time, or at any other time, to hear you read some stories from your book. Then they will be delighted with you, because you can read so well.

But you must do something more than all this, you must spell all the words that you read, or be able to spell them, when you are asked; and to explain them when you are asked. All this is what Captain Cook did when he was quite a little boy. But there is another thing that your friends must take care and let you do, as well as your reading and spelling, and that is, to play well at any proper play; you must not be like some children, who sit over their books all day, and by that means they are weak, and stupid, and ill, and not the same as Captain Cook was when he was a little boy; he was strong, and sharp, and in good health.

You must learn to write, and draw, and cipher, all in the same way, by learning a little of each at once; and above all, by always striving to do your best. Then, how pleased you will be when you hear people say to one another, what a good and clever boy you are. This is what every body said of Captain Cook.

At first, he could not put on his own shoes, and could not tie his shoes when they were put on by his mother; but then he was a very little chap indeed.

He could not wash his face, and ears, and neck, properly.

One day he said to a big boy with a green bag in his hand, with some books in it; Harry, where are you going? I am going to school, said Harry. Let me look at one of your books, Harry, said little Captain Cook. But he was not a captain then, of course not; he was a deal too small and too young for a captain. Then Harry, who was very kind to little boys, took one of his books out of his bag, and read a story in it; and also showed little Cook some pictures in the book, one picture was, the picture of a ship, and two men in a boat, sailing to the ship. Then Harry went to school, and little James Cook went home, and asked his mother to let him go to school with Harry, and learn to read nice stories, and look at the pictures of ships and boats with two men in them.

His mother said to him, James, you are too little a boy to go to school yet. Besides, you cannot wash your own face, nor put on your own shoes, nor tie your shoes when they are on. But I can learn to do them in a little time, mother, said the boy, if you will let me go with Harry to school: Well, James, said his mother, when you have learned them, I will let you go to Dame Walker's school, which is the next door to the school that Harry goes to. Thank you, mother! said little James; I shall soon learn.

So he set about it; and began to practise the three things the next day. His mother gave him a nice little bit of soap and some water and a towel: so he began to wash with the soap and water. When he had done he went to his mother. She said it was pretty well for

the first time, but his ears were not clean enough, and he had not wiped them dry enough; then he went and did it better next time.

After that, he set to work upon his shoes. He got one shoe nearly on, but the other he could not manage at all; he told his mother that it was too small for his foot, so his mother put it on for him. After a few days, practice, he did all the three by himself; and could brush his clothes also. Then he was quite pleased with himself, and made himself clean, and smart, and tight. So next Monday morning he went to Dame Walker's school to learn his A, B, C.

When he went into the school, he saw a good many little boys and girls, sitting upon some long boards, with books in their hands; some learning their A, B, C, some learning to read, and some to spell. They were all very quiet. Dame Walker was sitting at the end of a table, in a large black chair, with a rod in her hand, and two round bits of glass before her eyes to look through at the boys and girls learning their lessons, sitting upon the long boards. At last, Dame Walker said, so loud that they could all hear her, little James Cook, come to me. So the little captain went up to Dame Walker. Then she opened a book and taught him three, or four, or five letters,—the first lesson; then she said to him, there is a good boy, now go to your seat, and mind your book, learn fast, and be a good boy. Then she patted him on the head, so he said, thank you Dame, and then went and sat down upon the long board, to learn his lesson.

When little Cook went home at night, his mother asked him how he liked Dame Walker. He said, he

liked her very well, because she let him sit upon a nice board, as long as a table ; and every time that he went up to say his lesson, she patted him upon his head, and said, he would soon be a clever little boy, and learn every thing that he ought to learn.

The next morning, he washed and wiped his face and ears, cleaner than before, and put his shoes on quicker, and tied them tighter. So he was one of the first in school that morning. So he went and sat down upon the long board, and opened his book, and learned his lesson at once, as all good boys and girls do.

In a very few days he learned all his letters, and then learned to read stories and spell all the words in them ; he did this so fast, that when he was ten years of age, he could read any book in Dame Walker's school. Then his father sent him to a school where all the big boys in that town went, to learn all sorts of clever things. The master taught all this learning and sense to his scholars. So they said, here is little Jim Cook come. So Jim Cook said, I shall learn as fast as any of you, and shall soon grow a big boy, and then my father says I shall be a sailor.

Now, you will be glad to know that he got on in this school as fast, or faster, than he did at Dame Walker's school. He always strove to please his master, and always did his best to learn all sorts of things about the sea, and ships, and sailors ; and about the world, how large it was, and how far it was from the North Pole to the South Pole ; and how many miles it was from England to the Cape of Good Hope, and how far it was from the Cape of Good Hope to the Red Sea and back again to England. And the master taught him all



about the sun, moon, and stars, and the uses of the globes and maps, and at last he taught him how to box the compass.

When James Cook had learned all these fine things, he had grown to a big boy, and the master said, he was clever enough to navigate a ship, and be a captain. So he went away from school, to his father and mother, and in a few months, he went on ship board to be a sailor.

In a short time, James Cook went to be one of the king's sailors, and he did the same there as he did at school, when he was only a boy; he always minded his duty, and was sober and active in all places. At last, they said he was the cleverest and best officer that the king had, and this was certainly saying a great deal, because the king had many very good officers.

One day, Captain Cook was so clever as to show General Wolfe and his soldiers which way they were to sail when they went to fight; then somebody told the king of this, so the king was so good as to make him a captain at once. Now I think the king was very right to make him a captain, so his name after that was Captain James Cook.

In a few days after the king had made him a captain, the king wanted a very clever officer to take a ship round the world, and to go through the great South Sea, and to go to an island in the great South Sea; and when he got to the island, he was to go on shore there, and take a good spy glass, to look at one of the stars moving across the sun.

This was a hard thing to do, unless the man who did it was clever for a ship, and clever for stars also,

When the people heard this, they all said that Captain Cook could do it better than any body else; so they told the king that he was the best man for things of that sort. So the king, who had always been so good to Captain Cook, gave him a ship, and as many seamen and officers as he wanted. So the next day he set sail in the ship that the king had given him, and in a few weeks, he sailed round Cape Horn, and was at the proper island; so he took his large spy glass ashore, and saw the star pass right over the face of the sun. The name of the star was Venus.

As soon as this was finished, the ship set sail, and passed right round the world, and came back to England. Then there were hundreds of people that went to see how Captain Cook looked, after he had seen so many wonders, and sailed round the world, and been absent so long.

Some people, when they have done anything rather clever, get very proud and saucy, but Captain Cook was not one of that sort, he was too good, and too wise, to be proud and saucy to people that were not so clever as he was.

Some time after Captain Cook returned to England, the King of England wanted to find an officer to take two ships round the world; and besides taking them round the world, they were to see if they could find some islands, that had never been found out before, and they were to see how many people lived in the islands, and what trades they all worked at, and what they did for a living, and what colours the men, women, and children were of, whether black, or white, or yellow, of red, or brown; and also to measure all the new islands

that they should find, how long they were, how broad they were, and how many miles each island was round it.

When the king asked who could do all this the best? all the king's friends said, that Captain Cook was the most proper officer for these things, because he had done so well before. Then the king sent for this great captain, and said to him, Captain Cook, I am very much pleased with you, for sailing round the world so safely, and so soon as you did before, the first time; you must now go again, with two ships this time. I have been told that nobody can manage a ship like you. So Captain Cook was pleased when the King of England said that to him, and thanked the king in the same way that he thanked Dame Walker, when he was a little boy at her school, for saying that he was so clever.

The next day, Captain Cook set sail with his two ships, round Cape Horn, as before, in his first voyage. He did all the things that the king wanted him to do, and when he had finished everything properly, he sailed round the world, and came home again safe and well, and thousands of people went to see him this time.

When the king heard that Captain Cook had come home again, after he had sailed round the world twice, he was very much pleased with the captain, because he had done every thing so well, and discovered so many new islands in the great South Sea. So the king sent for him, to hear him talk about all the wonders that he had seen, and about the savages. Then the king gave him a great deal of money, and a very capital house to live in.



After he had lived in his house for some time, the king wanted to send two large ships to the islands where the savages lived. Then they were to sail as far north as possible, towards the North Pole. And after that, the ships were to sail round the world, to the Cape of Good Hope, which is a very fine place; and from the Cape of Good Hope home again to England.

So Captain Cook set sail, once more, with two fine ships, full of officers and seamen, and all sorts of curious things, to give to the natives of the islands in the great south sea, and in other places. But, one day, some of Captain Cook's men were fighting with the savages. So Captain Cook went to see what they were fighting about. At that moment, one of the savages went behind him, and stabbed him with a sharp dagger, and killed him.

THE END.





